

STAR WARS[®]

The
MOVIE
TRILOGY
SOURCEBOOK





The MOVIE TRILOGY SOURCEBOOK

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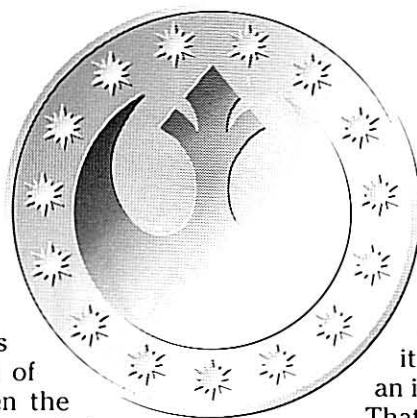
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Foreword

From Voren Na'al,
Director of Council
Research for the
New Republic.



Dear Reader,

You hold in your hands a comprehensive history of the epic struggle between the forces of Empire and those of the Rebel Alliance. It is told through profiles of those who lived the battles, from the glorious victory over Yavin to the desperate holding action at Hoth, from the daring rescue of Princess Leia Organa to the decisive Battle of Endor. Within these pages are the players, both major and minor, who moved across the galactic stage not so very many years ago and changed history forever.

My name is Voren Na'al. Shortly after the Battle of Yavin, I was assigned by Master Historian Arhul Hextrophon to write an account of that incident and the events surrounding it. I would go on to write similar histories of the Battles of Hoth and Endor and character studies of those involved.

This foreword is being written in the wake of the successful defense against Grand Admiral Thrawn and the remnants of the Empire. It has long been a maxim of my profession that those who ignore history are doomed to repeat it. And as I witness the political infighting and divisive squabbling that proved so great an aid to Thrawn, I see disturbing parallels between the situation today and that of the Old Republic.

It is, in my mind, essential that all remember the sacrifices that so many made to bring this New Republic about. If I have learned anything from my studies, it is that freedom is too precious a commodity

to be taken for granted. As our ancestors learned, it can be snatched away in an instant.

That is why I invite all to study this volume and learn the truth about the heroes of the Rebellion and the many challenges they had to overcome on the way to victory.

At one level, this story might seem to be little more than fairy tale. On another level, it is a parable—a myth—of how everyone has their own moment of truth, where they must transcend their own self-imposed limits, to challenge themselves and to fight for what they know in their hearts is right. This story has a deep inner truth.

It is our story, yours and mine, and it is a story of how we can all achieve our grandest dreams if only we dare.

As new chapters are added to the history of our people and our galaxy, I hope this era is regarded as a glorious time, when freedom-loving beings finally defeated those who worshipped tyranny and evil. When our time is considered in the *Journal of the Whills*, I hope that people remember more than the events of the time, but have an understanding of *why* those events happened.

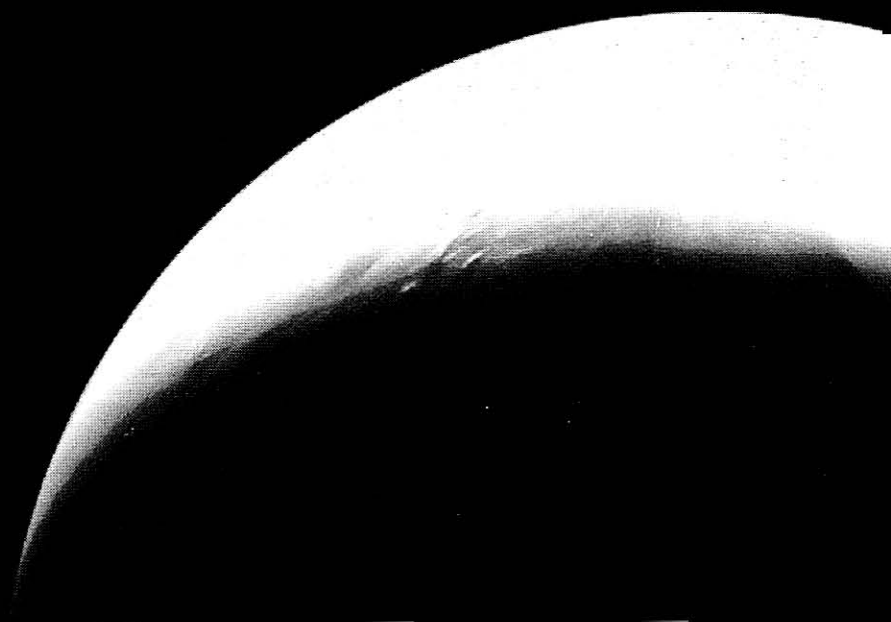
If you were to ask me what I would most want remembered, it would be the people. If you were to ask me what I would leave for future generations, or even for visitors from another place, so that they might better understand these times that we are going through, it would be a story. For it *is* a story in its most basic sense. It is a grand and wondrous story. And I would start it something like this ...

**A long time ago, in a galaxy far,
far away....**

**It was a period of civil war.
Rebel spaceships, striking
from a hidden base, have won
their first victory against
the evil Galactic Empire.**

**During the battle, Rebel
spies managed to steal
secret plans to the Empire's
ultimate weapon, the DEATH
STAR, an armored space
station with enough power to
destroy an entire planet.**

**Pursued by the Empire's
sinister agents, Princess
Leia races home aboard her
starship, custodian of the
stolen plans that can save
her people and restore
freedom to the galaxy**



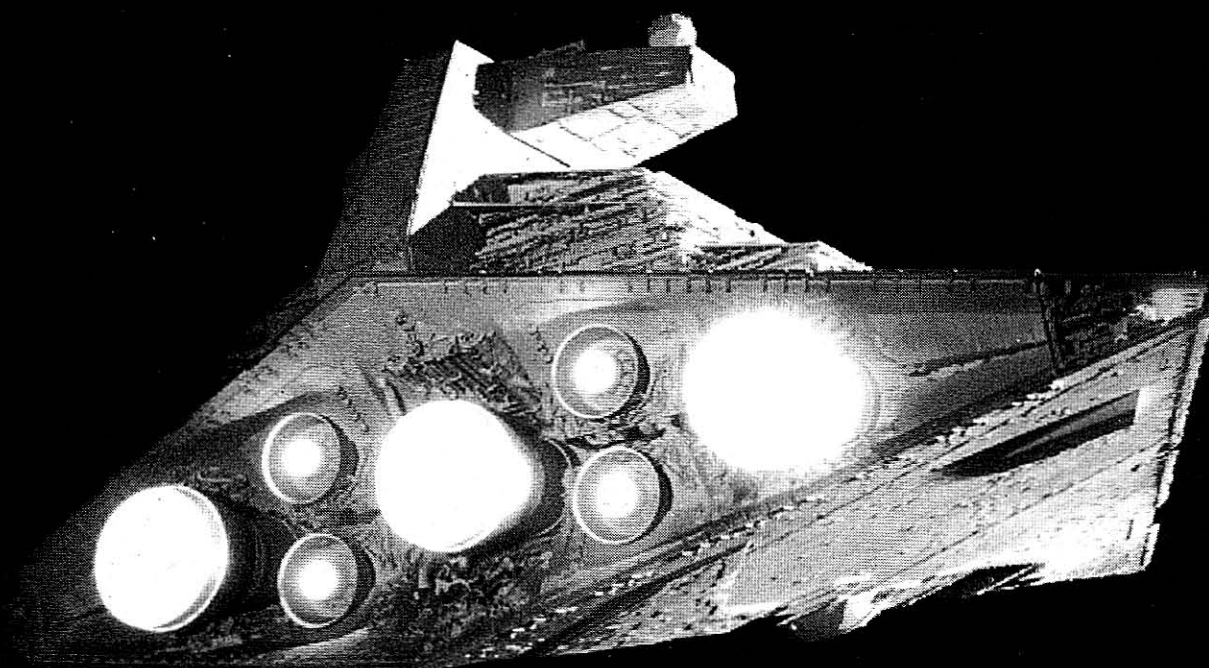


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Chapter One

Heroes and Villains

The Heroes of Yavin

Any study of the Galactic Civil War must begin with those who fought it. Even among the countless millions who sacrificed so much, a few brave individuals stand out. They are commonly called the Heroes of Yavin, and they are the ones who, from Yavin, through Hoth, to Endor, and beyond, to Sluis Van, Wayland and Bilbringi, saw this bitter war through to its conclusion.

Luke Skywalker

Of all the prominent figures engaged in the Rebellion, none has changed as much as Luke Skywalker. When his journey began, he was a simple young man living on a moisture farm on the desert world Tatooine. Now, he is the first of what will hopefully be a new line of Jedi Knights, and carries more responsibility on his young shoulders than any one man should have to. The secrets he uncovered about his past both revealed to him his destiny and burdened him with a fear that he would one day succumb to the power of the dark side. He began as an idealistic dreamer and quickly matured into a responsible leader, despite the personal tragedy that has struck him throughout the past years.

As a youth, Luke was always a dreamer. Though his body toiled on the Lars' farm on Tatooine, his mind wandered the stars longing for the day he could find adventure. Luke would get what he wished for, fortunately for the galaxy. I sometimes wonder if the reality proved to be as sweet as the dream.

For Luke, the adventure began innocently enough, with the purchase of two used droids from Jawa scavengers. But C-3P0 and R2-D2 were far more than they seemed. The property of the Royal House of Alderaan, they were bearing a plea for help aimed at the reclusive Obi-Wan Kenobi. One of the few surviving Jedi

Knights, Kenobi had gone into hiding on Tatooine to escape the Empire and to secretly observe young Luke Skywalker, who Kenobi believed would one day restore the Jedi and defeat the Empire.

In an effort to deliver the message, R2-D2 ran away. When Luke finally caught up with the stubborn astromech, he was attacked by Tusken Raiders. That was when Obi-Wan appeared, scarifying away the Sand People, and opening Luke's mind to the Force. Young Skywalker discovered that Kenobi knew him well, and had known of his father. Anakin Skywalker had been a trusted friend of Kenobi's, a comrade in the Clone Wars. Anakin had been betrayed and murdered by Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith, or so Kenobi said. Luke would not find out the truth about his father for some time.

Finally, Kenobi presented Luke with a gift that would serve him well: his father's lightsaber. Before Luke could ask all the questions that filled his mind, R2-D2 played its message for Kenobi. In it, Princess Leia revealed that the Rebels had obtained the plans for the Empire's new secret weapon, and begged Kenobi to deliver them to her father on Alderaan. Kenobi immediately prepared to leave, and asked Luke's aid on the journey.

Luke hesitated. Perhaps he sensed what taking this step would mean, or perhaps he simply shared humanity's greatest fear, that of the unknown. But in one of those ironic twists of fate, stormtroopers searching for the droids slew Luke's uncle and aunt and destroyed their farm. Young Skywalker's decision had been made for him, and on that day, the fate of the Empire was sealed.

To escape from Tatooine, Luke, Obi-Wan, and the droids employed a notorious Corellian smuggler, Han Solo, and his Wookiee co-pilot, Chewbacca. It was a meeting that would change all their lives forever.

Meanwhile, Princess Leia, a captive on the



Emperor's massive Death Star battle station, was forced to watch the destruction of her homeworld, Alderaan. Time was rapidly running out for the Rebellion. Despite the coup of stealing the plans for the Death Star, it was beginning to look as if they would never be put to effective use.

Luke and his newfound comrades arrived too late to save Alderaan, but Leia Organa owes her life to them. While Obi-Wan fought (and, tragically, lost to) Darth Vader, Han and Luke pulled off a daring rescue and escaped from the station.

Upon bringing the Princess to Yavin, Luke had found himself thrust into a key role in the Rebellion. There was little time for reflection or doubt. All of that had to be put aside in favor of action. Luke's experience with racing his T-16 skyhopper

through the dangerous Beggar's Canyon served him well as he first jumped into the cockpit of his X-wing fighter. Luke was but one of several green pilots who volunteered for the assault on the Death Star. As Han Solo pointed out, the attack wasn't a matter of bravery or courage, but for all intents and purposes, suicide. In the end, it was Luke who fired the almost impossible shot that destroyed the super weapon and dealt a stunning blow to the Empire.

Luke, Solo and the others were now wanted criminals with prices on their heads. There could be no turning away from their destinies now.

Of course, not even the greatest pilot could have made that shot unaided. Luke Skywalker had the inherent, natural ability to use the Force, supplemented by some training by Kenobi. It was that which made it possible for him to hit a target the Rebels' finest fighter pilots had missed, even with the assistance of targeting computers. Luke is quick to point out that much of the credit belongs to Solo, whose timely appearance in the battle allowed Skywalker to achieve his goal.

The events of those fleeting moments are the

stuff of legend. Solo and Skywalker rescued a Rebel leader from the heart of the Empire's most dangerous space station (although there is mounting evidence to indicate that the Empire allowed them to escape, hoping that they would lead the Death Star to the main Rebel base). Then, there was Luke's amazing shot, made without the aid of a targeting computer. The Skywalker legend was born.

For most men, that single moment of glory would have been sufficient to last a lifetime. But Luke Skywalker had barely begun to battle the Empire, and although the Emperor and Vader are gone now, that war continues to this day.

As I record this, the name Skywalker has come to mean many things to many people. Not too long ago, it had been nearly forgotten, however, linked only to the memory of an old hero who fought in a forgotten war, ages past. But the Emperor had never forgotten the power of that name, and so diverted an entire fleet, under the command of Lord Vader, with orders to capture Luke at any cost.

After the Battle of Yavin, Luke and his friends eventually traveled to the frozen planet Hoth, site of a secret Rebel base. Luke's initial scouting report turned up a suitable location for a Rebel base. Early patrols by the Rebels, however, showed how dangerous this frontier world could be. Han and Luke had a brief run-in with a creature they termed a "dragon-slug" near the planet's equator, far from Echo Base. Later, a vicious Wampa Ice Creature attacked the young Rebel and dragged him to its lair. To date, Luke has been quiet about how he escaped the lair and his time exposed to the harsh elements of the ice planet.

Again, it was Han Solo who saved the future Jedi Knight. Little did Solo know that he would desperately



need Luke to return the favor in a very short time.

The legend of Luke Skywalker grew considerably due to his exploits during the assault on Hoth. The front-line Rebel troops witnessed Commander Skywalker single-handedly bring down an Imperial All Terrain Armored Transport. The valiant holding action fought by the Rebels against AT-AT walkers and Imperial snowtroopers allowed the bulk of the Alliance forces to escape the planet. Luke mysteriously disappeared after that battle.

Luke's activities prior to his journey to Cloud City on Bespin have only recently come to light. He traveled to the swamp world of Dagobah, where he encountered the Jedi Master known as Yoda. It was here, under his tutelage, that Luke began to master the ways of the Force. It was also here that he learned of the temptation of the dark side of the Force, one he would have to fight against every day of his life.

Before he could complete his training, however, his sensitivity to the Force revealed to him that Leia, Han, and Chewbacca were in danger. For him, there was no choice: he had to save his friends.

It must be remembered that Luke was still largely untested. It should thus come as no surprise that he so blindly walked into the Imperial trap on Cloud City. Darth Vader had come to know his foe well, and knew that love for his friends was his weakness. The Dark Lord of the Sith planned to use that weakness to deliver the boy to the Emperor — or perhaps, as some have suggested, to bring Luke over to the dark side, slay the Emperor and take the Empire as father and son.

Beneath the polished spires of Cloud City, far down in the bowels of the floating metropolis, Luke Skywalker at last confronted Vader. Using every bit of power he possessed, Luke escaped the carbon-freeze trap Vader had set. In what was an epic clash of flashing lightsabers, reminiscent of the great era of the Jedi Knights, Luke was finally, painfully defeated. Skywalker lost both his hand and his lightsaber in that deadly battle. It was also during this battle that Vader first claimed to be Luke's father — it would be some time before the effects this revelation had on Luke's psyche would become apparent.

While he failed to save Han, Luke's actions — and those of Lando Calrissian — enabled Leia, Chewbacca, and the droids to escape in the *Millennium Falcon*. In fact, it was Leia who received Luke's telepathic call for help and brought the *Falcon* around to rescue him. Solo, meanwhile, encased in carbonite, was on his way to Jabba the Hutt.

After his confrontation with Darth Vader, Luke was overcome by doubt and fear. But there was work to be done — important work — and he put his own troubles aside. There was a friend in need, one who had come through for Luke countless times, and to whom he owed a great debt. And more than that, the galaxy itself was in need. And for both of these reasons, Luke Skywalker set about becoming a true Jedi Knight.

He had been taught well, first by Ben Kenobi, and then by Yoda, the Jedi Master. Luke believed he knew what it took to become a Jedi, and he felt he was very close to achieving this. There was only one step left to take.

Traveling out into the Jundland Wastes of Tatooine, to the abandoned home of Obi-Wan Kenobi, Luke constructed a lightsaber. It was light and easy in his hands, and the beam, his own personal signature, a stunning, vivid green. Now he was a Jedi — or so he thought. He left the weapon in the tender care of his faithful astromech droid, Artoo-Detoo, and sent Artoo and See-Threepio into Jabba's palace.

Luke expected the rescue of Han Solo to be a relatively simple matter. All he needed to do was get inside — everything else was already in place. Artoo and Threepio had been given to Jabba as "gifts," and Lando and Leia, both in disguise, were inside as well. All he had to do was wait for the right moment, make sure that his friends were free of danger, and get his weapon from Artoo. The rest would be simple.

But the best-laid plans, even of Jedi, often go awry. Before it was over, Luke would confront the terrifying rancor and Han and Lando would come within centimeters of becoming lunch for the Sarlacc. Luke also took a blaster hit to his artificial hand that nearly incapacitated it. Still, with the help of the Force, Luke and his friends succeeded. Han was rescued, and Jabba's organization was destroyed.

After the rescue, Luke didn't rendezvous with the Alliance fleet. Instead, he journeyed back to a certain bog planet, to "keep a promise to an old friend" and to ask him a few questions.

At heart, Luke was still unsure whether or not he was truly a Jedi. At times he felt that he was — when confronting Jabba, for instance. And at times he felt like he wasn't — whenever he thought about Vader. He also wanted to know the truth — if, indeed, Vader was his father. He needed Master Yoda's guidance.

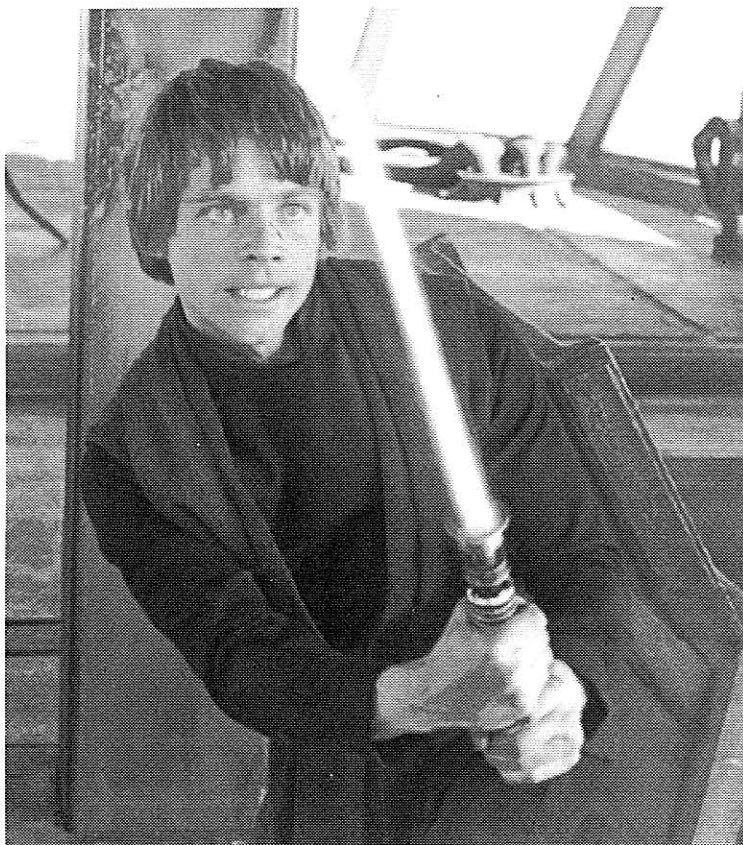
When he arrived on Dagobah, Yoda, who was clearly dying, told him that his training was complete; to become a Jedi, all he need do was confront his father. Despite warnings from Obi-Wan that Vader couldn't be turned, Luke decided that rather than kill Vader, he would try to

return his father to his own inner truth, to pull him back from the dark side. Kenobi felt the plan dangerous, for if Luke fell or turned to the dark side, then there was but one other hope for the galaxy. That was when Luke learned that he had a twin sister, Leia. In a few minutes, Luke's world was turned upside down, yet Luke's resolve and bravery allowed him to control his emotions and decide to do what was right rather than follow the easy path.

The final confrontation came aboard the second Death Star, a deadly trap conceived by the Emperor to destroy the Rebel Alliance fleet. There, Luke would confront both Vader and the Emperor. Palpatine planned to corrupt Skywalker as he had his father, but Luke somehow found the will to resist him. In the end, the Emperor's powers would batter him to the brink of death.

It was at that moment that some spark of Anakin Skywalker would be rekindled in the breast of Darth Vader. He slew the Emperor and rescued Luke, only to perish himself from wounds received in the battle. But he died a man returned to the light after far too long a time.

Luke both lost and regained his father at this moment. And he would bear the burden, for the first time, of his father's fearful legacy, which haunts him to this day.



Luke Skywalker, Jedi Knight, was forged on Tatooine and the first Death Star. But his steel was tempered in the crucible of Bespin and the Emperor's chamber on the second Death Star. He has come a very long way from the farm boy he once was. He has, in fact, become a symbol of the best of the New Republic. But with the revelation that his veins carry the same blood as the dreaded Darth Vader, he may one day become a symbol of the Republic's greatest fear, as well.

■ Luke Skywalker

■ (As of the Battle of Yavin)

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 6D, lightsaber 4D+1, melee combat 4D, melee parry 5D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 3D, bureaucracy 2D+2, streetwise 2D+1, survival 6D, value 4D

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 5D, beast riding 4D+2, repulsorlift operation 8D, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 8D, starfighter piloting 7D, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 5D

PERCEPTION 2D+1

Bargain 3D, command 5D, hide 3D, search 3D, sneak 3D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D+1, climbing/jumping 6D, lifting 4D, stamina 6D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid programming 4D, droid repair 6D, first aid 3D+2, repulsorlift repair 7D, starfighter repair 5D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 3D, sense 2D

Control: Accelerate healing, concentration*

* This power is described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

This character is Force-sensitive.

Force Points: 6

Character Points: 15

Move: 10

Equipment: Lightsaber (5D), blaster pistol (4D), macrobinoculars (+3D to search at ranges greater than 100 meters), comlink

■ (As of the Battle of Hoth)

Blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 5D+2, dodge 7D+1, lightsaber 7D+2, melee parry 9D

Alien species 4D, bureaucracy 5D+1, streetwise 6D

Astrogation 6D, beast riding 4D+2, beast riding: tauntaun 6D+1, repulsorlift operation 8D, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 8D, sensors 4D+1, starfighter piloting: X-wing 9D+2, starship gunnery 7D+1, starship shields 7D

Hide 4D+2, search 5D, sneak 4D+2

Droid programming 5D, first aid 4D+2, lightsaber repair 7D+1, security 4D+1, starfighter repair 5D+2

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 9D, sense 7D, alter 6D

Control: Control pain, detoxify poison*, emptiness, enhance attribute*, hibernation trance, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun

Sense: Danger sense*, instinctive astrogation**, life detection, life sense, receptive telepathy, sense Force

Alter: Telekinesis

Control and Sense: Farseeing*, lightsaber combat, projective telepathy

The Capture Of Luke Skywalker

This is a story that Luke Skywalker told Voren Na'al after the Battle of Endor. Na'al heard similar stories from captured Imperial troops, and here combines the various accounts in his data-journal.

Deep in the forests of Endor, Luke departed the Ewok village without looking back. He knew that Leia, his newfound sister, would find some way to continue the struggle should he never return. Still, his thoughts were as dark as the forest that engulfed him. The howls and cries of the forest predators, heard but unseen, reminded him of what he was about to face. He was going to confront Lord Darth Vader, his father.

Luke had assured his sister that the spirit of his father, so long consumed by evil, could be touched and brought back to the light. But lurking in the back of his mind was the knowledge that even the great Obi-Wan Kenobi had failed at the same task.

And Luke knew that there would be no second chance. He would turn his father or he would die.

The immediate task at hand was not very pleasant either. Luke had to find some Imperial forces to surrender to; they would take him to Vader.

Surrender! The very word grated. For six years, as a member of the Rebel Alliance, he had evaded the Empire. Now he was planning to walk right into their camp with his hands up. It seemed like madness. But Luke knew this was the only route to his father — if some overeager stormtrooper didn't shoot him first.

Making his way through the forest, Luke saw a large clearing coming up. There were lights visible, and he could hear voices from within. From the edge of the clearing, he saw an enormous Imperial All-Terrain Armored Transport — a walker.

Luke smiled grimly. The beast-like vehicles looked tough, but he knew their weaknesses. A plasma grenade in the right place — he shook his head, angry with himself. "Hold ... peace," he told himself. "This is not the time for fighting." He closed his eyes for a moment and cleared his mind. Taking a deep breath, he walked into the clearing.

A searchlight from the turret of the walker slowly scanned the perimeter of the clearing. Five stormtroopers were grouped around its base, talking. They were supposed to be on guard duty, but obviously weren't taking their job too seriously. What was there to be afraid of, after all?

"Just wait until tomorrow, boys," thought Luke. "You're in for a big surprise." Luke waited until the searchlight was coming near to him, then walked forward with his hands up. "I'm unarmed," he spoke clearly. "I am surrendering to you. You will take me to your commanding officer."

For a moment the troops regarded him in stunned silence.

"He's unarmed," said the first.

"He's surrendering to us," added the second.

"Let's take him to our commanding officer," offered the third stormtrooper.

Ben's comments about the Force affecting the weak-minded came to mind. It was easy to see how someone enamored of the dark side, someone like Palpatine or ... his father could abuse these abilities. The temptation was there even for the most noble of minds.

The other troops all nodded in agreement as Luke approached them. Luke let them take his lightsaber and shackle his hands.

"What's this thing?" asked the trooper holding Luke's Jedi weapon.

"It's a grenade of some kind," returned another.

"It's a lightsaber," countered a bored-sounding trooper. "Don't you know any history? The fanatical Jedi cult used to carry them — until Lord Vader wiped them out."

The first trooper stopped and looked back at his comrades. "Does that mean this guy is one of them? He doesn't look old enough."

The bored trooper started to get interested. "Yeah, how did you get that thing, Rebel? And what are you doing all the way out here?"

At that moment they reached the commanding officer in the transport section of the walker. The troopers snapped to attention and presented Luke. They told their commander that he had wandered out of the forest and surrendered. They showed him Luke's lightsaber. Major Lesim peered intently at Luke for several moments without speaking.

"You know who this is?" he finally said. "Luke Skywalker. I've seen his face in Intelligence files. Soldiers, you have made a very lucky catch. I'll be made general for this."

"Luke Skywalker?" said one of the troops. "Isn't he the guy who ..."

Luke felt the stormtroopers shrink away from him. Even with their blasters trained on him, they still felt fear in the presence of the Rebel who had destroyed the Death Star and crossed sabers with Darth Vader. The Empire had tried to quell stories about any particularly notorious Rebels, but Luke's achievements were rather hard to conceal. Lesim said, "Arno, go get my imager. I want a holo of myself with the prisoner."

"You should take me to Lord Vader at once," Luke said, once again employing the Force.

"We will take him to Lord Vader at once," commanded Lesim. "Prepare to move out. But don't forget to bring my imager!"

Luke sighed. It was going to be a long night.

* This power described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*
 ** This power described in *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*.

Force Points: 12

Character Points: 30

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), lightsaber (5D), comlink

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Type: Jedi Knight

Lightsaber 8D+1

Command 6D, hide 5D, sneak 5D

Brawling 5D+2, climbing/jumping 6D+1

Droid programming 6D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 10D, sense 8D, alter 7D

Control: Absorb/dissipate energy

Sense: Combat sense*, magnify senses

Alter: Injure/kill

Control and Alter: Inflict pain*

Control, Sense and Alter: Affect mind

* This power described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*

Force Points: 25

Dark Side Points: 2

Character Points: 40

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), lightsaber (5D), comlink

Princess Leia Organa

Leia Organa has brought nothing but honor to her family name, and is deservedly considered one of the greatest heroines of the Rebellion. The adopted daughter of Viceroy Bail Organa of Alderaan, she became the youngest member of the Imperial Senate prior to its dissolution by Emperor Palpatine. At the same time, she led a dangerous double life as a major organizer of the Rebel Alliance. Working under cover of diplomatic immunity, she was able to visit virtually any world in the galaxy with little fear of arousing suspicion. Under cover, the Princess was able to pass information, assist military operations and transfer vital supplies. With her help, Alderaan became a center of resistance to Emperor Palpatine's unjust rule.

While on a mercy mission to Ralltiir, Leia received word that Rebel spies had obtained the plans to the Emperor's new secret weapon, a devastating space station known as the Death Star. She had orders to deliver the plans to her father on Alderaan, but first she had to go to the desert planet of Tatooine to bring former Clone Wars General Obi-Wan Kenobi out of retirement.

Unfortunately, a spy aboard the Princess's consular ship, the *Tantive IV*, allowed the Emperor's servant, Darth Vader, to track her to Tatooine. Vader captured Leia's blockade runner just before it reached Tatooine. Desperate, she loaded the plans along with a holographic plea for Kenobi's help into R2-D2, an astromech droid, and dispatched it to Tatooine via an escape pod.

The next few days were a nightmare for Leia. Imprisoned on the Death Star and tortured by

Darth Vader and Grand Moff Tarkin, it seemed certain that she would become a martyr for the Rebellion. Worst of all, she was forced by Tarkin to witness the battle station's destruction of her home planet of Alderaan. The death of everyone she knew and loved served only to strengthen Leia's resolve: an Empire capable of such evil could not be allowed to stand.

Salvation came in the unlikely forms of a Tatooine farm boy named Luke Skywalker and a roguish smuggler named Han Solo. Both would go on to become extremely important people in her life. Together, they would escape the Death Star. Leia would watch with pride as Luke, with an able assist from Han, destroyed the battle station and avenged Alderaan.

Over the next three years, Leia's importance to the Alliance increased. Now exposed as an active Rebel agent, her days as a formal diplomat were over. However, she was able to lead secret negotiations with worlds sympathetic to the Alliance. She quickly learned how to be a military commander, as well. Her adventures took her and her friends to many distant corners of the galaxy.

It would be some time before the true nature of her relationship with Luke would become known, but there was little doubt about the sparks that flew between her and Solo. During their time on Hoth, Leia and Han were constantly at each other's throats. It was certainly apparent to most of the Echo Base personnel that something was up between them, since almost everyone had been "bombarded" by Leia's and Han's constant bickering at one time or another. Much of this was no doubt cover for the increasingly strong emotions they felt for each other. But in a war, there is little time for romance.

Han Solo and Leia Organa seem an unlikely pair, even now. The parents of twins, their greatest problem has been finding time to spend together. But it is clear that they share a very strong love and respect for one another, and it is this that has carried them through their troubles, both past and present.

Long before I knew that Princess Leia and Luke shared the same blood, I knew that she was destined for some greatness beyond what she had already achieved. Perhaps it was the crystal clarity of her eyes, the strength and purpose of her stride. Regardless, it was something that I had seen in only one other person in the galaxy: her brother, Luke Skywalker.

Much changed for the Princess after she watched the bounty hunter Boba Fett fly off into the Bespin sunset with her love, Han Solo, carbon-frozen in his cargo hold.

Though she owes a good deal to her own inner strength, she also owes much to the support of Luke Skywalker. He himself had fallen into despair after his confrontation with Darth Vader in Cloud City; although Luke would never tell her exactly what had happened, Leia could see his anguish and feel his pain. Somehow the two healed each other, making a vow to put aside their anguish to concentrate on the task at hand.

From that moment on Luke was a changed man. Leia took courage in the confidence with which he approached the rescue of Han Solo. It never entered her mind that the mission might fail, even when she was captured and chained to Jabba's throne. It was only a matter of how long the rescue would take, and when they would make their move. She could see it in Luke's eyes, and feel it in herself. This rescue would succeed — and succeed it did.

Her reunion with Han was an emotional release for Leia. She openly admitted her love for him and began to let go of the grim seriousness with which she had always carried herself. Her time with Han seemed to restore her hope for the future.

For his part, Han showed that he was ready to make a commitment to the Alliance — and her — when he agreed to become a general and lead the ground forces on Endor. It was something he never even would have considered a few years ago and this act of selflessness cemented the bond between princess and pirate.

But it was what Luke told her, beneath the swaying trees of the Ewok village on Endor, which changed her life forever. She was his sister. Even as Luke spoke the words to her, she knew it to be true. His confused and tragic ancestry was hers now as well. Suddenly, she understood the pain he had tried so hard to conceal from her. The dreadful truth about their father was a burden both would have to bear.

When Luke traveled to the Death Star to confront Vader and the Emperor, Leia could sense his fear and his sorrow. It was not until he returned to her that she learned the cause of those emotions. Together, they grieved for the father they had never truly known.

She was a Skywalker, an heir to the traditions of the Jedi Knights. And she was the last surviving member of the Royal House of Alderaan, shaped and molded by the grand traditions and beliefs of Bail Organa. Finally, she loved Han Solo, and that brought out a side of her that she thought was long gone. For all of these reasons and more, Princess Leia Organa Solo is one on the finest leaders a fledgling Republic could hope for.



■ Princess Leia Organa

■ (As of the Battle of Yavin)

Type: Young Senatorial

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 6D, grenade 4D, melee combat 5D, melee parry 4D, vehicle blasters 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 7D, bureaucracy 8D, cultures 8D, languages 5D, planetary systems 5D, survival 5D, value 5D, willpower 6D+1

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Astrogation 3D+2, beast riding 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 4D+2, starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 4D, starship shields 5D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 6D, command 8D, con 5D+1, gambling 4D, hide 4D, persuasion 5D, persuasion: debate 7D+2, search 4D+1, sneak 5D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 6D, swimming 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 3D, droid programming 4D, droid repair 4D, first aid 4D, security 3D

This character is Force-sensitive.

Force Points: 4**Character Points:** 13**Move:** 10**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), comlink, technical readouts of the Death Star■ **(As of the Battle of Hoth)**

Blaster 7D+1, blaster artillery 3D+2, dodge 7D

Bureaucracy 9D+1, cultures 9D, languages 6D+2, planetary systems 9D, streetwise 6D, survival 7D+1, value 6D+1

Command 10D, hide 6D, persuasion 7D, persuasion: debate 8D+2, search 5D+2, sneak 6D

Computer programming/repair 4D+2, first aid 6D

Force Points: 6**Character Points:** 20**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, breath mask, blaster rifle (5D)■ **(As of the Battle of Endor)**

Blaster 7D+2

Cultures 9D+1, languages 7D, survival 8D

Astrogation 4D

Command 10D+1, search 6D

Brawling 4D+1, climbing/jumping 4D+1

Security 4D+1, starfighter repair 3D+2

Force Points: 7**Character Points:** 25**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink**Han Solo**

Han Solo can rightfully claim to be one of the most famous (or infamous) men in the known galaxy. His career as a smuggler, pirate and rogue is legendary, dating back to even before his exploits in the Corporate Sector. But in recent years he has become known and respected for his services to the Rebel Alliance, and now the New Republic.

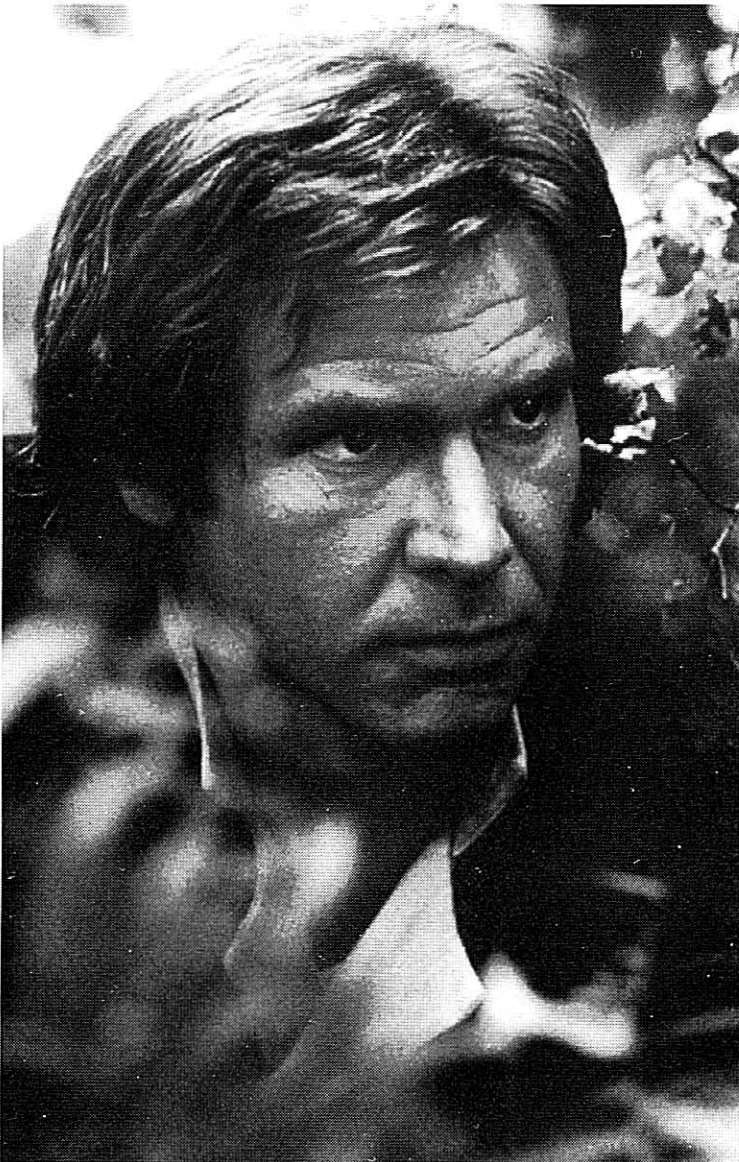
Han Solo first joined forces with Luke Skywalker for the same reason he did everything in those days: money. Specifically, Solo needed the 17,000 credits that crazy old man offered to help pay off a debt to Jabba the Hutt. The farm boy and the old man, with their droids, seemed harmless enough, and while dodging "Imperial entanglements" might be a tall order, for Solo it was all in a day's work. Besides, Alderaan was a nice place to visit, free of Imperial stooges. With his Wookiee companion, Chewbacca, Solo piloted the *Millennium Falcon* into space with Skywalker, Obi-Wan Kenobi, R2-D2 and C-3P0 aboard.

If Han had known what he was really getting into ... well, it's impossible to predict his actions, which is one of his greatest advantages in combat. Suffice it to say, the job turned out to be more than a milk run. Before he knew it, Solo was disguised as an Imperial stormtrooper and fighting his way through the Death Star battle station in search of the captured Princess Leia Organa. But while Luke was trying to save her because it was the right thing to do, Han's stated reason was a chance at some royal treasure.

With the Princess safely back at the Rebel base on Yavin, Solo took his leave. The Rebels' idea of attacking the Death Star was suicide, he said loudly and often, and he wanted no part of it. Although sad to see him go, Luke accepted his decision.

Han Solo is a paradox of a man. Hard, pragmatic and tough on the outside, at heart he feels an affinity for lost causes and underdogs. For all his talk, he found he could not let his newfound friends perish in battle with the Empire without doing what he could to aid them.

As it turned out, Han's intervention saved the day, as he drove away the TIE fighters pursuing Skywalker and gave Luke the chance to destroy the Death Star. In one brief moment, he had



become a hero of the Alliance whose name would be mentioned in the same breath with Luke and Princess Leia.

But having a price on your head will eventually catch up to you, no matter how careful you are, and no one is more careful than Han Solo. Although he had planned to return to Tatooine to settle his debt with Jabba immediately after the Battle of Yavin, other things seemed to keep preventing his departure.

Perhaps it was because since joining the Alliance Solo had become involved in something bigger than himself. Maybe all along, Solo had only been looking for the right cause. Or perhaps it was his growing affection for Princess Leia that prompted him to travel with the Rebels to their new base on Hoth. On that icy world, he participated in the desperate battle against Imperial invasion forces and the evacuation of Rebel personnel. Maybe it was as simple as Han having honest friends — a family if you will — after all those years of smuggling, betrayals and watching your back.

It was his trust in another friend — Lando Calrissian — that led to his defeat and capture on Bespin. To Darth Vader, Han Solo was little more than bait for a trap aimed at Skywalker (effective bait, as it turned out). To bounty hunter Boba Fett, Solo meant a rich price from Jabba. Frozen in carbonite, Solo was transported back to Tatooine to face the dreaded crimelord.

Han Solo described carbon-freeze as “a big wide-awake nothing.” Until his release from that state of suspension by Princess Leia, Solo had lived that nightmare as a hanging wall decoration in the palace of Jabba. He was there to be laughed at and spat upon by the creatures of the Hutt’s court. He felt nothing, he saw nothing, he heard nothing. But he dreamed, all the same.

During his time in carbon-freeze, Solo played out his revenge in his mind countless times. He must have imagined his blaster ripping large, smoking holes in the armor of Boba Fett, and his own hands choking the life out of Lando Calrissian, a hundred thousand times. But upon his revival, the Corellian was in no shape to exact his revenge, at least not yet.

Of course, his feelings toward Lando changed dramatically when Chewie explained to him what Lando had done for him and the Princess, and that Lando was a part of this very rescue attempt. Actually, Solo was not very surprised to hear of Lando’s change of heart. Deep down, he sensed that Lando would come through for him in the end — his friends always did. And Lando hated owing a debt to anyone or anything, even his own conscience.

But it was Luke who really came through for

him. That same wet behind the ears kid, whose frigid carcass he had pulled out of the frozen Hoth tundra, almost single-handedly wiped-out the entire entourage of one of the galaxy’s most powerful crimelords. The kid sure had changed. But then again, so had Solo. For the first time in his life he felt he had some sort of *direction*. And he liked the way it felt.

He had come through for the Rebellion before, but he always believed that he was simply returning the favors they had done for him. He was “paying his debts,” not doing it out of any foolish altruism. But he could no longer pretend that that was the case. He *wanted* to do this. He *wanted* to fight against evil, to do something worthwhile with his life.

After coming to the realization that his destiny lay with the Alliance, Solo accepted a generalship from Mon Mothma and her Advisory Council. He asked that they “keep a lid on it for a while,” however, because he wanted to surprise Leia. And surprise her he did.

Solo accepted the mission to lead a small Rebel contingent to the forest moon of Endor and knock out the Imperial shield generator that protected the second Death Star. With skill, luck and the help of the native Ewoks, Han accomplished this, making the destruction of that hideous weapon possible.

Since that time, Han and Princess Leia have married and are now the parents of twins. He has resigned his commission in the armed forces and now serves as a special operative for the New Republic’s Inner Council.

■ Han Solo

■ (As of the Battle of Yavin)

Type: Smuggler

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 6D+2, blaster: heavy blaster pistol 9D+1, blaster: blaster rifle 5D+1, blaster artillery 6D+1, brawling parry 6D, dodge 8D, grenade 5D+1, melee combat 6D+1, melee parry 5D, missile weapons 4D, pick pocket 4D+1, running 3D+2, vehicle blasters 6D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy 5D, business 4D, business: smugglers 5D, cultures 4D, intimidation 5D+1, languages 5D, law enforcement 5D, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 7D, streetwise: Jabba the Hutt’s organization 8D+2, survival 6D, value 5D, willpower 3D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 8D, beast riding 5D+2, capital ship gunnery 5D+1, capital ship piloting 7D, capital ship shields 4D+1, communications 4D, ground vehicle operation 4D+2, repulsorlift operation 7D, sensors 4D+2, space transports 6D+2, space transports: YT-1300 transports 10D, starfighter piloting 5D+1, starship gunnery 9D, starship shields 6D+2, swoop operation 6D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 8D, command 6D, con 8D, forgery 5D, forgery: ship IDs 7D, gambling 8D, hide 7D+1, persuasion 5D, search 5D+2, sneak 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 7D, climbing/jumping 6D, lifting 5D+1, stamina 7D, swimming 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Blaster repair 4D, computer programming/repair 7D, demolition 4D+2, droid programming 5D, droid repair 5D, ground vehicle repair 3D, repulsorlift repair 7D, security 7D, space transports repair 5D, space transports repair: YT-1300 transports 9D, starship weapons repair 4D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 22

Move: 10

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink

■ **(As of the Battle of Hoth)**

Blaster 7D, blaster: heavy blaster pistol 10D, brawling parry 7D+1, missile weapons 4D+2

Alien species 6D+2, business 6D, business: smugglers 7D, cultures 5D+1, intimidation 6D+2, languages 5D+2, planetary systems 7D+2, streetwise 7D+2, streetwise: Jabba the Hutt's organization 9D+2, survival 7D+2, will-power 4D+1

Beast riding: tauntaun 6D, communications 5D, repulsorlift operation 7D+1, space transports 7D, space transports: YT-1300 transports 11D+1, starfighter piloting 6D

Hide 8D, sneak 4D+2

Brawling 7D+2

Blaster repair 4D+2, demolitions 6D+2, droid programming 5D+1, droid repair 5D+1, space transports repair 6D

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 30

Move: 10

Equipment: Modified heavy blaster pistol (5D+1), modified blaster rifle (6D+2), comlink

■ **(As of the Battle of Endor)**

Blaster 7D+2

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 24

Chewbacca

The mighty Wookiee Chewbacca has been a faithful addition to the Rebel Alliance (and now the Republic) since the days of the Battle of Yavin. He is the most famous alien in the Republic, with the possible exception of Admiral Ackbar. Strong, fearless, an able pilot and mechanic — these are but a few of the qualities and skills that make him of such great value to the New Republic. A loyal friend to Corellian smuggler Han Solo, Chewbacca was with him when Luke Skywalker, Obi-Wan Kenobi and two droids came on board the *Millennium Falcon* for a fateful trip to Alderaan.

Chewbacca was a key part of the rescue plan for Princess Leia, posing for the role of "alien prisoner" and allowing Han and Luke to infiltrate Detention Block AA-23. It was also Chewie who persuaded Han to go back and help out in the Battle of Yavin — Han is fond of referring to Chewbacca as his conscience.

It was during the events on Bespin that perhaps the greatest change took place in Chewbacca. Roaring in rage as the Imperials



began to lower Han into the carbon-freeze chamber, the Wookiee lashed out at the stormtroopers. It was Han himself who calmed his friend and ended the berserker rage.

"Save your strength," Solo called out. "There'll be another time. The Princess — you have to take care of her."

It was then that Chewbacca realized there was more to his honor family than just Han Solo. But he didn't forget his Corellian friend. With Lando Calrissian in tow, Chewbacca and the *Millennium Falcon* returned to Tatooine to await Luke Skywalker. He firmly believed that together they could save Han from Jabba the Hutt. He believed nothing could stop them.

His faith and belief in his friends continued throughout the war. Whether he was cramped inside a ship designed for beings much smaller than Wookiees, tied to a stake and at the mercy of the Ewoks, or battling a legion of the Empire's best troops, Chewbacca was confident that he

and his comrades would eventually triumph.

In recent events, Chewbacca was swept up in the middle of Admiral Thrawn's failed campaign to reestablish the Empire. Chewbacca learned much from the Noghri, and took his responsibility to guard Princess Leia Organa Solo very seriously. Chewbacca now serves as a devoted "uncle" to Han and Leia's twins, as well as aiding Han on his missions for the New Republic.

■ Chewbacca

■ (As of the Battle of Yavin)

Type: Wookiee

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 5D+2, bowcaster 9D, brawling parry 7D, dodge 6D, grenade 5D, melee combat 8D, melee parry 8D, vehicle blasters 6D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 6D+2, bureaucracy 4D, business 4D, cultures 3D+1, intimidation 8D+2, languages 5D+2, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 6D+1, survival 7D, value 7D+1

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 8D, beast riding 4D, communications 3D+1, repulsorlift operation 7D, sensors 5D, space transports 6D+1, space transports: YT-1300 transports 8D, starship gunnery 7D, starship shields 6D

PERCEPTION 2D

Bargain 5D, command 4D+2, gambling 4D+1, hide 3D, search 3D, sneak 3D

STRENGTH 5D

Brawling 10D, climbing/jumping 7D, lifting 9D, stamina 10D, swimming 7D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Blaster repair 5D+1, bowcaster repair 5D+2, computer programming/repair 8D, demolition 5D+2, droid programming 7D, droid repair 6D, first aid 5D, repulsorlift repair 6D, security 6D+1, space transports repair 6D+2, space transports repair: YT-1300 transports 10D+2

Special Abilities:

Berserker Rage: Chewbacca gains +2D to *Strength* when brawling in *berserker rage*. See page 137 of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition* and page 124 of *Star Wars Gamemaster Handbook*.

Climbing Claws: +2D to climbing.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 16

Move: 13

Equipment: Bowcaster (4D), ammo bandolier, droid tool kit, starship tool kit, waist pouch

■ (As of the Battle of Hoth)

Blaster 6D, brawling parry 7D+1, dodge 6D+1, grenade 5D+1

Alien species 7D, business 4D+2, languages 6D, planetary systems 7D+2, streetwise 7D, value 7D+1

Astrogation 8D+1, communications 4D+2, repulsorlift operation 7D+1, sensors 6D, space transports 6D+2, starship gunnery 8D, starship shields 6D+1

Gambling 5D, hide 3D+2, sneak 3D+1

Climbing/jumping 7D+2, lifting 10D

Droid programming 7D+2, droid repair 7D+2, space transports repair 8D

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 21

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 7D+2

Value 7D+2

Command 5D, sneak 3D+2

Demolitions 6D, droid programming 8D, first aid 5D+1, repulsorlift repair 6D+1, security 7D

Force Points: 4

Character Points: 24

Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio

Although they have not gathered the glory that their Human friends have enjoyed, R2-D2, the little astromech droid, and his companion, C-3P0, are as much a part of the victory at Yavin as Han, Luke or Leia.

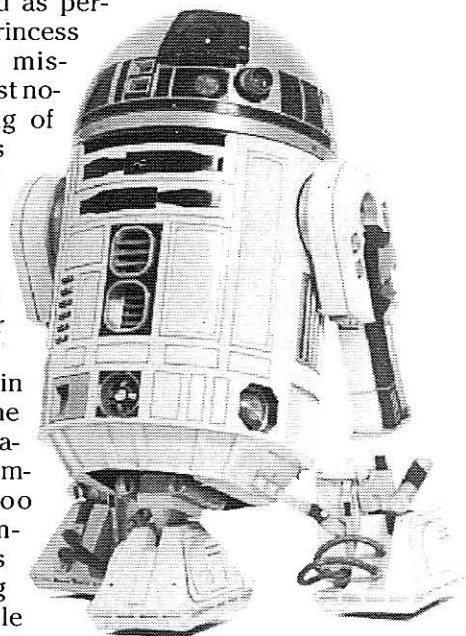
Serving aboard the *Tantive IV*, R2-D2 was charged with an important task during the Imperial assault on the consular ship. Within his memory banks, he carried the stolen plans for the Imperial Death Star. Leia recorded a desperate plea for Obi-Wan Kenobi, asking him to deliver the plans to her father on Alderaan.

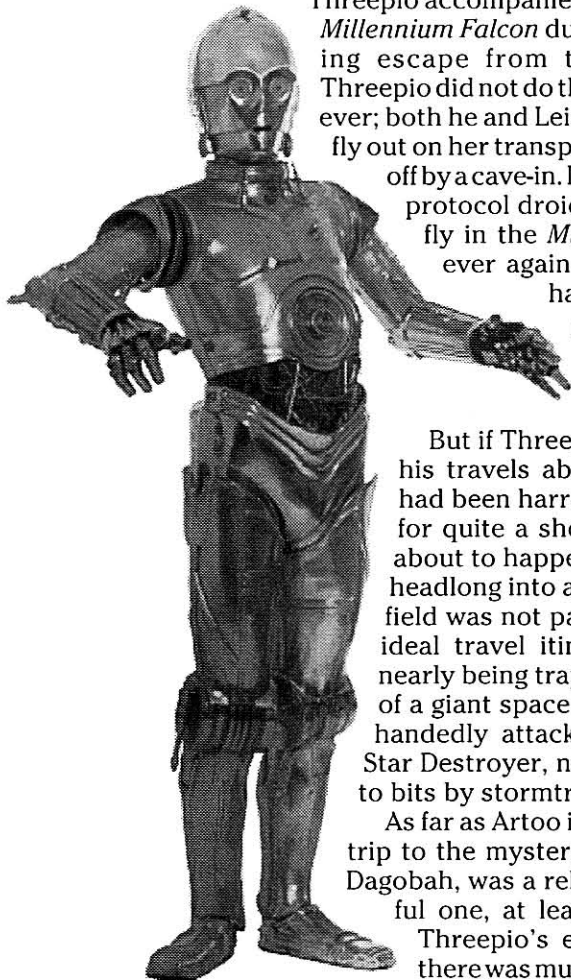
In a stroke of tremendous good fortune, the droids were found on Tatooine by Jawa scavengers, who proceeded to sell them to Owen Lars. Owen's "nephew," Luke Skywalker, was given charge of the droids. This would lead to the first meeting between Skywalker and Kenobi and the young man's first steps on the road to becoming a Jedi Knight.

Both droids would play an important part in the rescue of Leia from the Death Star, and R2 would fly with Luke Skywalker on his successful mission to destroy the Death Star. Both droids have been constants in the adventures of the Heroes of Yavin since then.

Both Artoo and Threepio bore more than their share of responsibilities on Hoth, as they acted as personal assistants to Princess Leia. There were mistakes, of course, most notably the drenching of Princess Leia's chambers after, at Threepio's indirect suggestion, Artoo turned up the heat in her rooms and melted the chamber walls.

As often happens in the midst of battle, the assault on Hoth separated these two companions. Artoo "manned" Commander Skywalker's X-wing fighter during the evacuation, while





Threepio accompanied the crew of the *Millennium Falcon* during the harrowing escape from the ice planet. Threepio did not do this willingly however; both he and Leia had planned to fly out on her transport, but were cut off by a cave-in. In fact, the golden protocol droid had no wish to fly in the *Millennium Falcon* ever again after his rather harrowing past experiences with the smuggling ship and her reckless pilot.

But if Threepio thought that his travels aboard the *Falcon* had been harrowing, he was in for quite a shock at what was about to happen to him. Diving headlong into a deadly asteroid field was not part of Threepio's ideal travel itinerary, nor was nearly being trapped in the maw of a giant space slug, nor single-handedly attacking an Imperial Star Destroyer, nor being blasted to bits by stormtroopers.

As far as Artoo is concerned, his trip to the mysterious bog planet, Dagobah, was a relatively uneventful one, at least compared to

Threepio's experiences. But there was much about his time there that was simply beyond Artoo's understanding. His master was undergoing a very rare and ancient ritual, and Artoo was witness to it all. How much he comprehended is unknown, but it is certain that he sensed the changes in Luke.

Once reunited with the others on Cloud City, Artoo immediately jumped in to help them escape the Imperial forces intent on capturing them. It was also Artoo-Detoo who finished repairing See-Threepio and who saved the crew of the *Millennium Falcon* from capture by the Super Star Destroyer *Executor*. By talking to Cloud City's central computer, Artoo knew that the hyperdrive engines were deactivated by Imperial soldiers. He raced to the proper panel and activated the circuit, allowing the *Falcon* to escape to lightspeed. Artoo also fought beside Han, Leia and Chewbacca at the Battle of Endor.

All-in-all, the contributions to the cause of the Alliance made by Artoo and Threepio since the time they left Hoth were significant, mostly because Artoo and Threepio are significant in and of themselves. If it is possible for a droid to grow

and change just as Humans do, then these two have certainly done so. The experiences they have shared have given them a kind of wisdom seldom seen in droids. This has made them invaluable assets to their masters and the New Republic as a whole.

■ See-Threepio

■ (As of the Battle of Yavin)

Type: Cybot Galactica 3PO Human-Cyborg Relations Droid

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 5D+2

Alien species 7D, bureaucracy 8D, cultures 8D, languages 12D, planetary systems 6D, survival 5D+2, value 5D+2

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift operation 4D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 6D, con 5D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 3D

Equipped With:

- Humanoid body (two arms, two legs, head)
- Two visual and two audial sensors – Human range
- Broad-band antenna receiver
- AA-1 Verbo-brain
- TranLang III Communication module with over six million languages
- Vocabulator speech/sound system capable of providing an extraordinarily wide range of sound effects and exact impersonations of voices.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 8

Move: 8

Size: 1.67 meters tall

Cost: 1,700 credits (as purchased by Owen Lars)

■ (As of the Battle of Hoth)

Dodge 4D+2

Alien species 7D+1, languages 12D+1

First aid 4D

Character Points: 12

Cost: Not available for sale

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Dodge 5D

Bureaucracy 8D+2

Repulsorlift operation 4D+2

Hide 4D+1, sneak 4D+1

Character Points: 15

■ Artoo-Detoo

■ (As of the Battle of Yavin)

Type: Industrial Automaton R2 Astromech Droid

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 3D, electroshock prod 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Planetary systems 8D, survival 6D, value 6D

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 10D, communications 5D+1, sensors 7D, starfighter piloting 6D, starship gunnery 4D, starship shields 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

Gambling 6D, sneak 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 4D

Computer programming/repair 8D, droid programming

5D, droid repair 5D, machinery repair 5D+2, repulsorlift repair 4D, security 6D, starfighter repair 6D, space transports repair 5D

Equipped With:

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Retractable heavy grasper arm (+1D to *lifting*)
- Retractable fine work grasper arm
- Extendable .3 meter long video sensor (360° rotation)
- Small electric arc welder (3D damage, .3 meter range)
- Small circular saw (4D damage, .3 meter range)
- Video display screen
- Holographic projector/recorder (one meter range)
- Fire extinguisher
- Small internal "cargo" area (20 cm by 8 cm)
- High pitch acoustic signaller
- One long range sensing array; includes radar, Geiger counter and life form sensor, infrared receptors, electromagnetic field receptor (+3D to *search* at range of up to 100 meters)
- Broad-band antenna receiver (can monitor all broadcast and communication frequencies)
- Information storage/retrieval jack for computer link-up
- One compressed air launcher (used for Luke's lightsaber or for flares)

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 13

Move: 5

Size: .96 meters tall

Cost: 1,250 credits (as purchased by Owen Lars)

■ **(As of the Battle of Hoth)**

Dodge 4D, electroshock prod 4D+1

Planetary systems 8D+2, survival 6D+2, value 6D+2

Astrogation 10D+2, communications 6D, starfighter piloting: X-wing 8D+1, starship gunnery 4D+1, starship shields 4D+1

Con 3D+2, sneak 4D+1

Computer programming/repair 8D+2, droid programming 5D+1, droid repair 6D+2, starfighter repair 6D+1, starfighter repair: X-wing 7D+2, space transports repair 5D+2, space transports repair: YT-1300 transports 7D+1

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 18

Cost: Not for sale

■ **(As of the Battle of Endor)**

Electroshock prod 4D+2

Planetary systems 9D

Astrogation 11D, communications 6D+1, sensors 7D+1

Command 3D+1, search 3D+1, sneak 4D+2

Swimming 3D+1

Droid repair 7D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 20

Lando Calrissian

Lando Calrissian's life changed for the worse the day Darth Vader arrived on Cloud City. Things were so much simpler before that: the one-time gambler, rogue and interstellar con-man had settled down into a nice, comfortable life as Baron-Administrator of Cloud City. Sure, there were pressures that came with the job — supply problems, labor difficulties and the like — but they were nothing compared to the kind of problems he used to encounter on a daily basis (jealous husbands, humiliated crime bosses, and outraged government officials to



name a few).

As chief executive of the floating metropolis, Lando led a kind of double life. By day he was the responsible leader, settling disputes, appearing at charity luncheons and making appearances at other occasions of pomp and circumstance. Evenings on Cloud City were quite another story, however. Lando spent many of his nights in one disguise or another, milking the city's casinos for all they were worth.

It was a good life, and it seemed as far away from the current galactic civil war as one could hope to be. But Vader changed all that. Suddenly, Lando's comfortable existence hinged on his willingness to betray his old friend, Han Solo, to the Empire.

Lando had more regard for Solo than the Corellian knew. It was Han who had won the famous *Millennium Falcon* from Lando in a rather well-documented sabacc match and, as it turns out, it was that which prompted Lando to give up his travels as a galactic rogue and decide to settle down. Of course, the actual "settling" did take a while, because, after all, there was no sense in rushing into this kind of decision.

"No matter where you go, or how far from the Galactic Core you end up, it'll always find you." These were Lando's words when asked about finally joining the Alliance. "I guess I was just

kidding myself," he continued, "thinking I could run away and hide from trouble when all I was really doing was not dealing with how I felt about everything. I have never had any love for the Empire, and I always felt I had been doing my part to fight it — in my own little, annoying sort of way."

Calrissian's roguish smile faded as he finished his statement. "When I settled on Bespin, it seemed that everything I was doing was for myself. Vader's demands were the start of a test. Normally, I have my own special way of dealing with tests, but I couldn't find one of those ways that would apply that time. There was just no way to cheat. It was 'yes' or 'no,' with no other options. I guess you might say I tried one answer, found that I wasn't too happy with it, and decided to choose the other."

Lando opted for the life of a Rebel, helping to save Leia and joining in the effort to rescue Han from Jabba the Hutt. The Empire had forced him out of retirement and dealt him a deadly hand. It was an act the Empire would come to regret.

As the first shot in Lando's newly declared war on the Empire, he traveled with Leia and Chewbacca to Tatooine to try and rescue Solo. Though Jabba's palace was easy to find if you had the kind of contacts Lando did, there was no reason to believe that Han was still there. Jabba might have stashed his body anywhere — or, horrible as it was to consider, killed Solo already. Someone had to get inside and scout out the terrain, and Lando knew he was the man for the job.

But you don't just walk up to Jabba's front door and ask to take a look around — not if you want to ever walk out again. Lando knew he would have to work his way into the organization. It would take time, and no small effort, but it was the only chance they had to save Han.

The plan, as it stood then, was rather sketchy. Lando was to drop Chewbacca off in Mos Eisley, where he would attract the attention of Jabba's hired guns. But before any of them could get to the Wookiee, Leia, disguised as the bounty hunter Boushh, would pretend to capture him.

Meanwhile, Lando, taking on one of his more effective criminal personas, would contact an old colleague in Anchorhead who could get him a job in Jabba's palace. Luke was to get inside the palace on his own after finishing some mysterious errand in the desert. Once everyone was in position, they would make their move.

In truth, Lando didn't think much of this plan, which was conceived by Luke. But somehow, when talking it over with Skywalker, it all seemed to make sense, and it wasn't until later that he recalled he had wanted to raise objections. To

tell the truth, that young man made Lando a little nervous.

Aside from being nearly dropped into the mouth of the Sarlacc, the rescue went well. Jabba's operation was destroyed, and Han was safe and sound.

Surprisingly, Han harbored no ill will toward Lando, instead thanking him for the rescue. It was just one more sign of how much Solo had changed since joining the Alliance.

Like Solo, Calrissian became an unlikely recruit for the Rebels and received the title of general. He would go on to be one of the leaders of the assault on the second Death Star.

For Lando, joining the Alliance was the final piece to a picture that had been building since he became Baron Administrator of Cloud City. He had learned how to deal with responsibility. Now he was learning to fight for what he believed in, and, believe it or not, to value friendship more than money. It was a more subtle change than Han's, although the fundamentals were the same. Both had become generals of the Rebel Alliance, and both volunteered to lead dangerous missions against overwhelming odds.

But the odds didn't matter any more to Lando: he was tired of playing them. It's not really gambling if you have nothing to lose.

Lando still finds himself caught in the never-ending war. When his mining operation on Nkllon was destroyed, Lando once again set out to find his purpose. He seems to have reenlisted in the Republic military, although this may be another short stint. Lando certainly doesn't seem to be the type to settle down ...

■ Lando Calrissian

■ (As of his departure from Cloud City)

Type: Gambler

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 6D+2, blaster: hold-out blaster 7D, brawling parry 5D+1, dodge 6D, grenade 4D+2, melee combat 4D+2, melee parry 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 7D, business 7D, business: mining 10D+1, business administration 7D+1, cultures 6D+2, languages 5D, planetary systems 5D, streetwise 7D+1, survival 5D, value 5D+1

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Archaic starship piloting 3D+1, astrogation 6D+2, communications 4D, ground vehicle operation 3D+1, repulsorlift operation 4D, repulsorlift operation: cloud car 5D+1, sensors 4D+2, space transports 8D, starfighter piloting 8D, starship gunnery 7D, starship shields 7D, swoop operation 4D+2

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 8D, bargain: Tibanna gas 10D+1, command 6D, con 8D+2, forgery 6D+1, gambling 9D+2, hide 6D, persuasion 6D+1, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Brawling 5D+1, climbing/jumping 5D, lifting 4D+2, stamina 5D, swimming 4D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Computer programming/repair 4D, droid programming 3D, repulsorlift repair 4D, security 6D+1, space transports repair 6D+2, starship weapon repair 4D

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 10

Move: 10

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (4D), comlink, sabacc card deck

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Streetwise 8D

Command 7D, con 9D

Space transports repair 7D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 18

Darth Vader

For most of his life, Luke's images of his father consisted of what his Uncle Owen had told him. Owen said that Luke's father was a navigator on an ore freighter, a simple working man. Despite Luke's attempts to learn more of him, his uncle never told him any more about Anakin Skywalker.

In fact, this was the sole reason that Owen decided to keep Luke away from the school in Anchorhead and have him tutored at home. Owen was afraid that Luke might grow up to be just like his father, an "idealistic dreamer." Knowing where that had gotten Anakin, he did his best to see that it didn't happen to Luke.

It wasn't until he met Ben Kenobi out beyond the Dune Sea that young Luke learned anything more of his father. Ben told him that his father was "the greatest star pilot in the galaxy," and "a cunning warrior." Apparently, the two had fought together in the Clone Wars. But of most interest to Luke was that Ben claimed his father was a Jedi Knight, and he presented the youth with his father's lightsaber to prove it.

The truth, which Luke would eventually learn, was a far more bitter pill to swallow. Anakin was a Jedi, but he had been corrupted by the Emperor and seduced by the dark side of the Force. He had helped the Emperor to hunt down and exterminate the Jedi from the galaxy.

He became Darth Vader, the very epitome of evil.

It was Vader who captured Princess Leia and oversaw her interrogation and torture. Second in authority only to Grand Moff Tarkin aboard the Death Star, Vader watched as Alderaan was destroyed. When Skywalker and Solo arrived to save Leia, Vader fought and slew Obi-Wan Kenobi.

When the Death Star exploded, it was believed that Vader had been lost to the void. But he returned, more powerful than before, and was given command of the fleet assigned to track down Skywalker.

Vader eventually found him and his fellow Rebels on the ice planet Hoth. Although they



escaped that world, Leia, Chewbacca, Solo and the droids were finally captured and held on Bespin as bait for Skywalker. During the clash between young Jedi and Dark Lord of the Sith, Luke's hand was severed. It was also during this battle that Vader revealed he was Luke's father.

Later, Skywalker learned that this was, indeed, the truth. Despite all that had occurred, he clung to the notion that there was still some good in Vader. And when he gave himself up on Endor, he staked his very soul on it.

Vader's failure to corrupt his son on Bespin left him perplexed and shaken, although the Emperor did not seem surprised by the turn of events. That his son was powerful was, of course, apparent. But why his son could not see the obvious benefit of his power was a mystery to Vader. Surely he could feel the call of the dark side? Luke had released his anger and his hatred, but somehow he still did not see the true way. Was this a failure of Luke or of Vader? Did Vader have some weakness that his son had exploited?

And what of the Emperor? He was mighty in the Force, perhaps the mightiest being who had ever lived. Did he know that Vader would attempt to use his son to overthrow him? Did the Emperor have another, more subtle plan to turn Luke, kept well-hidden even from Vader?

Oh, the Emperor was subtle: wheels within wheels within wheels was his way. The boy was doomed; nothing in the universe could save him. Somewhere within him, Vader felt a dim sense of regret.

And that disturbed him most of all.

The Emperor had asked Vader on several occasions if "his feelings" on the matter of young Skywalker were clear. The Dark Lord assured him that they were, and their plans continued.

But the connection between Skywalker and Vader almost doomed the Rebellion. When Han Solo's strike team approached the moon of Endor in the stolen Imperial shuttle, one of its members became aware of Darth Vader's proximity. Luke Skywalker, sitting with the command crew in the shuttle's cockpit, immediately realized that Vader was aboard one of the orbiting Star Destroyers. In turn, it has been assumed, the Dark Lord detected him.

But Vader allowed the shuttle to continue down to the forest moon, remembering the prophetic words of his master. "In time, he will seek you out." On the moon, Skywalker actually surrendered to the Imperials, giving himself directly into the hands of Darth Vader. The young man claimed to have felt "the good" within the black metal shell and had come to help lead the submerged Anakin Skywalker back to the light.

Aboard the half-finished Death Star, Skywalker was brought before the Emperor and again faced Vader in combat. This time the young Jedi was the victor. Yet he refused to deliver the killing blow with his lightsaber. He would not succumb to the temptations of the Emperor and the dark side. "I'll never turn to the dark side," declared Luke Skywalker. "I am a Jedi, like my father before me."

"So be it ... Jedi." And then Emperor turned his dark powers against him, seeking to destroy him. It was then that something stirred within Vader and he launched an attack on Palpatine. When it was over, the Emperor was gone and father had given his life to save son. It was a noble end, worthy of a true Jedi Knight.

Afterwards, as the Death Star collapsed around them and Vader lay dying, he asked Luke to take off the black breath mask that hid his mangled features. He wanted to look upon young Luke with his own eyes, not through mechanical lenses and filters. He wanted to look upon his son.

His final words to Luke were a confirmation of the young man's faith. "You were right about me," Vader managed to say as his life slipped away. "Tell your sister ... you were right."

He had lived for many years as Darth Vader, epitome of the New Order's evil. But his last actions were those of the Jedi Knight he once was. He died as Anakin Skywalker. He died in the light.

■ Darth Vader

■ (As of the Battle of Yavin)

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, blaster artillery 4D+1, brawling parry 6D+1, dodge 6D, lightsaber 11D+2, melee combat 7D, melee parry 9D, vehicle blasters 6D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Alien species 7D+1, bureaucracy 9D+1, cultures 7D, intimidation 10D+1, languages 6D+1, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 7D, survival 5D, value 6D, willpower 8D+1

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 6D+1, capital ship piloting 8D, capital ship shields 5D, repulsorlift operation 5D+2, starfighter piloting 10D, starship gunnery 8D, starship shields 5D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D, command 10D, con 4D, gambling 4D+1, hide 4D+1, persuasion 8D+1, search 8D, sneak 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 8D+2, climbing/jumping 7D, lifting 8D, stamina 8D

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor repair 6D+1, capital ship repair 5D, lightsaber repair 7D+2, security 6D, starfighter repair 5D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 11D, sense 12D, alter 10D+1

Force Powers (these are the known powers Vader possessed and it is believed that he had access to many other powers):

Control: Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, concentrate*, control pain, detoxify poison**, enhance attribute**, hibernation trance, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun

Sense: Combat sense**, danger sense**, instinctive astrogation†, life detection, life sense, magnify senses, receptive telepathy, sense Force

Alter: Injure/kill, telekinesis

Control and Sense: Farseeing**, lightsaber combat, projective telepathy

Control and Alter: Feed on dark side†, inflict pain

Control, Sense and Alter: Affect mind, telekinetic kill**

* Described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

** Described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*.

† Described in *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*.

This character is Force-sensitive.

Force Points: 13

Dark Side Points: 14

Character Points: 27

Move: 10

Equipment: Lightsaber (5D), body armor (+1D all attacks, respirator is necessary to keep Vader alive)

■ (As of the Battle of Hoth)

Dodge 7D

Planetary systems 8D, survival 6D

Astrogation 7D+1, capital ship gunnery 8D

Command 11D, hide 5D+2, sneak 5D+2

Brawling 9D, climbing/jumping 7D+1, lifting 8D+1, stamina 8D+1

Security 6D+2

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 11D+1, sense 12D+1, alter 11D

This character is Force-sensitive.

Force Points: 20

Dark Side Points: 25

Character Points: 35

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Brawling parry 7D+1

Intimidation 11D

Command 11D+2

Capital ship repair 5D+1

Force Points: 22

Dark Side Points: 30

Character Points: 43

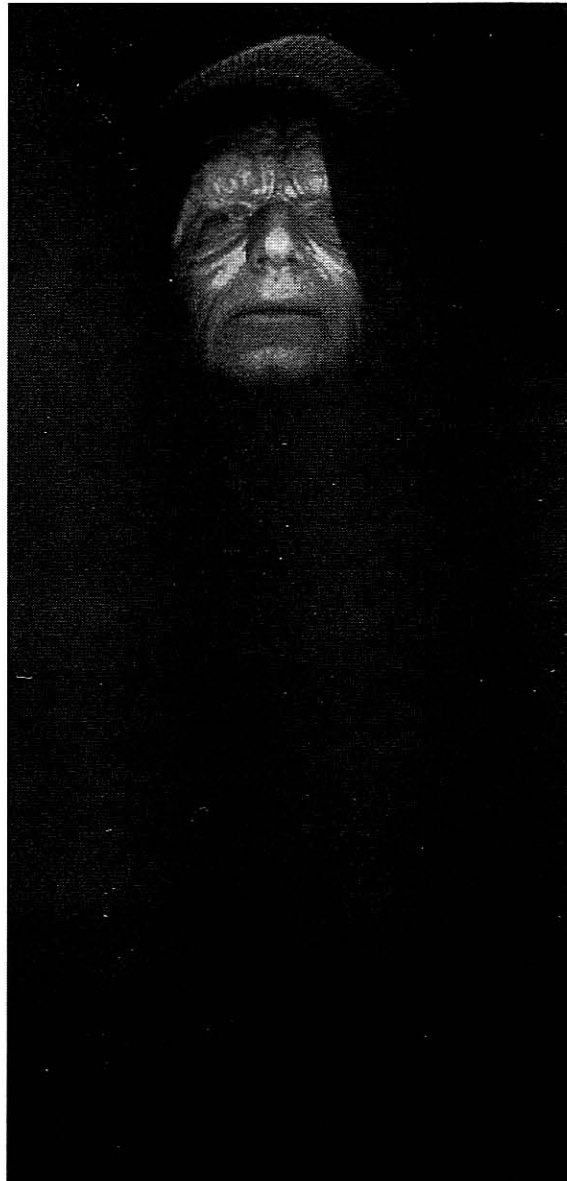
The Emperor

Out of the corpse of an Old Republic, a man named Palpatine carved himself an Empire. It was almost frightening how easy it was, for he was both strong in the dark side of the Force and blessed with a subtle and dangerous mind. The Jedi were destroyed, the Senate was disbanded and, in almost no time at all, he was the undisputed ruler of the most powerful empire the galaxy had ever seen.

The Emperor knew that nothing could seriously threaten his rule — his old enemy, Mon Mothma, was clever and strong and the Rebel Alliance was growing, but without the Force, they could never be a serious threat. In some ways, the Rebellion was a useful scapegoat, giving him an excuse to further undermine and corrupt the Old Republic's laws — “for the duration of the emergency only,” of course. Soon he wouldn't need them any more, and in the fullness of time, they would be attended to. All was right with the galaxy; the New Order was unstoppable.

But then the Emperor sensed a new current in the ever-flowing energy of the Force. It began as a subtle, barely perceptible power surge, but in a frighteningly short time grew into the bright light that he came to know as Luke Skywalker. Lord Vader had sensed it too, but he lacked the vision that the Emperor possessed. As soon, as this new power became known to him, the Emperor began plotting to corrupt it.

He worked his scheme with the guile and cunning that were his trademarks. The Emperor's plans may have reached further back in time than anyone could possibly imagine, for his ability to foresee the future was astounding. Perhaps the Emperor did not destroy Obi-Wan Kenobi with the rest of the Jedi because he foresaw the old man taking young Luke under



his wing someday in the distant future. Obi-Wan had failed once and created Vader, the Emperor's greatest servant. Perhaps the Emperor expected him to fail again, giving Palpatine an even more powerful tool.

Perhaps he also foresaw the boy's part in the destruction of the first Death Star. Perhaps he knew that if Luke succeeded, his overconfidence in his newfound powers would cause him to make a mistake, to attempt to turn his father, to dare to confront the Emperor in his own den. The Emperor was fully capable of sacrificing the Death Star if it would gain him the last Jedi.

This is all merely speculation, for no one, not even Vader, ever really knew what was going on in the black recesses of the Emperor's mind. It is clear, however, that the Emperor was not surprised that Lord Vader failed to turn his son to the dark side—he had, in fact, counted upon it.

Young Luke had tasted the power of the dark side through his anger and his fear. Doubt clouded his mind, and he was unsure he could survive another confrontation with his father. Yet he was also sure that there was still good in his father; he was willing to risk everything to attempt to bring it out. The Emperor counted upon this “mistaken” belief to draw the boy into his trap. Once Luke was in his power, the Emperor would destroy Luke's friends and loved ones. Then he would force him to kill his father. Luke would be his, and the last hope would fade from the galaxy.

Everything proceeded according to the Emperor's designs. Luke came, and the Alliance attacked. The Rebels on Endor were captured by the Imperial stormtroopers and failed to disable the shields. The Emperor's fleet and the operational Death Star surprised the enemy and began to decimate the Rebel ships. The Emperor had young Skywalker exactly where he wanted him—disillusioned, defeated, and ready to strike down his own father and take his place at the Emperor's side.

But then, suddenly, it all began to fall to pieces. After taking great losses at first, the Rebel fleet held its own against the Imperials and even managed to destroy a Super Star Destroyer. Worse, the Rebel scum on the planet below somehow lowered the shields of the Death Star, putting it at great risk. Still, even these were not insurmountable problems: with young Skywalker at his side, all could be made right again.

But the boy found it inside himself to rise above the Emperor's compelling power, and thwarted Palpatine's attempts to turn him to the dark side. In some baffling way, that young whelp was stronger than him! This was intolerable!

Infuriated, the Emperor resolved to kill the young Jedi. But here the Emperor failed once more. Apparently, the boy had been correct: there was still good left in Darth Vader. As he watched the Emperor trying to destroy his son, it came to life once more.

The Dark Lord saved his son from death. To do so, he destroyed both the Emperor and himself.

■ The Emperor

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Type: Jedi Master

DEXTERITY 2D+1

Dodge 7D

KNOWLEDGE 4D+1

Alien species 10D, bureaucracy: Empire 12D, cultures 9D, intimidation 13D, languages 8D, law enforcement: Empire 6D, military history 10D+2, planetary systems 7D, scholar: archaic library systems 8D, scholar: arcane technologies 7D, scholar: clone vat systems 7D+2, scholar: dark side lore 11D, scholar: Jedi lore 12D+1, scholar: lightsaber histories 12D, tactics: fleets 10D, tactics: ground assault 5D, willpower 12D+1

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 4D+1

Bargain 10D, command 10D, command: Imperial forces 12D+1, con 8D, hide 5D+2, investigation 7D, persuasion 11D, persuasion: oration 13D+2, search 7D

STRENGTH 3D

Stamina 6D

TECHNICAL 2D

Lightsaber repair 8D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 13D, sense 15D, alter 14D

Force Powers (these are the known powers Palpatine possessed and it is believed that he had access to many other powers):

Control: Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, concentrate*, control pain, detoxify poison**, enhance attribute**, hibernation trance, rage††, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun, short-term memory enhancement**

Sense: Combat sense**, danger sense**, instinctive astrogation†, life detection, life sense, magnify senses, receptive telepathy, sense Force

Alter: Injure/kill, telekinesis

Control and Sense: Farseeing**, lightsaber combat, projective telepathy

Control and Alter: Accelerate another's healing, control another's pain**, feed on dark side†, Force lightning**, inflict pain**, return another to consciousness, transfer Force

Control, Sense and Alter: Affect mind, control mind**, doppelgänger††, drain life essence††, enhanced coordination**, telekinetic kill**, transfer life††

Sense and Alter: Dim other's senses

* Described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

** Described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*.

† Described in *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*.

†† Described in the *Dark Empire Sourcebook*.

This character is Force-sensitive.

Force Points: 35

Dark Side Points: 43

Character Points: 60

Move: 10

Chapter Two

A New Hope

Tatooine

As the person charged with documenting the histories of the Heroes of Yavin, my travels have taken me from one end of the galaxy to the other. My journey began at Thila, where we were still organizing after abandoning the base on the fourth moon of Yavin. It was imperative to leave Yavin before the Imperial fleet arrived to finish the battle station's mission.

Leaving Thila, I began by retracing the heroes' journey from Tatooine to Yavin. My cover was as a journalist for the Imperial News Bureau, an intergalactic holonews service. This gave me a reasonable credit allowance, justification for carrying my holorecorder, and an excuse for asking too many questions without looking suspicious.

I hitched a ride aboard an Alliance supply ship and was unceremoniously dropped off in the savage rain forests of Yuga Two — a very covert base of operations, but assuredly a most uninteresting place.

Here, among the clinging trees of Yuga Planetary Park (an unabashed tourist trap), I paid full fare to acquire a state room aboard Galaxy Tours' *Kuari Princess*. While under different circumstances I might have complained about paying full price for less than a quarter of a tour, I needed to reach my destination under public transport. I quietly handed over the credits.

Tatooine, the final destination on this leg of the tour, was no more than a week away. And on that world of sand and rock, I would begin my studies of Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia Organa, and the other heroes of the Battle of Yavin.

The information on the individuals, creatures and aliens below is drawn from formal interviews, casual discussions, and my own observations while on the desert world Tatooine. Tatooine is the principal planet in the Tatooine star system. Twin suns, Tatoo I and Tatoo II, fill

the sky over the desert world, creating a dry, hot, inhospitable place.

While I did not get to visit much of the planet, I did spend a considerable length of time in Mos Eisley. This "city," arguably Tatooine's capital, hosts the planet's major spaceport and a small Imperial Government Post.

The story begins far from the confines of Mos Eisley, however. Out in the hot desert sands, scattered among the sparsely populated moisture farming towns, are things that even the most accomplished xenobiologists haven't imagined. With the arrival of an escape pod from the Princess Leia's blockade runner, the *Tantive IV*, two droids learned about this strange world and its inhabitants ...

Jawas

The Jawa is a scavenger race unique to Tatooine. Jawas are intelligent, rodent-like beings obsessed with collecting discarded hardware and machinery. About a meter tall, they commonly wear rough-woven hooded cloaks to shield them from the heat of Tatooine's twin suns. Only their eyes glow from within the darkness of their hoods. They have a unique and rather unpleasant smell.

While Jawas understand Basic, the official language of the Galactic Empire, they only speak in their jabbering, nearly incomprehensible, native language.

The creatures make their homes in massive "sandcrawlers," which prowl the desert wastes of the world. It is believed that several hundred Jawas make their home in each sandcrawler, which is a confusing maze of tunnels, ducts and piles of scrap. Each Jawa group seeks wrecked starships, abandoned or lost droids and other items of technology that can be refurbished and

Across the Burning Sands of Tatooine

I didn't really go into the desert. I admit it. After I heard what awaited me out there, I just couldn't go. But you have to admit that the title has a certain punch, though.

My first stop on Tatooine was the infamous Mos Eisley cantina. After several extensive interviews under extremely hazardous conditions, I left the cantina and found the stale, dry air of the streets strangely refreshing. But my moment of solitude after hours in the crowded cantina was short-lived.

I was immediately accosted by those creepy Jawa creatures. They were peddling two droids: an astromech called R5-D4, and a power droid. Well, in an effort to establish good relations with the Jawas, since I had to report on them anyway, I asked for more details on the two machines.

That was my first and last mistake on Tatooine. My consumer resistance fell through the floor and I found myself purchasing them both at what I then considered a steal. Robbery was more like it! I soon discovered that the R5 unit had a bad motivator and I really had no use whatsoever for a power droid, especially one as antiquated as this one.

Unable to find the Jawas who sold me the droids — they really all do look alike to me — I searched out the nearest repair shop. There, I discovered that the R5 droid was known to have had motivator trouble before, as evidenced by the charred layers of carbon

along the inside of the "head." I decided to replace the whole thing and convinced myself that the Alliance could always use two more droids.

After the cleanup, they eagerly followed me back to my cabin and I began to find out a little more about each of them. Red, as I now call the old R5, was able to communicate with me by plugging into my datapad. In this way, Red also translated for the power droid, although this particular machine didn't really have much to say. The results of my inquiries were nothing short of astounding.

The sleazy little scrap salesman had unknowingly saved me weeks of research. These two ancient droids were present when a group of Jawas captured the Alliance's most famous droids, Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio, and also saw them subsequently purchased by Luke Skywalker's uncle (now deceased). Their fate after that is a sordid and terrifying tale, and forms the majority of the information I gathered on the Jawas and Sand People of Tatooine.

Before I left Tatooine, I gave the power droid to a needy moisture farmer and sold R5-D4 to the Imperial prefect's assistant administrator. The Rebel Alliance should benefit greatly from the information the droid will obtain. As of this moment, only Momaw Nadon knows of Red's new role in the Rebellion.



sold to the frugal moisture farmers of this unforgiving planet.

These high-tech junk dealers delight in tinkering and repairing salvaged items for sale and barter. Although they purport to only salvage obviously discarded junk, they have been known to acquire unguarded and "abandoned" droids

and items from the homesteads of moisture farmers. Some races call this stealing. Jawas consider it good business. Besides, they are clever enough to make significant cosmetic changes so that the items and droids are virtually unrecognizable, sometimes even by the original owners.

Fearful and paranoid of larger races, the Jawas are a skittish lot. They count Sand People and krayt dragons as natural enemies. The Jawas seldom engage in combat, having to rely on jury-rigged blasters and projectile weapons for defense. Often, they retreat to their rather formidable sandcrawlers, cowering from attack. They also have unusual ionization weapons used to disable droids.

Jawas regularly interact with the residents of Tatooine. They often visit the few communities that dot the desert landscape, selling their wares and fawning over and ogling any technology they come across. Often their fear gives way to their obsessive tendencies in the presence of so much high technology and they must be forcibly chased away from shining landspeeders.

Despite appearances, Jawas are accomplished repairmen with an innate knack for ana-

lyzing machinery. They may not understand all the grand theories behind the science, but they can get a landspeeder running or refurbish a damaged droid in record time.

Typical Jawa. *Dexterity 2D, blaster 2D+2, dodge 3D, Knowledge 2D, streetwise 4D, survival: desert 4D+2, value 3D+1, Mechanical 3D, ground vehicle operation: sandcrawler 3D+2, Perception 1D, bargain 4D, con 3D+1, Strength 1D, climbing/jumping 2D+2, Technical 3D, computer programming/repair 4D, repulsorlift repair 4D+2.* Move: 8. Equipment: Jawa ionization gun (+1D to blaster, 3D ionization damage, 3-4/8/12), tool kit.

Sand People (Tusken Raiders)

The Sand People of Tatooine are quite an enigma to the Human inhabitants of the desert world. Even the daily routines of Tusken Raider life are shrouded in mystery. It often seems that the unpredictable actions of these cryptic creatures must be determined by some strange, antiquated code. Only the existence of such a personal credo could possibly explain the bizarre and seemingly random violent actions committed by Tusken Raiders on a regular basis.

Whatever the case, the Sand People are a dangerously unpredictable group, and should be avoided at all costs. The rocky canyons of Tatooine's Jundland Wastes have been known to be particularly infested with Tusken Raiders. It is for this reason that the "circle route" was created, circumventing the Jundland Wastes for travel between Anchorhead and Mos Eisley.

This tall, strong, aggressive, and nomadic race has made the desert wastes of Tatooine their home. They dress in strips of cloth and tattered robes to protect themselves from the harsh rays of the twin suns. A simple breath mask filters out sand particles and adds moisture to the dry, scorching air.

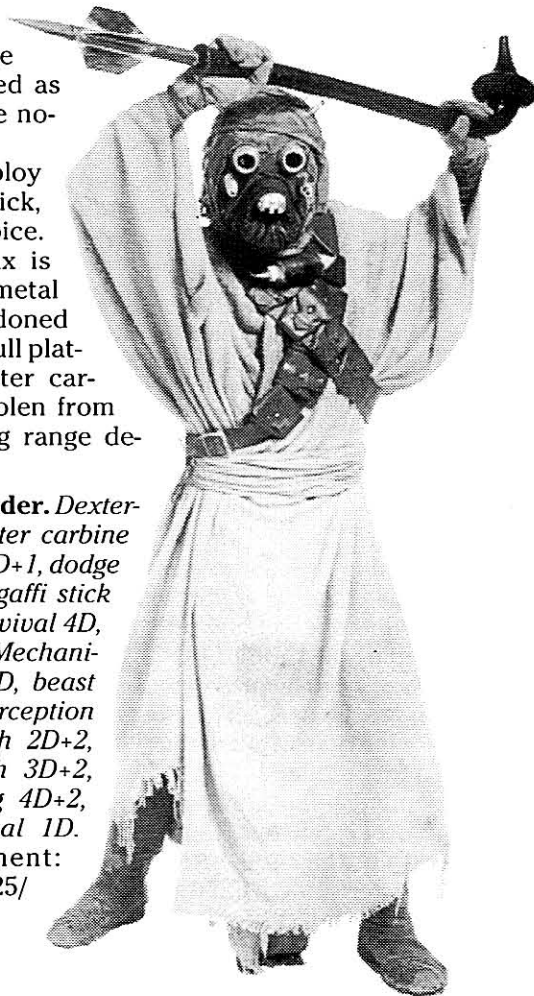
As none of the other inhabitants of Tatooine have any dealings with the Sand People, their language remains a mystery. It consists of angry consonants and growls. They are masters of stealth, and little is known about their culture or habits. Regarded as fierce, powerful fighters, the Sand People fear little.

The Sand People travel in bands ranging in size from 20 to 30 individuals, never staying long in a particular place. Smaller raiding and hunting parties are common, but where there is one group of Sand People, there are often more. As they are not a very numerous race, they seem to stay in the more desolate regions to avoid trouble with the settlers. They use domesticated banthas as beasts of burden, and

some speculate that the creatures are regarded as equal members of the nomadic communities.

Tusken Raiders employ the gaderffii, or gaffi stick, as their weapon of choice. This double-edged ax is made of cannibalized metal scavenged from abandoned vehicles or starship hull plating. Some carry blaster carbines, presumably stolen from slain victims, for long range defense.

Typical Tusken Raider. *Dexterity 2D+1, blaster: blaster carbine 3D+1, brawling parry 4D+1, dodge 4D+1, melee combat: gaffi stick 4D, Knowledge 2D, survival 4D, survival: desert 5D+2, Mechanical 1D, beast riding 3D, beast riding: bantha 4D+2, Perception 2D, hide 2D+1, search 2D+2, sneak 3D+1, Strength 3D+2, brawling 4D+2, lifting 4D+2, stamina 4D, Technical 1D.* Move: 10. Equipment: blaster carbine (5D, 0-25/50/250), gaffi stick (STR+2D), breath mask.



Owen and Beru Lars

Beru and Owen Lars raised young Luke Skywalker on their moisture farm on Tatooine. Young Luke grew up believing that Owen and Beru were his aunt and uncle, but Owen was actually Obi-Wan Kenobi's brother.

The Lars' are representative of a typical moisture farming family on Tatooine. They are hardworking people determined to beat a harsh environment and defend what they have struggled so hard to maintain. They have a healthy pride in their accomplishments and a stubborn independence. There is not a better background for the development of character, discipline and strong values, although this environment can often increase the sense of wanderlust and isolation so common to young people.

Owen Lars, a practical man, raised young Luke with the proper values of home and hard work. For the most part, the tough life of a moisture farmer kept Luke and his adventurous nature in check. Eventually, he began to hang around with a joyriding crowd from the nearby

Camie's Story

This tale, told to Voren Na'al by a young woman who claimed to be a friend of Luke Skywalker, shows something of the young man's relationship with the Lars.

This was the first year Luke had to stay on the moisture farm after the last of his friends had left. Oh, I was still around, but that's not the same as racing around with the likes of Biggs Darklighter. His Aunt Beru was busy just maintaining the produce groves and keeping the house respectable, leaving Luke to worry about Uncle Owen and his constant hatred of vaporators.

Funny, I saw Luke kick the blasted things more than once — he had the worst luck keeping those things going. If the sand and lack of parts weren't bad enough, roaming Jawas and less-honorable moisture farmers often stripped any equipment not protected by the perimeter shields during the night. They never took a whole unit, though, just a few critical parts. You know, Owen's hardworking nature always seemed to make up for the setbacks.

One time in particular, just before Biggs headed off to the Academy, Uncle Owen and Luke argued about sending in Luke's application. Owen needed Luke for another season. He just couldn't afford to hire any help at the time, or so he said. Luke's Aunt Beru, a wonderful lady, finally suggested a compromise. Luke would stay on for just one more season and Owen would put away enough credits to hire a worker to replace him.

To my amazement, Owen agreed. And what was more amazing, a few weeks later he gave Luke a used T-16 skyhopper as a gift. Sure it needed work, but Owen was right there to help Luke get it ready to fly. Sometimes that man was a real contradiction, but I

often got the feeling that he just didn't want Luke to leave Tatooine. Every so often when Luke brought it up, I thought I saw something in Owen's eyes — not anger, but maybe sadness or fear. Who can really say?

They spent all of their spare time in that workshop they have out back, replacing parts and rebuilding things. Luke wanted to make the skyhopper fast enough to beat Biggs' newer model, and I think Owen wanted to as well.

Aunt Beru always brought a good idea and a cool drink out with her when she came to visit her men. And when they became frustrated, she had words of encouragement that got them going again.

Sometimes I'd sit and watch Luke and Owen work, and listen to Luke's dreams and Owen's realities. Luke wanted to live a life of adventure; Owen said he had seen too many heroes die.

Well, they finally got that airspeeder up and running, and it was the fastest thing around. But I think that had as much to do with Luke's flying as with their mechanical skills. They even got the blasters working, although Owen told Luke in no uncertain terms that he didn't think too highly of him using them. He said they could get Luke into "bad habits."

It was a shock when we learned that Owen and Beru were dead. Some people say Luke killed them, and I guess the law out in Mos Eisley is offering a reward for his capture. I don't believe that, not for a second. It still makes me wonder who did that to them though — they were such nice people. I do miss that family ... because it was a family and sometimes a family is the best thing there is in the galaxy.

town of Anchorhead, including one Biggs Darklighter.

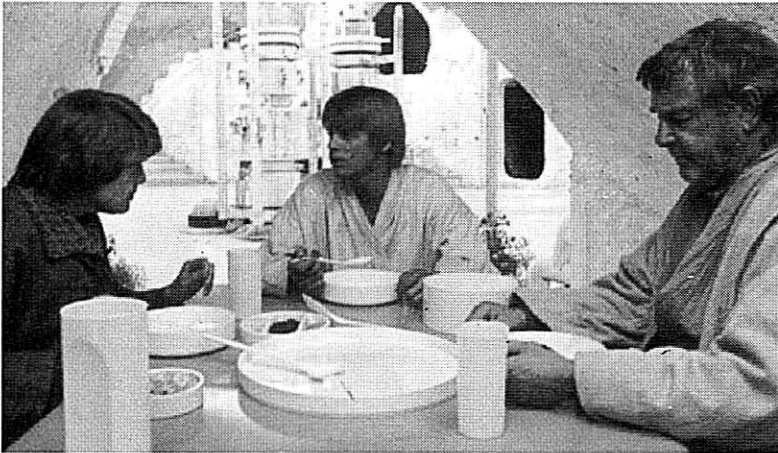
Beru saw the sparkle in the young man's eyes, and time and again fought on Luke's side when it came to going to the Academy with his friends. Owen remained firm however, and had it not been for the senseless murder of him and his wife at the hands of Imperial stormtroopers, there is little doubt that Luke would have spent "just one more season" on Tatooine.

The Lars' were like most moisture farmers on Tatooine — etching out a living in a thankless environment, with little or no chance for fame or fortune. Making a living season by season was their lot in life, and to their credit, their neighbors report they never spoke ill of the profession.

As with most types of farms, the value of a moisture crop varies unpredictably from year

to year. Tatooine's twin suns make the task of predicting such climactic changes infinitely more difficult, as multiple solar flares and gravitational shifts make Tatooine a meteorologist's nightmare. The world, aside from its desert conditions, can be battered by intense sandstorms that pose a severe hazard to any aboveground buildings. Still, season after season, decade after decade, the moisture farmers struggle to remove precious units of water from the parched landscape. Some farmers drill for water, while others extract it from the air or loose sands.

Owen Lars used vaporators to retrieve water from the air, which he subsequently directed into underground produce gardens. Not all moisture farmers grow food, as this always doubles the risks of failure every season. Farming and moisture collection are tough enough



when attempted alone, but even more so when combined under one roof. Most moisture farmers merely collect water, which they sell as a commodity to local produce magnates.

To their credit, Owen and Beru Lars always managed to scrape out an existence and were in debt to no one when they died. Few couples, and fewer farmers, can claim that distinction.

Owen Lars imparted his sense of "strong values, strong man" to young Luke, while Aunt Beru helped the boy learn a modicum of patience, understanding, and most of all, compassion. They made Luke's early life quite happy as they loved him and raised him to the best of their abilities. They taught him loyalty and commitment, and helped shape the man that became a galactic hero.

Owen Lars. All stats are 2D except: *survival 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 2D+1, command 4D, lifting 2D+1, droid programming 2D+2, droid repair 3D, farm equipment repair 4D.* Equipment: blaster carbine (5D), hydrospanner, macrobinoculars and other farm tools.

Beru Lars. All stats are 2D except: *blaster 3D, survival 5D, repulsorlift operation 3D+1, bargain 4D, first aid 3D+2, moisture farm technology 5D+2.* Move: 9. Equipment: various pieces of farm equipment and household appliances.

Obi-Wan Kenobi

In my travels throughout the galaxy, I have learned that appearances seldom tell the whole story. This truth is no more apparent than when one begins to consider the story of Obi-Wan Kenobi, Jedi Knight.

The deserts of Tatooine were his home for many years. While most residents of the Anchorhead area had heard of Kenobi, most considered him a crazy old hermit who was best left to himself. Kenobi lived in the dangerous

Jundland Wastes, on the edge of the Dune Sea. He was seldom encountered by others, but occasionally "Old Ben" might appear to help someone who was lost, or warn the local authorities of a massing of Sand People.

Ben Kenobi, just another desert hermit to the people of Tatooine, once traveled the galaxy as a defender of the Old Republic and a Jedi Knight. It was Kenobi who rose to become one of the greatest heroes of the Clone Wars, battling alongside such legendary fig-

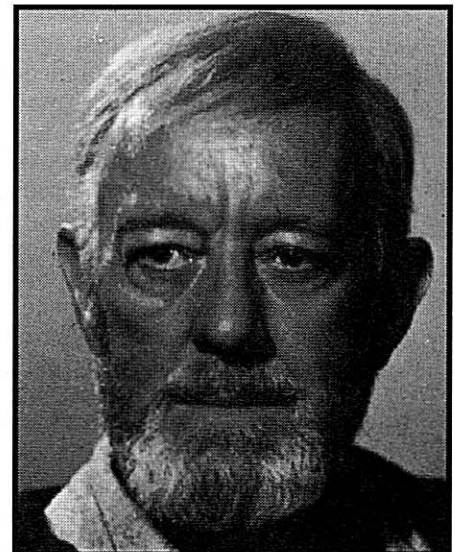
ures as Bail Organa of Alderaan and Anakin Skywalker.

In the heady fog of success, Kenobi took on a student, confident in his ability to instruct the boy in the ways of the Force. Whether it was a mistake on Obi-Wan's part or a fatal flaw in the student, something went wrong. Anakin Skywalker gave in to the dark side of the Force, to become Darth Vader. Vader, in service to Palpatine, was instrumental in the extermination of the Jedi Knights.

Obi-Wan Kenobi went into hiding, realizing that he could do more to bring freedom by guarding Anakin's infant son Luke than by leading a desperate battle that was doomed to failure. Obi-Wan still felt the weight of his decision many years later, knowing that his student had helped bring about the Empire, while countless Jedi died.

He chose to wait for the right time to make a move against the Empire—to wait for a new hope. Kenobi took the name Ben and cloaked himself in the persona of a crazy wizard. Many years later, when a pair of droids brought young Luke Skywalker into this battle, Kenobi knew the wait was over.

One of the droids carried a message from Kenobi's old friend, Bail Organa, sent via his daughter, Princess Leia of Alderaan. The Rebel Alliance had to act and the Rebels desperately needed Kenobi's help. Aboard the terrible Death Star battlestation, Obi-Wan gave his life in combat



Artoo's Tale

A story told by the astromech droid Artoo-Detoo, with translation by his counterpart See-Threepio, to Voren Na'al.

Luke Skywalker had just gone off to dinner leaving the two new droids alone in the farm's workshop. Artoo was embarrassed by his deception of his new master, whom he quite liked, and angry that his friend, C-3P0, couldn't see the wisdom of his mission.

"Just you reconsider playing that message for him," C-3P0 scolded. Artoo wanted to explain that his programming, directly from an important official aboard the ship, didn't allow him to play the message.

— *Threepio stopped at that moment, making what sounded suspiciously like an indignant snort. He simply looked sharply at Artoo, and said, "Well, you most certainly could have trusted me with that information, Artoo. If anyone could have assisted you, had I known, it would have been me!"* —

Threepio would have none of it. Artoo at least hoped that his new master, Luke, liked him. Artoo's behavior wasn't personal.

Shaking his metal head, C-3P0 said, "No, I don't think he likes you at all." Threepio's limited patience had run out. "No, I don't like you either."

— *Threepio rather took exception to that last comment and took a few moments to discuss the matter with his stubby friend. Their discourse showed their friendship and camaraderie with more clarity than any verbal description could* —

Artoo decided that it was time to act. His programming was explicit — Kenobi had to get that message, regardless of circumstances. With hardly a beep or whistle, Artoo rolled out of the workshop and into the desert as First Twilight fell across the sands.

First Dawn broke over the rocky canyon as the little droid continued on. It had taken longer than Artoo anticipated to cross the desert and make it to the canyon. Somehow, he'd managed to avoid conflicts with the Jawas or any of Tatooine's other denizens, and the cooler night temperatures made the journey much easier on his components.

He still had only a vague notion of where to find General Kenobi. That's when the landspeeder pulled up, and Luke Skywalker and See-Threepio jumped out to intercept him. His mission was over, and Master Luke was unlikely to fall for his deception about the restraining bolt a second time. He had failed! That's what he got for not monitoring his sensor scans.

"Hey, whoa, just where do you think you're going?" the young man asked. Artoo whistled a feeble reply that Threepio refused to dignify with a response. Threepio, still angry from their last exchange, answered. "Master Luke here is your rightful owner. We'll have no more of this Obi-Wan Kenobi jibberish ... and don't talk to me of your mission, either. You're fortunate he doesn't blast

you into a million pieces right here."

Sometimes the protocol droid could be so exasperating, thought Artoo. Dejected, he tried to think of something to do when his sensors had detected several beings moving in quickly. Artoo jumped up, throwing frantic whistles and screams at the unsuspecting duo.

"Oh my ... sir," translated Threepio. "He says there are several creatures approaching from the south-east." Artoo knew his friend wouldn't suspect him of deception in this instance — besides, there was no way he could outrun Luke's landspeeder.

Luke grabbed his blaster. "Sand People! Or worse! Come on, let's go have a look. Come on." The youth had an unnerving desire for adventure and excitement.

The young man and the tall droid moved off to investigate. Artoo scanned the immediate area while doing what any brave droid in his position would do. He went into the rocky crags to hide.

Artoo heard the sounds of a scuffle, but his range of sensors was obscured by the crags he had hidden in. He preferred the security of the rocks.

It was a while before anyone returned. Artoo watched as a group of vicious Sand People walked into view, dropping Luke beside his landspeeder. They began to ransack the speeder, leaving the unconscious youth in a heap upon the ground. Artoo could only hide and watch as the creatures tossed equipment all over the place. Where was poor See-Threepio?

Suddenly, the Sand People stopped. A deathly quiet fell over the canyon, and even Artoo felt a tingle play across his metal casing. A great howling moan echoed through the canyon. It was terrifying!

The Sand People fled in terror, and Artoo moved even tighter into the shadows as the sound got closer. But instead of a horrible creature, the droid saw a shabby, hooded figure appear and lean over Luke. He had an ancient, leathery face, set off by dark, penetrating eyes and a scraggly white beard.

After scrutinizing Luke's condition, the man turned to look directly at Artoo, who was still hiding in the shadows. He threw back his hood and smiled. "Hello there! Come here, my little friend. Don't be afraid."

Artoo wondered how the man had sensed him. He had remained absolutely still, not making a sound or moving. There was something strange about this kindly man.

It was upon Luke's awakening, and his declaring that this person was Ben Kenobi that Artoo knew this was the man he was sent to find. This was the famous General Obi-Wan Kenobi. Artoo's circuits beamed with pride, confident that he had succeeded where most other droids would have failed!



Princess Leia was his sister, and daughter of Darth Vader.

Obi-Wan had cleared things up for Luke, but at the same time presented him with yet more problems. He had to protect Leia from the Emperor, and he had to confront his father and turn him back to the light. Luke's destiny was also that of the galaxy: however Luke fared in his titanic struggle, so would the galaxy.

In the end, the boy did his teacher and friend proud.

against Darth Vader in order to provide young Luke Skywalker and his companions the time they needed to escape. Although Kenobi perished in the battle, his warning to Vader proved to be true: fallen, he would return, more powerful than before.

Although he was "with the Force" now, Obi-Wan Kenobi was still a major part of Luke Skywalker's life. Since his encounter with Darth Vader on Cloud City, a single, vital and unanswered question plagued Luke, one that centered on Kenobi.

Darth Vader had claimed that he was Luke's father, and Luke somehow *felt* that this was true. But Obi-Wan had told him that Vader betrayed and murdered his father. Could Kenobi have lied to him? It seemed inconceivable, but Luke couldn't deny the truth of his feelings.

This question burned in Luke's brain until his return visit to the swamp planet, Dagobah. There he was assured by Yoda that Vader was indeed his father.

So Ben had lied to him, then.

When he first saw the image of Obi-Wan shimmer into view, sitting in the Dagobah bog, Luke sprang on his former mentor with an anger he had never before displayed toward Kenobi.

Obi-Wan understood and forgave Luke's anger with him. He calmed the youth by finally telling him the whole truth. Vader did indeed "betray and murder" Luke's father, because when he turned to the dark side of the Force, the good man who was Anakin Skywalker ceased to exist. In a sense he was "murdered" by Vader.

But this was not the most important news that Luke received from Obi-Wan. Luke had a twin sister from whom he was separated at birth, to protect them from the Emperor. Luke was taken to Ben's brother, Owen Lars, on Tatooine; his sister was adopted by the Royal House of Alderaan.

■ Obi-Wan Kenobi

Type: Jedi Knight

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, brawling parry 6D, dodge 6D, lightsaber 11D, melee combat 6D, melee parry 9D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Alien species 8D, bureaucracy 6D, cultures 6D, intimidation 5D+2, languages 6D, planetary systems 6D, scholar: Jedi lore 9D+1, streetwise 5D+2, survival 8D, value 6D+1

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D+2, beast riding 4D, capital ship gunnery 4D+1, capital ship piloting 5D, capital ship shields 3D, repulsorlift operation 4D, space transports 6D, starfighter piloting 3D+1, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 6D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 7D, command 9D+1, con 6D, gambling 5D+2, hide 5D+2, search 6D+1, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D, climbing/jumping 6D, stamina 6D

TECHNICAL 3D

Droid programming 4D, droid repair 5D, first aid 5D, security 6D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 12D, sense 12D, alter 8D

Force Powers (these are the known powers Kenobi possessed and it is believed that he had access to many other powers):

Control: Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, concentrate*, control pain, detoxify poison**, emptiness, enhance attribute**, hibernation trance, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun, short-term memory enhancement**

Sense: Combat sense**, danger sense**, instinctive astrogation***, life detection, life sense, magnify senses, receptive telepathy, sense Force, sense path***

Alter: Injure/kill, telekinesis

Control and Sense: Farseeing**, lightsaber combat, projective telepathy

Control and Alter: Accelerate another's healing, control another's pain**, return another to consciousness, transfer Force

Control, Sense and Alter: Affect mind, enhanced coordination**

Sense and Alter: Dim other's senses

* Described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

** Described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*.

*** Described in *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*.



This character is Force-sensitive.

Force Points: 9

Character Points: 20

Move: 10

Equipment: Lightsaber (5D damage), robes

Desert Stormtroopers

There exist many types of stormtrooper specialty units created to deal with harsh conditions on the millions of worlds within the Empire's grasp. One such type of soldier is the so-called sandtrooper, or desert stormtrooper.

These soldiers are selected from the ranks of exceptionally motivated, fearless and talented stormtroopers. However, these soldiers either have shown an aptitude or already have training in desert survival, camouflage, small-unit tactics and tracking.

Because of their skill and training in these areas, it was the Desert Sands stormtrooper unit that set down on Tatooine to recover the plans to the Death Star project.

Sandtrooper armor has also been modified to handle the harsh conditions of desert life. Cooling and moisture reclamation systems have been greatly improved, and additional heat dissipation units run throughout the armor plates. Underneath the armor, the black temperature-control body gloves are also modified, with additional cooling units.

Of necessity, sandtroopers are accustomed to operating with a greater deal of autonomy than standard stormtrooper units. While they do check with their superiors often, sandtroopers have no qualms about making snap decisions when situations warrant. Instead

of depending on machinery that may not function in certain environs, Desert Sands troopers make use of local creatures for transportation. On Tatooine, for example, these troopers employ the lizard-like dewback in order to travel the burning sands.

All Desert Sands stormtroopers carry heavy blaster rifles, long-range comlinks, and food and water packs. The amount and condition of this equipment varies depending on the length of their missions.

Typical Sandtrooper. All stats are 2D except: *blaster 4D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 4D, vehicle blasters 4D, survival 4D, beast riding 4D+1, search 3D+2, brawling 3D*. Move: 10. Heavy blast armor (+1D to *Strength* to resist damage, -1D to *Dexterity* and all related actions) blaster pistol (4D), heavy blaster rifle (6D), long-range comlink, food/water pack.

Desert Sands Senior Officer DSS-0956. All stats are 2D except: *blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D, vehicle blasters 4D, intimidation 5D, survival 5D, beast riding 4D+1, command 4D, search 3D+2, brawling 3D*. Move: 10. Heavy blast armor (+1D to *Strength* to resist damage, -1D to *Dexterity* and all related actions) blaster pistol (4D), heavy blaster rifle (6D), long-range comlink, food/water pack.

R5-D4

One of great advances in astrogation was the addition of the small R-series droids to spacecraft. While engineers had long since committed to the idea of downloading navigation data

Tatooine Debriefing

From the personal audio report of Desert Sands senior officer DSS-0956, released to Alliance Historian Voren Na'al by the Rebel Spy Network.

The call came. After long weeks aboard Lord Darth Vader's Star Destroyer, orders finally came through to scramble my unit. Moreover, the orders were in response to the Dark Lord's personal command. Desert Sands was to drop to Tatooine and recover a jettisoned escape pod. It was assumed that top-secret information, stolen from the Empire, was hidden in the pod for pickup by Rebel agents on the desert planet.

I quickly assembled my unit aboard the drop shuttle with orders that were direct and to the point. We were to recover the data by any means necessary and return it to Lord Vader. Our mission set, the shuttle fell toward the planet, depositing us on Tatooine's suns-scorched surface.

It didn't take long to find the pod. We simply traced its rescue beacon, which automatically begins broadcasting when a pod is launched. A quick search revealed that the data was not in the pod, and no life forms were in the immediate area. But we did find evidence that droids had been in the craft when it landed, and had since proceeded away from the landing site — in different directions. They did have a slight lead on us, but the droids had done nothing to mask their trail. I split the soldiers into two units and followed the trail.

We encountered our first problem when the droids' tracks abruptly ended in the confusion of huge tread marks. From our briefing information, I knew that a Jawa sandcrawler had beaten us to them. I gave the order to locate the Jawa transport and tear it apart until the mechanicals were found. This took several

days. It seems that the Jawas are as numerous as the grains of sand in the Dune Sea and even for the local residents it is virtually impossible to distinguish one group of Jawas from another. Eventually we did uncover the correct sandcrawler, but the droids had already been sold to moisture farmers.

In accordance with our orders of secrecy, we returned to silence the Jawas. Atop banthas and armed with crude blaster rifles, we attacked and destroyed the sandcrawler and its occupants, taking care to make the operation look like a raid by Sand People.

We quickly moved on to the moisture farm where the droids were sold. Records showed that the farm was owned by a registered settler named Owen Lars. Again, we arrived too late. The droids, in the company of Lars' nephew Luke Skywalker, had left the farm earlier that day and had not returned since. I assumed that Skywalker was a Rebel agent and that he had no intention of returning to the farm. I was sure that he was already on his way to Mos Eisley in order to find transport off-planet. I returned toward town to quarantine the spaceport, leaving part of my unit to eliminate Lars, his wife, and any other evidence of our activities.

Our need to maintain secrecy hampered our apprehension of the droids and Skywalker. Apparently he hooked up with an old hermit named Ben Kenobi, and together they evaded my troopers and blasted off the planet in a modified Corellian light freighter. Additional orders followed that Desert Sands was to remain on Tatooine to complete cleanup operations, which went as expected.

For the record, I take full responsibility for the droids' escape. Any punishment that you deem necessary I will willingly submit to.

into ships' computer banks, there was still a consensus that at least two pilots were required to handle most craft effectively.

But improvements in droid technology, including advanced reasoning capabilities and smaller, more efficient, more reliable machinery allowed mechanicals to replace at least one of the living pilots. The crowning achievement was when droid engineers successfully developed a micro-processing module that enabled such droids to carry several sets of navigation data. The combination was a natural and won one of the biggest patents ever awarded to a non-military corporation, Industrial Automaton. Their product development division was already marketing sophisticated droid assistants for factories and mass transportation, but IA engineers designed droids specifically for

astrogation assistance and spacecraft repair.

Five series of R-units were produced in the initial boom, each supposedly better than the previous release. In the long run, however, it was the R2-series that won long-lasting acceptance for reliability, durability and sheer workmanship. But that doesn't mean the other droid units didn't try though.

One of the last droids produced in the now discontinued R5-series was a small red astromech called R5-D4. Determined to prove the critics wrong, R5, or "Red," worked as hard as its servomotors would allow to make its owners proud. But even the most willing droid can rarely rise above its programming and hardware capabilities. The R5-series was simply a case of extreme desire and poor design.

The little droid bounced from master to mas-

ter, eventually winding up in the Outer Rim Territories serving whoever had enough credits to make the purchase. Dejected and envious of the more-popular series — especially the R2-series — Red became cranky, bitter and spiteful, which are not desired traits aboard cramped spacecraft. The poor droid's lot in life reached an all-time low when he was "acquired" by a group of Jawas on the desert planet Tatooine.

During this time, however, Red was fortunate enough to witness the initial seeds of the galaxy's "new hope." In many ways, the events that occurred while the droid was aboard the Jawa sandcrawler have served to brighten his outlook considerably by making Red feel as though he finally performed a needed and useful service.

Red's first days with the Jawas were almost his last. Notorious for blowing his stack over the actions of his owners, Red was quickly losing patience with the hooded scavengers as they poked and prodded his metal shell. But before Red did something he would regret, a little power droid intervened. The power droid convinced R5-D4 to quietly accept the Jawas' behavior. If the droids cooperated, the Jawas would eventually sell them to new masters. And new masters, the power droid said optimistically, can only be better than present ones.

So the days passed as the sandcrawler traveled the desert wastes and Red became friends with the power droid. Then, one day, two new droids appeared that would forever change R5-D4's existence. These were no ordinary droids,

as they were picked up out in the wastes just wandering about. Droids are expensive and require constant maintenance — they just don't walk off into the desert.

The first of the two droids to be picked up by the Jawas was a beat-up but functional R2-unit that was feisty and courageous. Even though Red had a deep-seated jealousy of the more-popular R2-series, he was intrigued by this adventurous droid. Red approached the R2 model, noting its apparent confidence that seemed more evident than was usual in the highly self-assured series. It introduced itself as R2-D2, eventually explaining a little about its adventures, such as the escape from an Imperial Star Destroyer. Artoo didn't mention the search for a Jedi Knight or the stolen plans of the Death Star battle station.

Red was never much of a talker before, but spent a lot of time with Artoo and the little power droid. When the second wandering droid was picked up, Red knew that soon something important would happen, he could feel it in his circuits. The second droid, a protocol model named C-3P0, greeted the R2-unit like a long-lost friend and listened as Artoo tried to convince the gleaming golden droid of his important mission.

Beneath its cranky exterior, R5-D4 always had a soft spot for the underdroid. If R2-D2 was really helping the Rebel Alliance — an underdroid if ever there was one! — then Red would do what he could to provide assistance, too. Red's chance came sooner than the droid expected.

The Jawas set up shop near a moisture farm, looking to make a quick sale. The farmers — an older man and a young assistant — picked C-3P0 and Red, handing over credits to the eager Jawas. Artoo beeped and whistled to be liberated from the Jawas, too, but the Humans ignored his cries. Red, unsure of what to do, looked from Artoo to the friendly young farmer and dreamed of a nice master who would appreciate its skills. But then the R5 remembered the astromech's mission. When Luke Skywalker and his uncle started to leave R2-D2 behind, Red conveniently blew his motivator (it had given him trouble before, so blowing the unit was easy to do intentionally). The Jawas were forced to give the old man Artoo as compensation, and while R5 would be forced to remain with the Jawas for a little while longer, R2's mission could continue.

Little did Red know what he was in for. Later, Imperial stormtroopers attacked the sandcrawler, killing all the Jawas and destroying many of the droids. Red escaped that fate,



but was still unrepaired, and had to remain in the smoldering wreckage until more Jawas came to recover their comrades' property.

To this day, most Jawas believe that Sand People killed their cousins, but Red knows better. With a little help from the power droid, Red kept his memory banks charged enough so that he wouldn't suffer memory loss before being repaired. Assuming that the previous Jawa masters had erased the droid's memory banks, and not wishing to spend the time to do the job themselves, the new Jawa masters simply cleaned Red's circuits and rigged his motivator before heading for Mos Eisley for a "fire sale."

There, the R5 was purchased and ultimately repaired by Voren Na'al, a member of the Rebel Alliance.

■ R5-D4

Type: Industrial Automaton R5 Astromech Droid

DEXTERITY 1D

Dodge 2D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D

Planetary systems 5D, value 3D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, starfighter piloting 4D, starship gunnery 3D+2, starship shields 4D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 2D

Lifting 2D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D, droid programming 3D+1, droid repair 4D, repulsorlift repair 3D+2, starship repair 4D+1

Equipped With:

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Video sensor
- Two fine manipulation arms (+1D to all repair skills)
- Arc welder (3D damage, .3 meter range)
- Video display screen
- Cybot acoustic signaller (droid and computer languages only)

Move: 5

Size: 1 meter

Cost: 1,450 credits

Power Droid

Power droids are essentially walking batteries. They are so common throughout the galaxy and their design and features so standardized that they aren't even given code letters by the general populace (although they do still have identifying numbers).

These droids are almost exclusively used in rural areas where power grids aren't available, newly established colonies where power generating plants haven't been constructed yet, and as back-up systems for small private dwellings, ships, or businesses.

Most power droids have very little in the way

of logic circuits: just enough to obey simple voice commands and operate the stumpy little legs so endearingly characteristic of the box-like machines. Some, however, have been modified either by tinkering owners or at the request of task-specific customers.

As semi-sentient machines go, power droids are definitely among the slowest. Having little or no need for inherent thought programming, they have been known to jump off a landing platform without argument if told to do so.

The power droid aboard the Jawa sand-crawler, which became involved with R2-D2 and C-3P0, is a special case. This particular power droid had been slightly modified with enhanced intelligence modules. Because of this modification, it can serve a dual role as a diagnostics systems analyzer. It is particularly adept at dealing with farm and agricultural equipment, having spent most of its existence on a Tatooine moisture farm.

Prior to the start of the events that culminated with the Battle of Yavin, this farm was raided by Sand People, its owners killed. Scavenging Jawas recovered the droid and some remaining equipment abandoned by the Sand People. It was placed in the same cargo bay that would later hold R5-D4, R2-D2, and C-3P0.

For a lesser droid, this particular mechanical is very friendly and can actually give advice about how to correct certain technical problems. Since the droid's identification numbers were removed and it claims to have no memory of when this was done, it does not have a name to call its own. This fact doesn't bother the spunky droid, however, and it is content to know that it is a step above its immediate peers.

■ Power Droid

Type: Veril Line Systems EG-6 Power Droid

DEXTERITY 1D

Dodge 1D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 1D

Energize power cells 5D+2

PERCEPTION 1D

Bargain 2D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 3D

Systems diagnosis 5D

Equipped With:

- Video sensor
- Bipedal locomotion
- Ultra-fine manipulation arm (+1D all *Technical* skills)
- Cybot acoustic signaller (droid may not speak Basic or other common languages)

Move: 2

Size: 1.1 meters

Cost: 1,750 credits

■ Mos Eisley

Mos Eisley. A lone city in the center of the merciless desert world of Tatooine. This city features the planet's only full-service spaceport and is the *de facto* planetary capital.

After my visits there, I wholeheartedly agree with Obi-Wan Kenobi's assessment — Mos Eisley is indeed a "wretched hive of scum and villainy."

Mos Eisley is a city where the use of a blaster is the rule of law. While the Imperial Prefect has tried to maintain a semblance of civility, the police force (little more than a glorified militia) is too small to enforce any kind of order. It is a city where one minds one's own business and doesn't ask too many questions.

Still, this is where the tale continues, and I am nothing if not thorough. Upon arrival in Mos Eisley, I began to search for the infamous cantina where Luke Skywalker first hooked up with Han Solo. Surprisingly, it didn't take me as long to find as I feared. I stood for a moment outside the doorway creating mental pictures of what I would find upon entering. Already my mind was constructing scenes from the descriptions by Skywalker and Solo.

I imagined the change from blinding sun to shadowy tavern that would throw off my senses when I walked down those worn steps. The sharp contrast would allow the cantina inhabitants to get a good look at me before I could piece together any images of the cantina itself. The place would be filled with strange smokes and sounds, and weirdly shaped shadows would move about the dim interior. I would see an empty stage to my far right, once my vision cleared. A sign, written in five languages, would read "Back in Moment," and alien instruments would surround it. I would saunter up to the bar, much the way I imagine Luke Skywalker did, and ...

My reverie was interrupted by a loud, obnoxious alien with half a dozen eyes who rudely inquired whether I was going in or just going to stand in his way until Second Twilight. Inside, a catchy tune began to play. Yes, it was time to see just what the Mos Eisley Cantina had to offer.

Momaw Nadon

Momaw Nadon, an Ithorian, is one of those troubled individuals who were forced to take sides in a conflict they were previously oblivious to. During the early days of the Empire, Momaw was "herd leader" of *Tafanda Bay*, a grand visitor center on Ithor. At that time, the good-natured official was blissfully ignorant of the ways of the Empire. Momaw refused to see

the bad in the galaxy, as was the way of his people.

Ithorians, also called "Hammerheads" by the less-educated, come from a world rich in ecological resources. They co-exist with their environment, never exploiting it for their own gain. The vast jungles of Ithor remain wild and untamed, teeming with life that is sacred to these peaceful, gentle people. They have carried this great respect for all life forms into space, traveling the hyperlanes in great merchant "herd ships" that bring unusual merchandise from one end of the galaxy to the other. Each herd ship mimics Ithor's environment, complete with artificial storms and wildlife.

While Momaw and other Ithorians may be trusting, they are not blind. Momaw's ultimate realization about the Empire came when the Imperial Star Destroyer *Conquest* arrived in orbit about Ithor itself. As a member of the initial welcoming party, Momaw heard all the rhetoric about "Imperial security" and "monitoring supposed smuggling operations." Initially, he accepted the verdict of the Ithorian elders to allow the Emperor his "little whim," as they called it. "Besides," they reasoned, "we have nothing to hide."

So, for months, the gentle Ithorians put up with intense Imperial scrutiny and interrogation. But all was destined to change as quickly as it had begun due to an important, yet largely unpublicized, incident aboard the Grand Herd Ship *Tafanda Bay*.

The magnificent herd ships of the Ithorians are renowned for the lush and diverse ecologies contained within their disk-shaped hulls. Some are built to travel the space lanes, while others are ground ships that move about Ithor's surface on huge repulsorlift engines. A small ecosystem in itself, *Tafanda Bay* was the crowning vessel in the Ithorian ground fleet. Every type of terrain and weather pattern known on Ithor, and many from around the galaxy, was painstakingly reproduced within a myriad of biospheres inside the ship. It is to the Ithorian grand designer's credit that the open-ended nature of the ship makes the addition of new exhibits as easy as attaching a new bubble.

Now, as was always Ithorian practice, the massive ground ship was open to tourists, free of charge. Of course, the Ithorians are shrewd marketeers and power their mercantile economy with the sale of trade goods. So while visitors may enter for free, they usually don't leave without buying a souvenir or two. But the

Ithorians have always kept many of their agricultural secrets strictly to themselves for “religious reasons.”

The commander of the Star Destroyer demanded this knowledge. While he claimed he was acting on the orders of the Empire, it is entirely possible that the captain was doing this precisely because he knew he could get away with it and that it was quite likely to provoke a confrontation with the Ithorians. It was believed that the Empire had long sought to learn these secrets to assist in the terraforming of worlds and to increase agricultural yields. It is also possible that the Empire intended to use this knowledge for the development of biological weapons. Since it is virtually impossible to disguise oneself as an Ithorian, the Empire tried to recruit Ithorians as spies. They were never able to find a Hammerhead that would betray the Mother Jungle, however.

So the Empire took to outright spying, and shortly after the *Conquest* arrived, six Imperials were discovered tapping into the files of *Tafanda Bay*. The Ithorians banished these spies from the planet and closed the herd ships to off-worlders for the duration of the Star Destroyer’s stay. In retaliation, the Star Destroyer’s captain seized the herd ship and demanded that the agricultural information be turned over to the Empire or *Conquest* would begin razing the planet. As herd leader, it fell upon Momaw to find a solution to this problem.

Momaw saw his choices as very limited. He could keep the agricultural ceremonies secret and watch as the Mother Jungle was destroyed, or he could give the ceremonies to the Empire and be branded a blasphemer. There was no choice. Momaw gave the captain what he wanted.

During his trial, Momaw gave a controversial speech that is still discussed aboard herd ships everywhere. He demanded that while he was guilty of a sin against the Mother Jungle, Ithor must not remain guilty of the sin of compliance. “We have seen the Empire for what it is,” he said to the Ithor Council. “It is an evil weed that strangles the garden of the galaxy. As tenders of the land, we know that weeds must be removed before too many living plants die. I ask that Ithor stop being blind to the presence of weeds and do what the Mother Jungle has taught us!”

Momaw’s answer was a painful one for the peaceful elders to swallow. He had seen the Empire for what it truly was and realized that “the Rebel Alliance must grow now or its seed will be stripped from the soil and cast upon the winds of tyranny.”

While his speech caused much controversy, the sheer nature of Ithorian society makes com-

ing to a decision very difficult indeed. The elders placed the matter high on the agenda for the next “Meet,” when all the herds come together from across the galaxy to celebrate a universe teeming with life. Unfortunately, the next Meet wouldn’t occur for three standard years.

Momaw was excommunicated from Ithor. He wandered from spaceport to spaceport, eventually settling upon Mos Eisley for a period of time. He lived in a small plant-filled villa in the spaceport city. Beneath one of the larger carnivorous specimens was a secret room large enough to shelter six man-sized beings. The local troopers were afraid of the notorious plant, but it was harmless when in the presence of its master. He aided the Rebellion, providing information and assistance, and sometimes sheltering an occasional fugitive or two. Eventually, he was able to exact vengeance against the Empire, and eventually left Mos Eisley.

Upon the next Meet, Momaw’s suggestions were adopted as official policy, and despite the immense risk of Imperial crackdown, the Ithorians embraced the Rebel Alliance. Fortunately for them, the Empire was busy hunting down the Rebels, and Ithor was far enough removed from the galactic mainstream to avoid immediate vengeance. Momaw was allowed to rejoin his herd-brothers and was reinstated as the commander of the *Tafanda Bay*.



■ Momaw Nadon

Type: Ithorian Refugee

DEXTERITY 3D

Dodge 4D, melee combat: powerstaff 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Agriculture 5D, bureaucracy: *Tafanda Bay* 7D, cultures 4D+2, ecology 6D, survival: jungle 5D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Repulsorlift operation 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Lifting 4D
TECHNICAL 2D+2
 First aid 4D+2
Force Points: 1
Character Points: 7
Move: 9
Equipment: Agri-kit (+1D to *survival*), powerstaff (STR+2D)

Figrin Da'n

One of the shadier, yet more aloof characters of Mos Eisley was the musician Figrin Da'n, nicknamed "Fiery Figrin" by the natives. Figrin Da'n was usually found leading his band in the cantina.

Figrin gambles. He gambles a lot, and he gambles very well. Han Solo himself has dropped more than a few hands to Figrin in the past. What Figrin does with all this money is unclear, but he obviously has expensive tastes. A cache of the best Corellian spice and an extensive music library bear this out.

Although Figrin rarely appears to be completely coherent, a side effect of his love for spice, he is undoubtedly one of the more knowledgeable members of Tatooine society. In his capacity as entertainer and gambler, Figrin meets just about every being that frequents the cantina for more than a week. Getting the musician to talk about his experiences, however, is another story.

Figrin has learned the hard way not to inform on others. He understands the streets well enough to know that nowhere is truly safe in Mos Eisley. While he enjoys the security of being Jabba the Hutt's favorite bandleader, he also realizes that there are limits to this arrangement, as Jabba has been known to "become angry" with his favorites every once in a while.

On the subject of the Rebellion against the Empire, Figrin was apathetic. As long as nobody stepped on his lifestyle he didn't care. He believed the Alliance was filled with goody-goodies who don't really know how to have a good time and would spoil the galaxy if they won. On the other hand, he realized that the Empire's view of law and order was also somewhat negatively distorted.

To get anything out of Figrin, you have to give him credits. Lots of credits. Overt bribery causes indigestion. He prefers the more subtle method of gambling with prospective patrons, only giving the information as the purchaser discreetly loses more and more credits. His rule for information is simple — "the more you lose, the more you win."

With the demise of Jabba the Hutt, Figrin Da'n and his companions departed for safer worlds.



■ Figrin (left) and a fellow bandmember at one of their favorite venues.

The band has since moved from world to world, becoming lost in the realm of cut-rate entertainers earning a meager living.

■ Figrin Da'n

Type: Bith Musician

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster: hold-out blaster 4D, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Cultures 4D+2, scholar: music 6D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Musical instrument operation 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Bargain 4D+2, gambling 5D, investigation 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+1

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Musical instrument repair 4D+2

Special Abilities:

Vision: Biths have very poor vision, suffering a penalty of -1D for any visual-based action more than 20 meters away, and they cannot see more than 40 meters.

Scent: Biths have well-developed senses of smell, giving them +1D to all *Perception* skills when pertaining to actions and people within three meters.

Move: 8

Equipment: Kloo horn, gasan string drum, hold-out blaster (3D+1), sabacc deck (marked)

One That Got Away

The following is a personal account by Jodo Kast, the renowned bounty hunter, about his failure to capture Doctor Evazan after locating him in the Corellian star system. The data was transmitted to the Empire, and subsequently intercepted by Alliance agents.

"I have thousands of eyes. They stretch across the galaxy and whenever they see something, Jodo Kast is not far behind. This time, I was following a prize to the Corellian system, to a tiny little city I'd never even heard of before — and I've been most everywhere.

"The quarry was Doctor Evazan. He was practicing again, and a million credits bounty was what he was worth to me, dead or alive. That's my favorite sort of hunt, dead or alive. You can blast away to your heart's content without worrying about the mess.

"The doctor deserved as much pain as I could inflict. This Evazan had mangled people, leaving them dead — or even worse, alive. I would show him the true meaning of pain.

"My sources told me he was 'operating' out of a little rent-a-clinic near the outskirts of town. I saw his trademark advertisement on the wall as I stepped inside. 'Don't trust a droid with your life. Trust us. Creative Surgery — The Cutting Edge.'

"I couldn't help but chuckle as I entered the archway and climbed up the stairs. When I reached the lobby, a Govian 'receptionist' stood up in shock, but before she could open her mouth I'd stunned her neatly. A blaster shot would've been more my style, but blasters are noisy.

"I could hear him mumbling to himself down the hall, something about packing up his belongings and leaving. Apparently I got there just in time. Bursting through the door, I began pumping blaster bolts into him before he could react.

"At that moment I realized that I'd ventilated a dummy, and that a monitoring screen was still trained on the front office. My stealth had been ineffective. The window was open and my quarry was running quickly down the street.

"The average bounty hunter would've given up, but Jodo Kast is far from average. Holstering my gun, I flipped my jet pack into action. As I glided to the street, a few steps behind my quarry, I felt that same exhilaration that always precedes a catch. You can't buy that kind of feeling.

"I started running after him as my jet pack is more

of a hindrance than a help in narrow streets. As he ducked around a corner, I removed a good chunk of fibrolite from the wall next to him with a mistimed blaster bolt. He was slippery all right, but no one's too slippery for Jodo Kast.

"As I rounded the corner, I saw a docking bay in the distance. This was the first time I had ever been worried about failing. I had not brought any grenades or detonite with me, as I wanted him reasonably intact for identification purposes. If he made it into his ship, he would be in hyperspace by the time I could get to my own ship, the *Foxcatch*.

"Evazan was wheezing badly, and as he reached the bay, he turned and fired at me. My armor easily deflected the bolt, and I moved up with confidence.

"It was then that I realized that he was cornered. He had entered the wrong docking bay or something. He had no place to run and it was only a matter of time before the better man won.

"I moved up, doorway to doorway, trash bin to trash bin, until I was at the edge of the bay. Evazan was hiding behind a ship, a typical beat-up Corellian light freighter.

"Moving up into the bay, I started laying down covering fire. Luck was with me, as a stray bolt grazed his face. Just the way I like them. Not dead, just damaged a bit.

"I moved forward carefully, just in case he was only faking the screams. I was a good ten meters away when I levelled my blaster at his limp form. I was about to become a million credits richer with one smooth pull of the trigger.

"Just then, a concealed turret popped out of a compartment on the ship's underside and opened fire. One shot from the heavy weapon ripped a hole in my armor, and it was then that I decided that the odds were against me. With a blast of my jet pack, I leaped for a nearby roof.

"Behind me, I could see that son of a rancor, Ponda Baba, at the controls of the ship. I remembered the grudge he still carried for a small incident in the recent past. But before I could rectify any oversights on my part, the ship blasted up and into the darkening sky.

"It had ended for now, but Jodo Kast never forgets. Someday my eyes will spot Evazan or Baba, and when they do I won't be far behind."

Dr. Evazan (aka Dr. Cornelius, Roofoo)

The squinty-eyed, mangled-faced, ruthless visage of this hardened criminal often causes people to wonder how this notorious outlaw could still be on the run. The infamous Dr.

Evazan (or Dr. Cornelius, or Roofoo, or one of countless other aliases) considers himself a skilled physician who specializes in cyborging and physical alterations. This obviously insane man had always admired a doctor's skill in slicing things apart and bonding them back



■ Dr. Evazan and Ponda Baba during their first, and most memorable, confrontation with a Jedi Knight.

together in new and interesting ways. He has since pursued this “profession” on his own. After easily escaping from the Delrian prison planet, Evazan quickly uprooted to the Hindasar system. There, the fugitive bought a forged license and set himself up as a “personal surgeon.” Once in private practice “the doctor,” as he is known throughout a dozen star systems, charged exorbitant fees for the promise of “droidless” surgery.

To date, hundreds of beings have been irreparably scarred under “the doctor’s” knife. Fully two score more have died of their wounds. Of course, no matter where he sets up shop, he is always discovered by local medical watchdog organizations, but Evazan has an uncanny ability to escape in the nick of time from almost any situation.

Evazan is also far more than a twisted “doctor.” This demented being knows no bounds: he has participated in slaving, assassination, illegal cyborging and countless other crimes.

His bold boast to a young Luke Skywalker that he “has the death sentence on twelve systems” is more than accurate. As Evazan’s list of atrocities has grown, more than thirty systems have a standing execution order for the man.

A bounty of at least one million credits has been offered by a consortium of his victims and their families. Until recently, no one has been able to get near enough to him or his current companion, Ponda Baba, to collect it.

The doctor is a master of deception, including the use of many disguises. But a few months before his arrival in Mos Eisley, an ambitious and talented bounty hunter named Jodo Kast caught up with the so-called physician. The hunter scarred the right side of his quarry’s face

with a blaster shot. If it hadn’t been for the interference of Ponda Baba and the timely engagement of Jodo Kast’s services by the Empire, there is no doubt that Evazan would have been dead or captured before his chance encounter with Skywalker and Kenobi in the Mos Eisley Cantina.

But, as fate would have it, Evazan lived through his battle with Kast. As news of his maiming spread, Evazan knew that there would be few places where he could avoid capture. The doctor turned fugitive and took up residence in Mos Eisley where he hoped to find work with those closer to his own perverted ideology.

But he and his Aqualish friend Ponda Baba found that their stay on Tatooine was to be short-lived, as they unknowingly picked a fight with young Skywalker and his companion, the Jedi Knight Obi-Wan Kenobi. The battle was as quick as two flashes of a lightsaber blade. When it ended, Evazan and Ponda Baba fled town. Their whereabouts were unknown, although it was rumored that Evazan eventually returned to Mos Eisley, operating out of a small clinic under the name of Dr. Cornelius. Apparently, Ponda Baba was enraged after Evazan botched an operation to replace Baba’s severed arm with a mechanical substitute. At last word, Evazan was still fleeing Baba, travelling from world to world. Amazingly, the two still elude capture.

■ Dr. Evazan

■ (aka Dr. Cornelius, Roofoo)

Type: Homicidal Surgeon

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 4D-2

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Languages 4D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Bargain 3D+1, command 4D+1, con 3D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

First aid 5D, (A) medicine 1D, (A) medicine: cyborging 2D

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 2

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Medpac, surgical kit, blaster pistol (4D)

Ponda Baba

Before his chance meeting with the notorious Doctor Evazan, Ponda Baba was just another semi-successful pirate, roaming the Empire’s frontiers killing and causing mayhem. But one day while repairing his ship, a blaster battle ensued nearby between Jodo Kast and Evazan. Now Kast had roasted Ponda’s last partner and didn’t even split the reward as he had promised, so Ponda felt it was only fair to rob Jodo Kast of

a prize this time around.

When Kast shot Evazan across the face, he slowly moved in for the kill. But Ponda aimed well, using a weapon strong enough to punch through Kast's battle armor.

Ponda took the doctor aboard, fully expecting to turn the man in for a reward of his own. After realizing the value of his capture, in publicity and recognition value alone, he surmised quite correctly that, instead, he could profit handsomely from associating with Evazan. While a million credits was tough to turn down, Evazan's presence would ensure that no one, but no one would make trouble for Baba. That kind of insurance credits couldn't buy. "Besides," reasoned the Aqualish smuggler, "I need a co-pilot and someone who can translate for me anyway."

The two formed a smuggling partnership that they compare to that of Han Solo and Chewbacca. Ponda and Evazan even picked up the *Millennium Falcon*'s old routes for Jabba the Hutt for a brief time.

Ponda was missing one big furry arm, lost in a bar brawl at the Mos Eisley Cantina. Unfortunately, the large alien chose the wrong person

to pick a flight with — Luke Skywalker. While Skywalker was unarmed and unprepared for a fight, Obi-Wan Kenobi was ready.

Ponda eventually had a bionic replacement grafted onto his arm and is still seeking his revenge on Evazan. Ponda will be terrified if he sees a lightsaber, and will flee the scene as soon as possible.

■ Ponda Baba

Type: Aqualish Smuggler

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Brawling parry 4D+1, melee combat 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Alien species 3D+2, intimidation 5D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Starship gunnery 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D, stamina 5D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Space transports repair 3D+2

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), grenades (5D), club (STR+1D)

Labria

Mos Eisley's biggest drunk and biggest squealer is the sinister-looking Labria of Devaron. Labria is an information broker, one of those who sell knowledge to anyone willing to pay for it. But most-often, he doesn't possess the information that people are looking to buy.

Labria is just plain not very good at anything, so he sells what little he sees or hears to anybody he thinks is interested. He never bothers to verify the accuracy of his information or even to check on the source, so Labria's tales are always taken with a bit of spice by those who deal with him on a regular basis.

What little money Labria earns is seemingly put into drinks at one of the spaceport's many cantinas, but often he only pretends to be drunk to slyly obtain some bit of information he can later turn into a profit. Most people are fooled by this hokey charade, but still avoid telling Labria anything he wasn't already supposed to hear.

Labria was Garindan's main source of information about Jabba the Hutt, which accounted for the lack of success Garindan had when dealing with the Bloated One.

Labria continues to play spy and has stashed away some 5,000 credits in a local bank under the assumed name Airbal. Subtlety isn't one of Labria's strong points.

Labria continues to be an ineffectual spy. He has been unable to adjust to the changes of power in Mos Eisley, and is still more interested in a free drink than finding reliable information.





■ Labria

Type: Devaronian Con Man

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 3D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Streetwise 4D

MECHANICAL 1D

Astrogation 3D+1

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Con 3D+2, hide 3D, investigation 4D+1, sneak 3D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

TECHNICAL 1D

Computer programming/repair 3D

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Half-empty bottle of Jawa beer

Sivrak

Sivrak, the wolfman of Mos Eisley, was one of the city's newest denizens when Luke and Obi-Wan entered the Mos Eisley Cantina. The locals knew very little about him and since Sivrak kept to himself, no answers were forthcoming.

By making some educated guesses, a few believed that Sivrak must be from the Uvena star system, a group of planets ruled exclusively by the Shistavanen Wolfmen. These quiet beings are excellent hunters and regarded as possibly the best scouts in the Empire. Superior dexterity and survival skills make them ideal explorers of unknown and untamed worlds.

For this reason, and by the notched blaster rifle he carries slung over his back, Sivrak was presumed to be a scout of some skill. However, scouts were hard-pressed to find work in the era of the Empire's restriction of exploration. The only allowed exploration was

strictly supervised by the Empire, for the Empire was only interested in conquering newly discovered civilizations rather than developing new worlds.

What the locals did not know, and what required an extensive search of Alliance data banks to learn, was that Sivrak was really Lak Sivrak, a famous scout responsible for charting many of the Empire's most dangerous territories. Lak, however, was wanted by the Empire for concealing the presence of a Rebel safe world in a system he discovered while scouting the Unknown Regions for the Empire.

Since Sivrak spent most of his time out of touch with civilization, he had no idea of the Rebellion against the Empire. To him, all Senators were bureaucrats and it really didn't matter who was in charge as long as he didn't have to deal with them very often. Then he found the colony secluded on a rocky moon. The people were wanted "traitors to the Empire," as well as refugees from devastated planets like Dalron Five. Sivrak assumed the beings were settlers, or perhaps crash survivors, and offered them his services. The Rebels' initial suspicions were quickly alleviated as he helped them organize and prepare for the upcoming winter months.

Over campfires and dinner tables, Sivrak began to learn about the tyrannies of his employers and the pride and purpose of the Alliance. When he next decided to "move forward" (his own phrase for when he feels the urge to change location), he vowed not to betray his newfound friends. He went on to another sector and finished a hasty report for the Empire.

As luck would have it, however, another scout discovered the colony and alerted the Imperial Navy. While spies for the Alliance managed to alert the colony in time to save most of the refugees, a few Rebels were captured. Under notoriously efficient Imperial interrogation methods, they revealed the visit by Sivrak some months before.

The stormtroopers he blasted convinced Sivrak that the Empire was after him, so he altered his name and headed toward the opposite side of the galaxy. While in Mos Eisley, he assisted several Rebel agents. Sivrak was eventually recruited by the Alliance and served in many battles prior to his death during the Battle of Endor.

■ Sivrak

Type: Shistavanen Wolfman Scout

DEXTERITY 2D+2

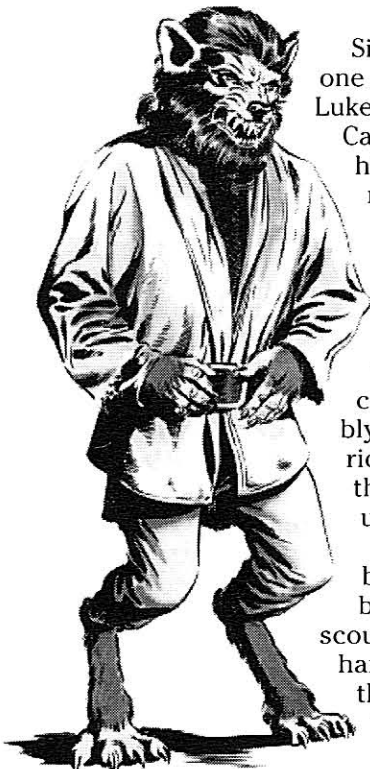
Blaster 5D+2, dodge 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 6D, planetary systems 6D, survival 6D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, space transports 4D, starfighter piloting



4D, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship shields 4D+1
PERCEPTION 2D
 Hide 4D, search 5D, search: tracking 7D, sneak 4D
STRENGTH 3D
 Climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 4D+1
TECHNICAL 3D+1
 First aid 4D+1, space transports repair 4D+1, starfighter repair 4D+1
Force Points: 3
Character Points: 9
Move: 11
Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), blaster rifle (5D), vibroblade (STR+2D), survival gear

Muftak

Muftak is a native of Mos Eisley. Unlike the Jawas and Sand People, Muftak's species, the Talz, is not indigenous to Tatooine — he was just raised there. Muftak didn't even know his species, as he was orphaned when young and grew up on the streets of Mos Eisley.

There, he grew strong and learned a lot about the city and its inhabitants. Despite his fierce appearance and immense build, Muftak is a gentle being, quite easy to get along with. However, much like a Wookiee, Muftak has no qualms about removing the limbs of anyone who is too annoying or threatening. He has pledged to protect his ever-faithful companion, Kabe.

Muftak's young alien friend was also found on the streets of Mos Eisley, apparently abandoned by slavers who thought she was too small to sell. Muftak took her in and has taught the child the ways of the streets as best he can.

Muftak prefers to fight barehanded because that's where his natural talents lie. He does own a beat-up hold-out blaster, but it has failed on him once too often for him to depend on it. With his alien companion, Kabe, Muftak lives in a section of abandoned tunnels beneath Docking Bay 83.

The aimless Muftak had no true ambitions as his wants were small, and what little money he needed was stolen by Kabe or made through the sale of information to off-worlders. He befriended Momaw Nadon, the Ithorian, and spent many long hours talking with him.

Muftak had no allegiance in the civil war. That he has lived his entire life on Tatooine insulated him from the harshest aspects of the Empire. However, shortly after the events that shook Mos Eisley, Muftak became embroiled in the galactic rebellion, and he and Kabe left Mos Eisley, in search of their destiny ...

■ Muftak

Type: Talz Drifter
DEXTERITY 2D+2
 Brawling parry 3D+2
KNOWLEDGE 2D+1
 Streetwise 4D+1
MECHANICAL 3D



Beast riding 4D
PERCEPTION 2D+1
STRENGTH 4D+1
 Brawling 6D, lifting 5D+1
TECHNICAL 3D
Move: 9
Equipment: Beat-up hold-out blaster (2D+1)

Kabe

Kabe is a small Chadra-Fan, abandoned by slavers in a rushed departure from Mos Eisley. She is probably one of the survivors of the Chadran disaster, an earthquake that destroyed most of an already-primitive Chadrian civilization about ten years prior to Luke and Obi-Wan's quick departure from Mos Eisley.

Her small size, keen senses, and quick reflexes have helped to make her a very skillful thief indeed. Her large friend Muftak keeps would-be prosecutors, predators and bounty hunters away, giving her nearly free rein of the dangerous city streets.

Although very young and relatively naive (she thinks of stealing as a game, not as a crime), Kabe is very fond of the strongest juri juice Mos Eisley's cantinas have to offer, though even a small snifter usually causes her to pass out.

Muftak has tried to instill some pessimism and caution into Kabe, with little or no success. Only his constant vigilance has kept her from



becoming bantha fodder.

Kabe's favorite, and admittedly most dangerous, trick is to dress up as a Jawa and attempt to fool newcomers into paying "service taxes" to the local (non-existent) merchant's guild. The Jawas have since been accosted many times for a "refund" and the angry scavengers have threatened to fit Kabe with a restraining bolt one of these days.

She's also very good at security systems and gambling, which combine to provide her and Muftak with an adequate livelihood. Young, childlike, innocent, yet surprisingly street smart, Kabe is a fun loving troublemaker to whom every scam is a game. She only gets away with so much because of Muftak's protection, and she knows it. Still, she seems as devoted to the furry giant as he is to her.

Kabe and Muftak left Mos Eisley shortly after Han Solo and Chewbacca departed the city with Luke and Kenobi. Their current whereabouts are unknown.

■ Kabe

Type: Chadra-Fan Kid

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 5D+2, pick pocket 6D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Streetwise 4D+2, value 3D+2

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift operation 4D

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Con 4D, gambling 4D+1, hide 5D, sneak 5D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Security 4D+2

Move: 6

Equipment: Security systems tool kit (+1D to security), knife (STR+1)

The Tonnika Sisters

There are times when one realizes how convoluted the galactic underworld is. One such occasion was researching the Tonnika sisters on Mos Eisley. According to local sources in Mos Eisley, the Tonnika sisters were frequenting the cantina around the time Obi-Wan and Luke were seeking passage off Tatooine. Subsequent research has revealed that the women in the cantina were actually impersonating the Tonnika sisters — the real sisters were most likely off bilking some

wealthy corporate executive of his life's savings. The true identities of the women who impersonated the Tonnika sisters remain unknown. Nonetheless, the original entry on the Tonnika sisters still rings true ...

The galaxy is ripe pickings for a resourceful woman. Especially for one with intelligence, cunning, wit, and, in particular, stunning beauty. A woman such as this might go very far indeed. But two such women? Working together? The possibilities are limitless.

Maliciously clever children, the identical twins Brea and Senni Tonnika managed to turn the entire Kiffex colony upside-down by using their natural charms to manipulate the populace. Abandoned at an early age, the young girls were taken in and given a home by the colonists. But the girls wanted more than love and security — they wanted money. The twins grew up wild and curious, demanding more out of life than the mundane surroundings of the colony could offer them. Before long, their skills at deception and clever conversation became evident, and they began to carefully manipulate the colonists into getting their own way. Little scams quickly became bigger scams as they grew older and more confident. Then they attempted their biggest con to date — a con to get them off-world.

Approaching a young scout who set his ship down on Kiffex for fuel and supplies, they wove an elaborate tale of abuse and mistreatment at the hands of the colonists. Taken in by their sad story and their exotic beauty, the young scout provided the teens with transport to a large spaceport. Brea and Senni were not ungrateful for all the colonists had done for them — they simply could no longer control their urge to make money. And what bigger con than one involving the entire galaxy?

It didn't take long for the twins to develop a reputation. Using their cunning and beauty, along with the infinite deceptions available to identical twins, the Tonnika sisters have managed to strip several of the most powerful men in the galaxy of just about everything they owned.

Exploiting the weaknesses of wealthy men has become an art form to the sisters. Now rich and powerful males throughout the galaxy are no longer safe — or at least their credit vouchers aren't. Tall, stylish and elegant, the twin sisters keep on top of the galactic scene, always on the lookout for suitable prey. But they didn't find any on Tatooine during their last visit. Instead, they found themselves running for their lives.

The Tonnika twins were last seen on Tatooine attending one of Jabba's infamous palace parties. After all, a fool and his credits are friends indeed!

Double Vision

Han Solo met the Tonnika twins in his dealings with Jabba the Hutt. The young women intrigued him, but he made sure to stay clear of anything they were involved in. After all, he took enough gambles in life without going up against Brea and Senni. The sabacc cards always fell their way, if you understand the meaning.

But Solo did enjoy their company — in limited doses and with one hand on his credit belt. During one of his visits with the sisters, they got to talking about gambling. And no discussion of gambling was complete, as far as Han was concerned, if it didn't include some mention of his erstwhile friend, Lando Calrissian. The tales about Calrissian got Han to remember a number of tricks the old scoundrel had played on him, and an idea formed. *Why not let the girls pull a scam on Lando?* he thought. Brea and Senni smiled in agreement.

Now, Lando Calrissian is a bit of a con man himself, a gambler, a rogue. The Tonnika sisters saw in him a true challenge. If they could pull a scam on him, they would feel confident about dealing with almost anyone. So Han arranged a "chance" meeting between Bresenni (the name the girls go by when they pretend to be just one person) and Lando, then took off before he could get in any trouble.

Lando Calrissian, never one to turn his back on a beautiful lady, turned on all the charm he could muster when Bresenni quite literally fell into his lap at The High Stakes Casino on Balfron. From then on, the two were inseparable, spending every moment together. They danced through the zero-g clubs, dined at the most exotic restaurants, and played at the busiest gambling halls. For Lando, who usually did the charming, Bresenni was a perfect companion, exhibiting traits that were completely compatible with his own tastes and habits. But then things began to change. One moment Bresenni was all

smiles and cheerfulness, the next she was angry and snappish, almost as though she were two different people who just happened to look the same and share the same memories. After a standard month of these personality shifts, Calrissian was ready to go crazy. He thought he was falling in love with her, while part of him couldn't stand her!

Torn between her mood swings, which sometimes shifted in the middle of a conversation, Lando nonetheless decided that he needed the young woman in his life. He decided to suggest something more permanent over the course of a special evening. His suit was well tailored, the Sullustan wine chilled to a perfect temperature, the Ithorian roses just the right shade of blue. Mustering his nerve, Lando boldly knocked upon Bresenni's hotel door and stepped inside. The night got off to a grand start as Calrissian decided he was devastatingly charming — even for him. But then, as he was ready to "make the deal" as it were, her exact double emerged from the back room. Smiling a maliciously sensual smile, she handed Lando a holodisk.

Snapping the disk into the room's holoprojector, Lando was quite distressed to see the grinning image of Han Solo appear. "Hope you had a grand time, Lando old friend. Isn't it amazing how similar they look? But there are differences, as I'm sure you discovered." The image snapped off but Solo's laugh lingered in Lando's ears. A dark cloud passed over Calrissian's features, but then his face softened and a smile

broke out.

"Good one, Han, you old pirate," he laughed, "good one!" Inside, Lando thought to himself, *He's got a lot of nerve for that stunt. Someday I'll have to even the score ...*



They each took a different part of the palace, using their usual scam of pretending to be only one person instead of two to size up the partygoers. But after a while, both the party and Jabba's complaints about the smuggler Han Solo became boring. So the sisters went in search of adventure.

When they conned Grand Moff Argon out of twenty-five thousand credits, they did not realize that they had made an enemy for life. A number of Imperial agents loyal to the Grand Moff have scoured the Outer Rim Territories, searching for the twins, but to this day, it seems that the crafty pair have eluded capture.

■ Brea and Senni Tonnika

Type: Con Artists

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Cultures 4D, languages 3D+2, streetwise 4D+1, value: precious gems 5D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 4D+2, con 6D, con: seduction 10D+2, investigation 5D, persuasion 7D, gambling 5D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Stamina 3D+2

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Character Points: 1

Move: 10

Equipment: Haliat perfume (+2D to *con* and *persuasion*), Kedran lip-smear (4D stun damage)

Greedo

Greedo was your typical bounty hunter: greedy, cruel, generally not-so-bright, but good



at a wide variety of skills. He was also completely self-absorbed and is now, of course, dead. Han Solo eliminated Greedo when the foolish Rodian confronted the notorious smuggler in the Mos Eisley Cantina.

Greedo's first mistake was not finding out more about Han Solo. Had he done so, he might have thought twice about trying to collect this particular bounty. Even though he had decided to go through with it, Greedo approached it in the worst possible way. First, he gave Solo time to secretly draw his blaster instead of killing him quickly. Second, he never would have lived to collect his reward as Solo's faithful co-pilot, the Wookiee Chewbacca, was also in town and Greedo would have found himself minus some limbs before his blaster's smoke had cleared.

Greedo was a low-life, petty bounty hunter if ever there was one. He spent a lot of time bragging about his previous successes to the other citizens of Mos Eisley and much about his past is quite clear and very revealing.

Greedo was a Rodian, a species that regards hunting as an honored sport. Becoming an accomplished hunter is as natural a career aspiration for a young Rodian as it is for a young person to dream of being a successful businessperson, respected politician, or championship athlete. Prizes are awarded annually for categories such as "the best shot" (on deceased catches only), "longest trail," "most notorious capture" (both live and dead categories), and "most difficult hunt."

Greedo was an up-and-coming hunter. He sought success, even at the expense of "fair play." Greedo was accused a number of times of "padding" a catch — allowing his quarry to commit a number of additional crimes even after being located. This substantially raises the value of the final kill or capture, and is usually frowned on by Rodians as dishonest.

Greedo traveled the galaxy as a mercenary for a number of years, taking jobs for both law enforcement agencies and underworld organizations. The first job offered him by Jabba the Hutt was so enjoyable that Greedo decided to become one of the crime lord's full-time employees. As such, the Rodian hunter's status and power on Tatooine grew. Unfortunately so did his ego.

Using his reputation to bully the citizens of Mos Eisley, Greedo was able to increase his own wealth as well as add to his number of "hunting trophies." When he learned of Jabba's problems with a smuggler named Han Solo, Greedo saw a way to instantly increase both of his favorite possessions. He found the smuggler in the Mos Eisley Cantina, sitting around nonchalantly, even

though Jabba was furious with him. If Solo's attitude gave Greedo pause, it did not last long. He boldly approached the smuggler and demanded the credits due Jabba. While some details are sketchy, it appeared to witnesses that Greedo wanted the money for himself. No matter, for Solo easily dispatched the bounty hunter, even though Greedo's blaster was pointed directly at his chest.

■ Greedo

Type: Rodian Bounty Hunter
DEXTERITY 4D
 Blaster 6D, dodge 5D, grenade 6D
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2
 Intimidation 5D, languages 3D, streetwise 4D+2
MECHANICAL 2D+2
 Space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D+2
PERCEPTION 3D
 Bargain 4D, investigation 4D, search 5D
STRENGTH 3D+2
 Brawling 4D+2
TECHNICAL 2D
 Demolition 4D, space transports repair 3D
Character Points: 2
Move: 10
Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), grenades (5D)

Garindan (Long Snoot)

Without a doubt, Mos Eisley's premiere spy at the time of Luke and Ben's departure was Garindan. Many knew him as "Long Snoot," one of his more accurate aliases. The joke goes that Garindan "sniffs out targets" better than anyone else. Of course, no one laughs if Garindan is within earshot. No one arrives in Mos Eisley without Garindan, and therefore the Imperial Prefect, knowing about it. Although his abode remains secret, rumors abound that Long Snoot lives a life of luxury. His purchases and the substantial prices he pays for information about the spaceport show that he has more than a little money tucked away somewhere. Spying, it seems, can be a lucrative business when done right. The sly snoop has also been known to drop a few credits in the gambling dens, but has never won a reputation as a sucker.

Garindan is a Kubaz, natives of the distant planet Kubindi. However, this fact isn't well known amongst the inhabitants of Mos Eisley — most people assume that Garindan is a member of yet another miscellaneous alien species. Some even speculate that his long black snoot and his thick dark glasses are merely part of a disguise. Others around town claim to have seen him with his hood drawn back, revealing the snoot as part of his alien physiology.

Even the powerful Jabba the Hutt, Mos Eisley's most notorious crimelord, was wary of Garindan. He cautiously provided distractions for the spy whenever he had business he wanted to conduct unnoticed. Garindan cheerfully followed



these distractions.

While persuasive and sneaky, Garindan is not brave. He has learned through years of dealing with the Jawas (wonderful sources of information if one can decipher their chattering or stomach their smell) that the choice of fight or flee is academic. One can always exact revenge later, and few have crossed Garindan without paying a hefty penalty.

The spy carries a blaster pistol under his robes (which he has reportedly never used) as well as a hand comlink on a channel known only to him and the local Imperial Prefect.

He nearly cost the Alliance everything. Sources about Mos Eisley claim that it was Long Snoot who followed Luke Skywalker and Ben Kenobi around the spaceport. From a dark alcove near Docking Bay 94, Garindan placed a comlink call that alerted the Desert Sands stormtroopers to the fugitives' location. It was only skill, and a lot of luck, that allowed the *Millennium Falcon* to beat a hasty retreat before the troopers could bring their heavy weapons to bear.

■ Garindan (Long Snoot)

Type: Kubaz Spy
DEXTERITY 2D+2
 Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D+2
KNOWLEDGE 3D
 Alien species 4D, languages 4D, streetwise 4D+2
MECHANICAL 2D+2
PERCEPTION 4D
 Con 5D, hide 6D, investigation 6D+1, search: tracking 5D, sneak 7D
STRENGTH 2D+2
TECHNICAL 3D
 Computer programming/repair 3D+2, security 4D
Character Points: 3
Move: 9
Equipment: Comlink, blaster pistol (4D), hold-out blaster (3D+1), 250 credits (for bribes)

The Death Star

The Death Star remains the most infamous weapons platform in the history of our galaxy. An armored space station equipped with a weapon capable of shattering worlds, its legacy is terrifying: an ominous reminder of man's capability to commit genocide. There is no other more tangible symbol of the Empire's evil and justification for the use of force to overthrow that Empire.

With the Death Star destroyed, it was impossible to fully document the efforts of the Heroes of Yavin. To supplement the meager information that could be gleaned from the interviews with these individuals, and the data that could be retrieved from the technical readouts of the space station, I traveled to Galvani III, site of an Imperial military communications complex. Here, I slipped through their security (a remarkable feat!) and made use of their restricted computer network. It was amazing that I survived this mission at all — the cockiness and inexperience of youth can be a wonderful thing.

What I found out, while far from complete, was nevertheless revealing and insightful. The Empire created a massive engine of destruction, but for all its size and power, it was vulnerable. Combined with the Grand Moff Tarkin's overconfidence in the abilities of the Death Star, the Alliance was given its chance to destroy the space station.

As I examined the coded files, I began to realize the magnitude of the situation Skywalker, Solo, and Princess Leia found themselves in. Not only did they have to escape from a fully armed and operational battle station capable of destroying entire planets, they then had to attack it head on.

The following entries include detailed information on the major players aboard the station and the "typical" individuals who populated

this fearsome weapon. For those of you who seek fully detailed information on the Death Star battle station, consult the previously released *Death Star Technical Companion*, compiled by Alliance historians and researchers.

The Death Star

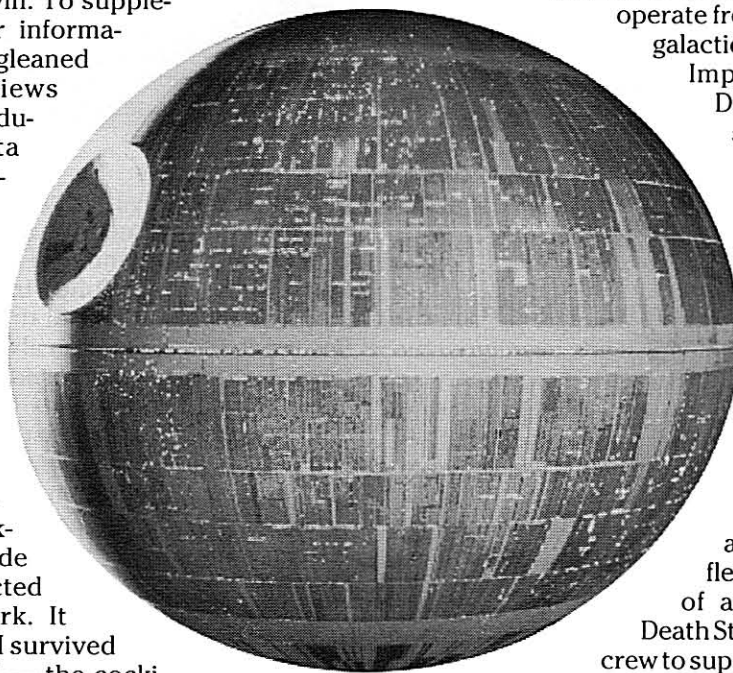
The Imperial Death Star was constructed in the little known Horuz system, in a distant corner of the Outer Rim Territories. The orbital construction yards orbiting Despayre could operate free of scrutiny by the galactic holomedia and the

Imperial Senate. The

Death Star was designed to provide the power to bring more star systems in line with the Emperor's New Order and to frighten those with thoughts of rebellion into submission. The armored sphere had destructive power equivalent to an entire Imperial fleet. Roughly the size of a small moon, the Death Star housed a gigantic crew to support the huge power plants and control systems.

Thousands of turbolaser battery emplacements speckled the canyon-like surface of the battle station, designed to defend it against capital ship assaults. Countless hangar bays carried starfighters, shuttles, and other combat and transport craft. But the crowning achievement of the entire Death Star project was the "superlaser," a destructive weapon capable of annihilating entire planets.

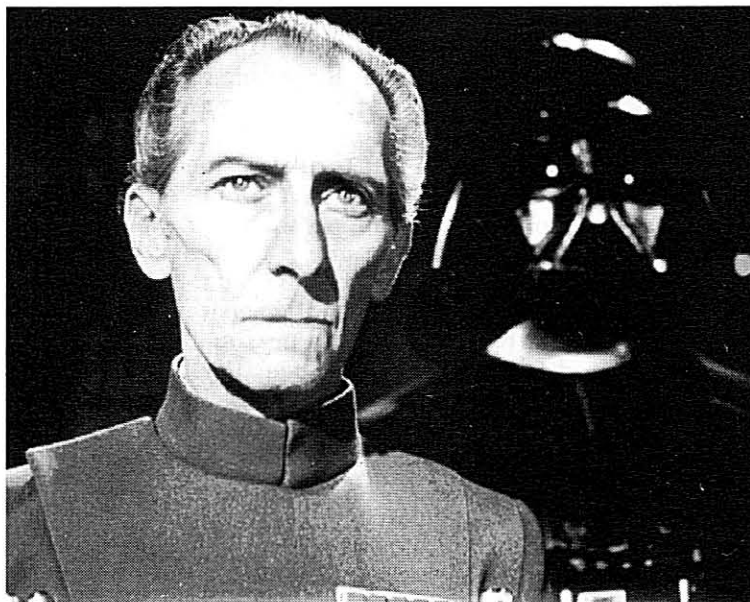
When the Rebels learned of the Death Star project, they made securing the plans to the battle station an utmost priority. Through careful analysis, the Alliance was able to find a chink in the colossal weapon's armor. This chink provided the key the Rebels desperately needed to destroy the vast battle station. After the destruction of the original Death Star, rumors abounded that another, more powerful version was already under construction in some hidden



sector. Many within Alliance command took the rumors seriously, and well they did, for, as is now known, the Empire did indeed build a second Death Star.

■ The Death Star

Craft: Custom Deep Space Battle Station
Type: Deep space mobile battle station
Scale: Death Star
Length: 120 kilometers (diameter)
Skill: Battle station piloting: Death Star
Crew: 265,675, gunners: 57,276, skeleton 56,914/+15
Crew Skill: Astrogation 5D+1, battle station piloting 6D, capital ship gunnery 5D
Passengers: 607,360 (troops), 25,984 (stormtroopers), 42,782 (starship support staff), 167,216 (support ship pilots and crew)
Cargo Capacity: Over one million kilotons
Consumables: 3 years
Cost: Not available for sale
Hyperdrive Multiplier: x4
Hyperdrive Backup: x24
Nav Computer: Yes
Space: 1
Hull: 15D
Shields: 2D
Sensors:
Passive: 250/0D
Scan: 1,000/1D
Search: 5,000/2D+2
Focus: 40/4D
Weapons:
Superlaser
Fire Arc: Forward
Crew: 168, skeleton 48/+10
Scale: Death Star
Skill: Capital ship gunnery: superlaser
Body: 12D (capital scale)
Space Range: 1-20/40/100
Damage: 2D to 16D*
5,000 Turbolaser Batteries
Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 3
Scale: Starfighter
Skill: Starship gunnery
Body: 3D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-5/10/15
Damage: 5D
5,000 Heavy Turbolasers
Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 4
Scale: Starfighter
Skill: Starship gunnery
Body: 4D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-7/15/30
Damage: 7D
2,500 Laser Cannons
Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 3
Scale: Capital
Skill: Capital ship gunnery
Body: 4D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-5/10/15
Damage: 7D
2,500 Ion Cannons
Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 4



Scale: Capital
Skill: Capital ship gunnery
Body: 4D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-3/7/10
Damage: 4D

768 Tractor Beam Emplacements

Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 6
Scale: Capital
Skill: Capital ship gunnery
Body: 5D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 3D
Space Range: 1-5/10/25
Damage: 5D

* The Death Star's power systems can generate 2D of damage per hour. The Death Star's superlaser can only fire at maximum power.

** Due to the immense size of the Death Star, it is divided into 24 distinct zones, each equally equipped with weapons. Only weapons within the specific zone adjacent to an attacking ship can be brought to bear at any given time; often, the actual number of weapons that can be brought to bear is significantly lower.

Grand Moff Tarkin

Grand Moff Tarkin, the dreaded servant of Palpatine who formulated the infamous Tarkin Doctrine of rule through fear, died with his most ambitious project. In fact, his demise at the Battle of Yavin was as important to the survival of the Alliance as was the destruction of his brainchild, the Death Star.

Governor Tarkin, the cunning and ambitious ruler of the Empire's Seswenna Sector, devised the doctrine that so perfectly encapsulated the Emperor's desires and ambitions. While the Empire might be less powerful without the Death Star, it still possessed the awesome might of the Imperial Navy. But Tarkin, on the other hand,

was irreplaceable. It was his determination and management that built the Death Star, and it was his military genius that made him the best person to command it. His conception of its use was as a grand weapon of intimidation and fear. It was his decision to make Alderaan a vicious example to the rest of the Empire of just how powerful the Emperor was.

Tarkin was an interesting man, the kind of person who appeared untouchable, both in the heat of battle and on the Senate floor. It is true that his charisma and personal presence were capable of swaying even Darth Vader's iron resolve — saving many of his closest commanders from Vader's deadly mind-projected wrath.

Led by Admiral Motti and General Tagge, Tarkin's tactical brain-trust aboard the Death Star was unmatched anywhere in the Empire. It is a further blessing to the Alliance that so many of the Empire's finest minds were so conveniently wiped out.

With the destruction of the Death Star at Yavin, much of the Empire's military collapsed into bureaucratic chaos. Tarkin's remaining underlings vied for the scraps of power left behind in the leaderless vacuum, while those who opposed Tarkin saw a grand opportunity to grab authority. The resulting internal strife gave the Rebel Alliance enough time to evacuate Yavin.

Tarkin was ruthless, powerful, and full of vision. His ideas helped shape the New Order as it grew into an Empire. He was an evil genius, and while the galaxy can rest a little easier with him gone, one must wonder how many others will rise to take his place and bring terror and fear. Is it possible that Thrawn, believed to be the last of the Empire's Grand Admirals, was only the beginning?

■ Grand Moff Tarkin

Type: Imperial Grand Moff

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, dodge 6D+2, melee combat 4D+2, melee parry 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 7D, bureaucracy 9D, cultures 7D, intimidation 7D+1, languages 6D+1, planetary systems 6D, tactics: fleets 9D, tactics: sieges 10D, value 5D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 5D, battle station piloting 5D, beast riding 5D, capital ship gunnery 4D, capital ship piloting 5D, capital ship shields 4D+1, repulsorlift operation 3D+1, space transports 4D+1, starship gunnery 4D, starship shields 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 6D+2, command 10D+2, con 6D+2, gambling 5D+1, search 5D

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 4D+1, stamina 5D, swimming 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 3D, first aid 3D, repulsorlift repair 3D, security 5D

Force Points: 4

Dark Side Points: 5

Character Points: 22

Move: 10

Equipment: Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, rank code cylinders

Admiral Motti

One of many upstart Imperial officers, Motti excelled in his devotion to the Empire and little else. While it is true that he can claim many impressively successful missions, most of these were of a routine nature to begin with and therefore, like his entire career, overrated.

One of the rewards for his loyalty was the assignment to aid and protect Grand Moff Tarkin, as well as to form the third man in the Death Star's command triumvirate, whose other members were Tarkin and General Tagge. Upon assignment to the Death Star project, Motti had his first run-in with Lord Vader. As Vader was "merely" the Emperor's adviser on the project, and thus not a part of the direct chain of command, Motti had little regard for the ebon-armored "flunkie." That Vader openly spoke of the mystical Force and the ancient Jedi Knights further downgraded Motti's opinion of him, reducing him to a confused, dottering sorcerer as far as the young admiral was concerned.

With Palpatine covertly funding the Death Star project, Tarkin and Motti came to the forefront of the project. No longer concerned with placating politicians, their ruthless ambition had free rein.

Motti believed in strength, both military and personal. He held no regard for Vader and his "sorcerer's ways." To him, the only reality was power, and power was personified in technological wonders like the Death Star. The Force, as he was heard to point out on numerous occasions, was but an ancient religion and the magic associated with it a hoax. Even after Vader provided him with a lesson in "faith," Motti remained stubbornly against the mystical, intangible nature of the Force.

■ Admiral Motti

Type: Imperial Admiral

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 5D, blaster artillery 5D, dodge 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Bureaucracy 5D+2, planetary systems 5D+1, tactics: fleets 9D+2, tactics: sieges 7D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, capital ship piloting 4D+2

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Bargain 3D+2, command 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 4D, stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D, security 4D+1

Character Points: 7

Move: 10

Equipment: Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, rank code cylinder

Crossing the Dark Lord

The following account is common knowledge throughout the Imperial officer corps. It is told almost as a ghost story to warn young officers of the dangers of crossing the Empire, and of the high price of misplaced ambition. Whether the events described hereafter are true or not remains a matter of debate. Voren Na'al spoke to a number of Imperial officers who have since joined the Alliance, and whose stories all matched up rather closely. Nothing can be judged by this, as they all heard the tale from the same place. However, it is entirely possible that the story is based in truth, no matter how far-fetched it may seem.

A tall black knight of darkness stood alone on the command deck of the massive Star Destroyer. He had given orders that the lights be dimmed and that all command personnel leave the area for the next few hours. Lord Darth Vader often felt the need to be alone, to "touch the universe without any mortal distractions."

But the vessel's captain decided to watch from afar, using the Star Destroyer's own security cameras to monitor his de facto superior. He was nervous, but felt sure he was safe on the other side of the massive ship.

Now the main viewport was on and the vessel was cruising slowly through the stars, awaiting news on the Rebel prey from Vader's many minions and spies. It did not matter where the call came from. The Dark Lord would order the ship into hyperspace on a whim, on the slightest chance of finding the Rebels who destroyed the Death Star.

A breeze rippled through his floor-length cape, and the Dark Lord of the Sith spread his arms out wide, as if he were hoping to rise up on the winds in flight. Little did he care that the "winds" actually emanated from the environmental units in the floor at his feet.

Vader raised his right arm and clenched a metal fist. "I shall find Obi-Wan's companions, for that is the will of the Emperor and the dark side!"

A few more moments passed and the shudder felt earlier throughout the vessel died away. The Dark Lord's shoulders straightened and his breathing grew slow and deliberate.

"Yes, soon the bright flame of Rebellion will find itself extinguished. No one must underestimate the powers of the Force."

The captain leaned back and started to laugh. "Idealistic fool! A scary mask and sorcerer's ways are no way to get a job done." Vader stirred, listening to some silent sound. His right hand rose high in the air, stretched open like a waiting claw.

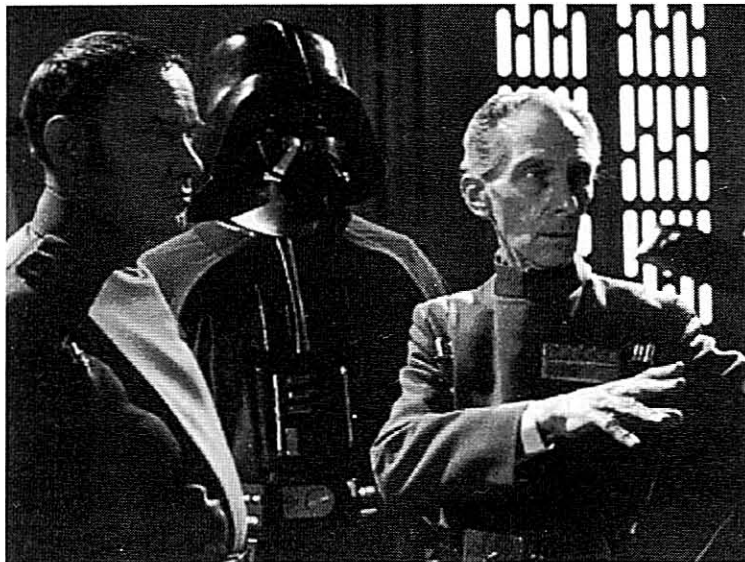
The commander watched eagerly. "What's the Lord of Doom and Gloom up to now?" he wondered. "Captain," said the deep voice from behind the black helmet, "I am about to afford you a rare privilege."

The captain jumped from his seat as sudden realization gripped him. Somehow, some way, Vader had heard his comments.

"You are about to experience the powers of the Force," announced the black knight confidently. The open, black-gloved hand began to clench, and the captain felt the muscles of his throat collapsing.

As his victim fell to the ground, the Dark Lord's arm fell with him. He continued to gaze out into the inky blackness, this time undisturbed by any mortal companionship.





■ General Tagge, Darth Vader, and Grand Moff Tarkin confer over the Death Star's first mission.

General Tagge

The grand tactician in charge of the Death Star's defense was General Tagge. While Governor Tarkin was in charge of the station's construction and implementation, Tagge was responsible for the day to day monitoring of all systems functions and defensive armament.

While Tarkin was the master bureaucrat and dealt with the large tactical plans, Tagge was responsible for logistics and morale. Tagge had to make the governor's plans work. It is already clear from analysis of intercepted Death Star command transcripts that of the commanders, General Tagge was the most reasonable and stable.

He is on record as having grave doubts about the disbanding of the Imperial Senate. He was one of the few Imperial high-level officers to take the threat of the Rebel Alliance seriously. He knew that what drove the Alliance was an overwhelming sense of moral imperative, which could more than make up for inferior ships and small forces. He also discovered that the Death Star, their mighty dragon in the sky, had a fatally vulnerable chink in its armor. Had Tagge been a more persuasive person like Moff Tarkin, or been more heatedly vocal like Admiral Motti, the Death Star may have survived the Rebel assault and the Alliance would now be destroyed.

Tagge was a young officer with a tactical, calculating mind. He believed in being prepared, in never moving until every aspect of the plan was complete. He appreciated the battle prowess of the Rebellion and this made him cautious. But others with more power than he constantly overruled his advice. He argued that the Senate was important to the Emperor's control of the

Galactic Empire, an opinion that lost him favor in Tarkin's eyes.

Unfortunately, his basic training as a soldier, to follow the chain of command, resulted in his death. If he had been more vocal, even willing to take his complaints directly to the Emperor himself, Tagge might be alive today and might even be a "military hero" for a victorious Empire.

■ General Tagge

Type: Imperial General

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 3D+2, brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D, grenade 4D
KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Bureaucracy 4D+1, business 8D, business: Tagge Industries 10D+2, military history 7D, survival 4D+2, tactics: capital ships 7D, tactics: fleets 8D, tactics: sieges 7D+2, tactics: starfighters 6D+2

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Beast riding 4D+1, repulsorlift operation 5D+1

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D+2, search 5D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2, lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D, demolition 5D+1, security 4D

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, command rank code cylinder

Death Star Officers

If one thing is certain about the standard Imperial officer, it is that he is ambitious. Those selected to serve aboard the Death Star were also very, very good at their jobs.

With the abolition of the Imperial Senate, ambition was the new buzzword around the Imperial Army and Navy. The once limited roles of admiral and general took on new powers and responsibilities. No longer was the admiralty just a stage before a healthy retirement fund or the first step toward the lucrative military consulting and procurement offices. The military was the government of the Empire. Those that distinguished themselves in military service could go on to become the authority over entire star systems, and consequently become entitled to all the many fringe benefits accorded the position.

Ambition, therefore, was the most important attribute in the new military, while blind loyalty became mandatory rather than assumed. With few exceptions, these power-hungry future governors and Star Destroyer commanders were all comparatively young.

Those officers showing the most promise and ability were assigned to Grand Moff Tarkin's Death Star project. Here, they used all the skills they excelled at to operate and perfect the most

awesome battle station ever created. But for all the impressive machinery and weaponry, it was the people behind the controls that truly made the Death Star run. Strong, devoted to the New Order, and ambitious to move up the Imperial chain, these young officers were the best the Imperial war machine had to offer. With their deaths, many important command positions remained in the hands of the less-motivated and loyal individuals who had served those roles for many years: the Empire had lost the cream of its crop of officers.

Typical Death Star Officer. *Dexterity 2D+2, blaster 4D+2, dodge 3D+2, grenade 3D+2, Knowledge 3D, bureaucracy 4D, intimidation 4D, tactics: fleets 5D, Mechanical 3D+2, Perception 3D+1, command 5D+1, Strength 2D+1, brawling 3D+1, Technical 3D, security 4D.* Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, rank command cylinder.

Death Star Troopers

Tarkin wanted his Death Star battle station's crew to be composed of the best the galaxy had to offer. He filled it with the finest officers, the most-competent crew. And, even though it appeared not to need them, he stocked it with a corps of troopers selected for their combat skills and knowledge. These troopers, named Death Star Troopers and given a distinct uniform, were a step above the average stormtrooper or Imperial Army soldier.

These men trained in all manner of combat techniques. Hand-to-hand, blaster pistol, grenade, and heavy weapons training were just some of the areas they were expected to excel in. They were even instilled with more independence than the average soldier, allowed to think on the run and in unpredictable situations. But this independence was tempered with devotion, fierce loyalty and the need to obey any command an officer issued. While many thought these troops would be wasted aboard the Death Star and would be better used elsewhere, Tarkin disagreed. He wanted nothing left for chance where the massive battle station was concerned. Besides, he reasoned, the more powerful a weapon is inside, the more powerful a punch it packs on the outside.

Still, the troopers themselves felt under-utilized. They believed that their unique talents were not properly used as guards for the most powerful engine of destruction ever created. One wonders what these soldiers would have done if they had been sent into a true combat situation, or, more importantly, how badly their enemy would have been defeated.

With the Death Star's destruction, these elite



Death Star Troopers escort the captured princess to her Detention Block cell.

troopers were destroyed as well. But, though it may take time, where one group of warriors was assembled, another can be raised.

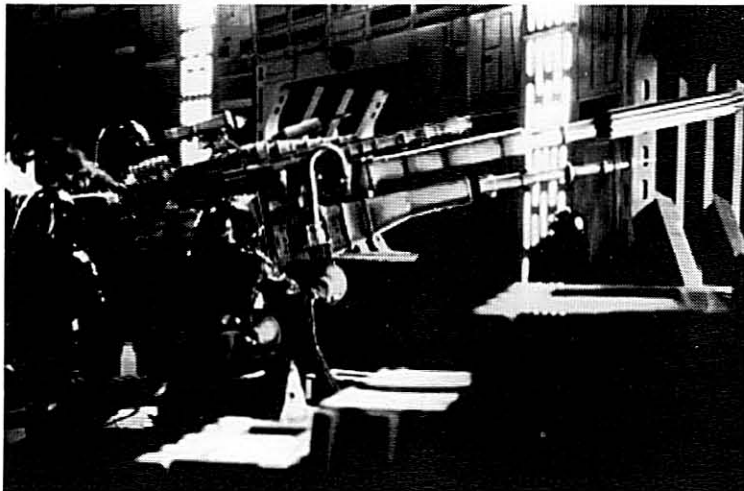
Typical Death Star Trooper. *Dexterity 3D+1, blaster 4D, blaster: blaster pistol 5D+1, blaster artillery 4D+2, dodge 4D+1, grenade 4D+1, vehicle blasters 4D+2, Knowledge 2D+1, streetwise 3D+1, Mechanical 2D+2, Perception 4D, command 5D, search 5D+2, Strength 3D+2, brawling 5D+2, Technical 2D.* Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), blaster rifle (5D), grenades (5D), comlink, blast helmet (+1D physical, +1 energy).

Death Star Gunners

The best gunners in the Empire were assembled to defend the Death Star against a large scale assault. Little did they realize that the Rebel attack would consist of small squadrons of starfighters, rather than a massive armada.

However, it is to the gunners' credit that most of the Rebel fighters never even made it to the exhaust port canyon, where Imperial TIE fighters and more mounted guns awaited.

Most gunners trained exclusively for heavy weaponry duty, although many were potential pilots who failed to make the grade yet had a



keen eye and were good with the equipment. Even though very few people ever chose to become a gunner, the gunners were still an exceptionally loyal and proud bunch of recruits.

A number of these groups were shipped wholesale to the Death Star on the assumption that they would fight better together and would require less training. But somewhere that inspired and quite logical idea got lost and an overzealous officer under General Tagge distributed the gunners in alphabetical order about the vessel. This added yet another hole in the Death Star's defensive net at the worst possible moment — when unified firing and probability-generated spread-patterns should have been employed to easily blanket and destroy the incoming Rebel fighters.

The Death Star fiasco, as it was called throughout the Empire, clearly illustrates how so many little things, when combined, can render the whole asunder. It also gave the Empire some much needed lessons in humility and brought the Rebellion into full swing.

Still, the Death Star gunners, as individuals, could operate a shipboard weapon with more skill and accuracy than any automatic targeting computer being employed. They were a proud, select, and extremely talented few. The Empire shall miss their skills.

Typical Death Star Gunner. *Dexterity 2D+2, blaster 3D+2, blaster artillery 4D+2, vehicle blasters 4D+2, Knowledge 1D+1, Mechanical 3D, capital ship gunnery 5D, capital ship shields 4D, Perception 1D+1, Strength 1D+1, Technical 2D, capital starship weapon repair 4D.* Targeting computer linkup helmet (+2D fire control capital scale weapons only), blaster pistol (4D), protective armor (+1D physical, +2 energy), tool kit.

TIE Pilots

The top pilots in the galaxy were, in general,

found in the Imperial Navy. To be sure, many great pilots learn by flying makeshift speeders through treacherous terrain by the seat of their pants. However, the allure of being a combat pilot was indeed a glorious and time-honored one, and the Imperial Navy was able to attract immensely talented pilots.

The Empire played on the sense of duty, the need to maintain order and defense against aggression. Imperial counselors argued that the distinction is an irrelevant one, as they assumed that there should be no difference between defense against outward aggression (that is alien races and pirates) and inward aggression (e.g., the Rebellion).

Most TIE pilots believed that they were fighting a hostile Rebellion against their families and home systems. Since these people got all of their information from Imperial sources, notoriously loaded with propaganda in its purest and most effective forms, the confusion was understandable.

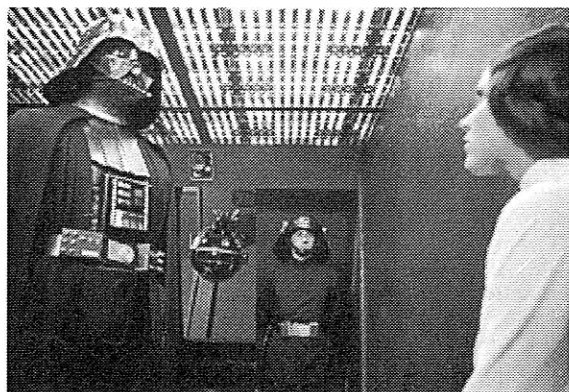
Still, the TIE pilots of the Empire found themselves steadily more outclassed. Once, these pilots had no problems besting the Alliance's feeble Y-wing and Z-95 Headhunter fighters. With the introduction of the X-wing starfighter, the superior maneuverability of the Rebel ships made it more and more difficult for Imperial pilots to hold their own against their Rebel opponents.

The Death Star tour of duty became a rallying point for TIE pilots, for within their fast starfighters they would get to defend the forefront of Imperial military technology. It was to be a glorious moment for these pilots, but like the countless others, this moment was brief and ended in disaster for the Empire.

Typical TIE Fighter Pilot. *Dexterity 3D+1, blaster 4D+1, dodge 4D+1, Knowledge 2D, planetary systems 3D, Mechanical 4D, sensors, 4D+2, starfighter piloting 6D, starship gunnery 5D, Perception 3D, command 4D, search 4D, Strength 3D, stamina 4D, Technical 2D, computer programming/repair 3D+1, starfighter repair 5D.* Move: 10. Navigation computer linkup helmet (internal comlink, +1D to sensors), high gravity stress flight suit with life support equipment, one week emergency rations, blaster pistol (4D), survival gear

Imperial Interrogator Droid

The Eyetee-Oh (IT-O), or interrogation droid, is a fundamental twisting of first-degree droid technology and programming. Even before the Rebel Alliance learned of this line of interrogation droids, the Alliance heard rumors that the Imperial Security Bureau (ISB) was developing a series of interrogation droids.



The Eyetee model is a highly sophisticated droid incorporating a number of different technologies. It is capable of independent motion, with its own repulsorlift system.

The glossy black surface of the globe is dotted with probes, needles, and sensors, all linked to one another. In function, these devices have obviously been adapted from two sources: top-of-the-line medical droids, and the latest ultra-secret assassin droids. In the IT-O, it is proven again that technology can be used for both good and evil.

The IT-O monitors all body functions, like the best of diagnostic droids, but for a different reason entirely. Instead of wishing to analyze what is wrong with a body system, the IT-O attempts to discover how to make a healthy system go wrong. It searches for weakness to exploit, both physical and chemical.

The Eyetee series is equipped with the latest in microsurgical instrumentation and chemical injectors. Precise stimulation of nerves assures the victim excruciating pain while the victim remains conscious. The Empire regularly used non-approved medicines and drugs in such endeavors, as it was rarely concerned with future side effects.

Because of the unique nature of the Death Star project, the battle station was stocked with a number of these terrible machines, exclusively the domain of security and detention personnel. Few others can stand to watch the droids in action.

IT-O Interrogation Droid. *Dexterity 1D, dodge 3D, melee combat 3D, melee parry 3D, interrogation devices 4D+1, Knowledge 3D, intimidation: interrogation 7D+2, Mechanical 2D, Perception 4D, search 5D, Strength 3D, Technical 2D, first aid 4D, security 4D.* Move: 3. Laser scalpel (3D), hypodermic injectors (4D stun damage), power shears (5D damage), grasping claw (+1D to *lifting*).

Dianoga

The dianoga, or garbage squid, is a pesky parasite. Dianogas hide themselves in garbage

compressors and waste collection bins, where they will consume almost anything except pure metals.

Since garbage is not in short supply or an endangered resource, dianogas are not generally hunted and killed when they are discovered. However, dianogas that are left to themselves for a long period of time and with a large supply of food often grow large enough to become dangerous.

The vast waste collection bins aboard the Death Star were infested with these creatures. According to reports made by Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia, Luke was attacked and almost dragged off for later consumption by one of the eager creatures.

Usually dianogas are shy and peaceful, a trait they evolved on the lush planet of Vodran, the only known native habitat of these creatures (although they have now stretched out across the galaxy). On Vodran, where huge carnivorous predators roam the steamy jungles and swamps at will, it became a distinct advantage to live and grow off the remains left behind by the larger beasts. The dianoga also adapted quickly to a water-based environment as it is much easier to conceal oneself in the murky depths.

They possess one solitary eyestalk that is used as a periscope. With the rest of the creature underwater, its chances of being detected by a predator are much lower. However, more than one dianoga has used the long and flexible eyestalk to explore down tunnels and around corners.

Dianogas usually grow to about five or six meters in length (including tentacles), but sizes above ten meters are not unknown.

Dianogas have seven tentacles that they use for locomotion and to catch food. These tentacles grow back rapidly if severed.

One very fascinating environmental adaptation is that the creature, when unfed, is transparent and almost invisible in clear water. But a garbage squid always turns the color of its food once it has eaten. Biologists believe that the creature's metabolism diverts part of its digested meals into a small system of ducts and sacs near the surface of the creature's skin. While this is an inefficient conversion of food intake, it does provide dianogas with a sophisticated form of camouflage. People have been known to walk right over these squids, believing them to be rotting vines or power cables.

Dianoga. *Dexterity 2D, Perception 3D+1, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: Can change color to match surroundings (+4D to *sneak*); tentacles (target must make opposed *Strength* roll to escape and not be dragged along). Move: 3.

Yavin

The Battle of Yavin was the moment of truth for the Alliance to Restore the Republic. Then, the Alliance was still in its adolescence. Yavin Base served as both central command and prime military base. This made the Alliance particularly vulnerable. While there were countless minor Rebel bases spread throughout the galaxy, if Yavin Base were to be destroyed, the rebellion would have been effectively over.

The story of these men and women who fought so bravely must not and cannot go unchronicled. For every man who has achieved the fame of Luke Skywalker or Han Solo, there are countless men, like Jek Porkins and Biggs Darklighter, who sacrificed their lives so that the battle might be won. This is not intended to sound like these people chose to die so that others could go on, but every person who straps

into a starfighter knows the risks. Anyone flying into combat is terrified of the danger, but everyone also knows that the battle must be fought. These men who have fought and died in the cause of the Rebellion must be remembered.

General Jan Dodonna

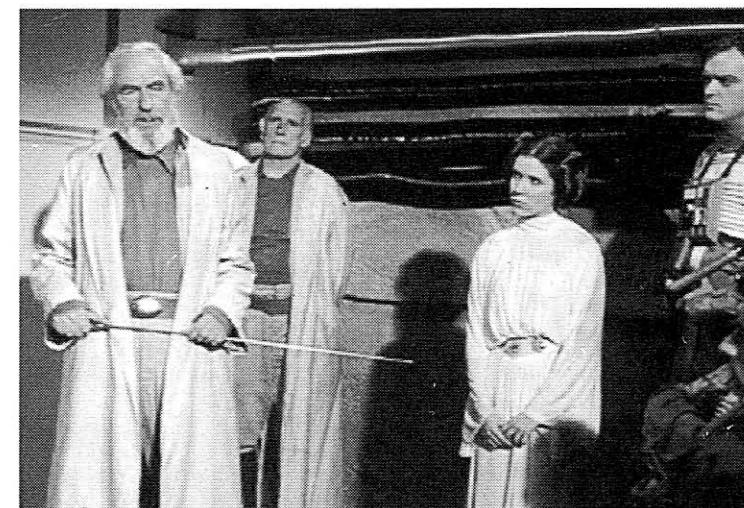
The Rebel Alliance's master tactician at the time of the Battle of Yavin was General Jan Dodonna. The aging Old Republic commander came out of retirement when the New Order took hold, assembling a group of many of his famous and ever-loyal comrades in the process.

This combination of youthful exuberance and reflex shown by the line warriors, tempered by wise, thoughtful organization at the command level, made the Alliance a viable fighting force.

Through the wise guidance of experienced commanders such as Jan Dodonna, young heroes like Commander Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia Organa learned about military strategy and worked their way into command positions. But it should not be too greatly emphasized that the Alliance's greatest early victory, the destruction of the Death Star, was as much a product of masterful sharpshooting as it was the culmination of a carefully thought out plan based on the technical readouts of the station.

General Dodonna is the man primarily responsible for the success of the Battle of Yavin. Without his masterful analysis of the Death Star's defenses, the Alliance would likely have either fled from Yavin or mounted a hopeless all-out assault. Dodonna found the weakness in the Death Star's defenses, and therefore made an attack feasible in the first place.

Dodonna was one of the finest Star Destroyer captains during the days of the Old Republic. Along with old friend Adar Tallon, Dodonna



General Dodonna discusses the Rebel attack plans.

Dodonna's Story

The following text is excerpted (with permission) from General Dodonna's personal memoirs. The reader will likely be amazed at the sheer stroke of good fortune that seems to have led to the plan for destruction of the Death Star, but Luke Skywalker would argue that the Force guided Dodonna's dreams just as he claims it guided his own one-in-a-billion shot. Let the reader make his or her own decision.

We awaited the recovery of the plans with more than a little trepidation. As a former officer in the Imperial Navy, I already knew that there were men much more clever than I in charge of the great battle station's defenses. Perhaps I was being too modest—I only hoped. After all, most of the senior officers of the Old Republic were either dead or with the Alliance now. Young, perhaps overly-ambitious officers currently ran the Imperial Navy. I wished with all of my being that in their haste to design, construct, and deploy their "ultimate power in the universe" they had made a mistake somewhere ... anywhere.

I was wrong. Artoo-Detoo's readouts were ominous. The station had more gunners and guns than we had fighters by a factor of perhaps five hundred. I had also figured on an impressive shield arrangement, similar to the planetary defense grid structures employed by most Imperial bases, but this station surpassed even my greatest fears. Every portion of the fortress was heavily armored and impenetrably shielded, and these shields were all computer-linked and could be dropped independently of one another. The tractor beams, by firsthand account, were strong enough to pull a Star

Destroyer into place, let alone the *Millennium Falcon* or something as small as an X-wing. The station was, for all intents and purposes, invulnerable.

I went to sleep that night realizing that the only way we could hope to penetrate the armor of the moon-sized station would be to send wave after wave of our heaviest vessels crashing into the Death Star, on the minuscule chance that somewhere we'd cause enough damage to render the station impotent. Of course, this would essentially mean the end of the Alliance as it stood, but if we succeeded in crippling or destroying the station, we might buy ourselves enough time to allow a new force of Rebels to arise in our place. And this time without the shadow of a Death Star looming over them. A suicidal plan is the riskiest of them all, but I was determined to take the Imperials down with us if we were going to die anyway.

I prepared my notes for the following day's meetings and headed off to bed. Strangely however, though the decision was made, I continued to think about it as sleep claimed me. I left my chamber and wandered about the halls, hoping that a little fresh air and exercise might do the trick, as it always had in the old days before a great battle.

As I gathered my thoughts and felt my limbs weaken, I heard a child crying in one of the refugee halls. I went to calm the child's tears but there was something odd about this moment, a presence I would call it, beckoning me. The child cried about a nightmare: a dragon and how it was coming to burn her village into cinders.

Then I remembered a tale, an old one passed on through the ages. A fairy tale about a dragon and the

bold Jedi Knight that slew it to save his village. "You have nothing to fear," I told the child, "for there was a hole in the dragon's armor of scales, and the Knight's lightsaber smote true and pierced the very heart of the beast, killing it instantly. The village was saved and they all lived happily ever after."

The child was content and drifted to sleep. I felt like I was young again. I ran back to my quarters and dropped into my chair. Flicking on a glow-lamp, my aching muscles and bones reminded me of my age and my eyes strained at the holographic display. I grabbed my lenses and began the painstaking search for a hole in the dragon's armor. I wanted something no one would think about having to protect, for perhaps they believed no one in their right mind would attack it.

The landing bays were protected, as were the garbage disposals. The communications towers were double shielded and even had back-up power supplies and surge dampers to prevent a shorting out of the whole system. Then I followed that idea throughout the power supply of the entire station, from the generators to the exhaust ports—and there it was! Exhaust ports are made to vent particle flux and generator byproducts, but they are designed to work only one way—out. "What would happen if energy was sent back down the way it came?" I asked myself. I consulted the computer and all answers led to either nothing, more backup systems, or too much time before significant damage was inflicted.

Then, I pulled back from the image and rubbed my eyes. It was getting to be early morning and the Death

Star was not very far away according to reports. I gave one last dejected look at the maps and leaned back further.

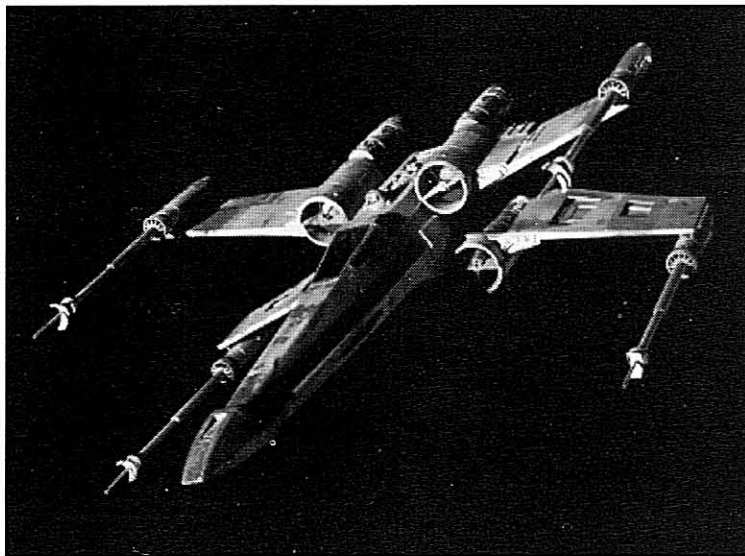
My chair gave way. Falling onto the floor, I narrowly avoided breaking my neck and decided that four hours of sleep was better than none at all. I told the holoprojector to close down. I resigned myself to die today without bloodshot eyes at least.

Then I saw it. A long narrow line running from the exhaust port right to the core of the reactor. The line was perfectly straight, like a target, or the blade of a lightsaber driving its way to the heart of the station, the core of the reactor. I realized that if anything at all passed down that tube and hit the sensitive and unstable reactor core, the whole station would be destroyed.

A direct hit from a skilled pilot would travel smoothly down the gullet of the reactor. After all, the exhaust port casing had to be shielded to keep its waste from reentering the ship. The irony was exquisite—if the shot hits, its own protections will guarantee its destruction.

My hopes were momentarily dashed as I asked the computer how big the tube was. *Two meters in diameter.* It might as well have been two millimeters. Even targeting computers would be sorely tested to place a shot in the vent.

And then it was when I realized how important hope was. That Jedi Knight could only slay the dragon because he tried. The Alliance could only defeat the Death Star because it tried. The Alliance had a chance.



virtually wrote the book on modern interstellar combat. While Tallon specialized in ship-to-ship combat, Dodonna fully rewrote the logistics and siege aspects of galactic war. It is a sore point with him that many of his early proposals for siege weapons were developed, produced, and employed by the Empire. Their use has been twisted in such notorious incidents as the unholy Siege of Dalron Five and the infamous Project Asteroid.

Tallon and Dodonna were inseparable friends. It was a sad day indeed when Adar Tallon “died” (later it was revealed that Tallon went into hiding and was eventually convinced to join the Rebel Alliance). General Dodonna had already retired by the time the New Order was truly born. The Empire felt he was no longer useful enough to be “retrained” for use by the Emperor. Dodonna’s execution was ordered and it became a race to see who could reach him first, the Empire or the Alliance.

The Rebel Alliance found him first. But Dodonna felt older than he truly was, and the years of retirement had weakened his fighting spirit considerably. The Rebels found he no longer had a stomach for war.

Just as the Alliance shuttle was preparing to depart from Dodonna’s private moon, the aging general stumbled up the ramp, blaster holes dotting his billowing nightshirt. Fortunately, the approaching Imperial troopers had shot at the large cloth target, missing the frail body within. As the vessel lifted off, Dodonna fiercely took command of the ship’s guns and dealt with his would-be assassins personally.

A few months of exercise and catch-up reading on the latest in hardware and politics and General Dodonna was reborn, a founding father of the Rebellion against the Empire. At the time,

he was the single most important military commander in the Alliance, second in authority only to Mon Mothma.

General Dodonna always takes a personal interest in his troops and tries to meet every soldier under his command. He is not afraid to go out in the trenches every so often, just to keep his hand in and to motivate his troops.

After the Battle of Yavin, Dodonna retained military command of Yavin Base for a short time. However, following the tragic death of his son, Dodonna slipped into a period of deep depression. He was critically wounded during the evacuation of Yavin (the Alliance thought him killed in the assault). He was captured by Imperial forces, but thanks to the efforts of a brave Rebel assault team, Dodonna was rescued, and was reunited with Tallon. He returned to a quiet semi-retirement, consulting with Alliance command on an occasional basis. With the recent actions of Grand Admiral Thrawn, it is believed that General Dodonna has considered returning to active duty.

■ General Jan Dodonna

Type: Alliance General

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy 5D+2, military history 7D, military history: modern fleet battles 11D, tactics: capital ships 8D, tactics: fleets 7D, tactics: sieges 9D+1, tactics: starfighters 6D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 5D+1, space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D+2, command 7D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 7D, droid programming 6D+1, droid repair 4D+2, security 6D+2

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 6

Move: 9

Equipment: Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, holographic map projector and pointer

Rebel Soldiers

Trying to describe a standard Rebel warrior is sort of like trying to describe a standard leaf of a tree. In a feeble attempt at defining the general shape of all leaves, you miss the many types of leaves and the multitude of different trees they might spring from.

What is true, however, is that many Rebel soldiers come from broken homes and broken worlds. There is something about a solid domestic childhood that makes gallivanting across the galaxy in an attempt to alter its fate seem simply ridiculous. Most Rebels burn with the

desire to change history, realizing that their lives probably will be forfeit and the odds of their success are minimal. They believe that their lives, even if brief, should have meaning.

Many Rebels possess of an amazing hatred of the Empire and all its stands for. Many were forced to live as orphans or to witness the execution of their parents by stormtroopers. Luke Skywalker very much fits the profile of a typical Rebel soldier. It is truly sad that terrible strife is often the final spark that sets the typical Rebel-to-be into action.

New Rebels learn how to fight very quickly and they have a will to learn that is second to none. Imperial officers must often use propaganda and disguised bribes to encourage their recruits, but Rebel soldiers often learn under the most adverse conditions (e.g., active combat) and with little or no immediate reward. They are exceptionally driven and loyal to the Alliance far beyond any loyalty that could be induced by the propaganda and brainwashing techniques of the Empire.

It is also important to make a distinction in the two causes these forces are fighting for. The Empire is fighting to maintain order, the newly imposed status quo. Little or no initiative or creativity is required just to follow "the book." In contrast, Rebel warriors must be constantly alert and improvising, because breaking the rules is often times much more difficult than enforcing them.

Imperial platoons are specialized, and their tasks are assigned months in advance. Rebel platoons, on the other hand, get their assignments at a moment's notice, often as soon as that Imperial communique has been decoded and the military convoy they're supposed to hit is only a hyperspace jump away. Therefore, it is obvious that the best Rebels are the jacks-of-all-trades, the ones who can make a difference no matter where they are or what they are up against.

The common Rebel soldier is not quite so common. They don't hide their faces like stormtroopers do, as Rebels actually care about who they're working with and what pains or joys their friends are feeling. They make strong friendships which last unto death and Alliance commanders make sure that good teams always stick together. They are inventive, easygoing, ferocious in combat, and although they don't have a wish to die, they can accept that fate if that is what is required of them. After all, they are fighting for the greater good of all people and species. The struggle must go on so that future generations may live in

The Letter Home

This letter was written from a Rebel X-wing pilot to his mother the morning before the Battle of Yavin. As with most letters home from Rebel regulars, it went untransmitted for several years for security reasons. The pilot's name has been omitted. He died during the assault.

Dear Mom,

I know you don't think much of what I'm doing now, but it's something I feel I must do. I know Dad would've understood, but then again, you didn't agree with him on that matter anyway.

I just want you to know that I'm about to get very close to actual combat, against odds we have little hope of surmounting. I know that may sound crazy, but by the time you get this letter, you'll know whether we succeeded and whether I made it. We're going in against the greatest war machine ever built, something that drives the Empire's policy these days — a machine built for domination, subjugation, and conquest.

I know you hear very little about what we're doing back home, and see even less on the holomedia. What you do find out is only what the Empire releases, and they outright lie most of the time. Sure, we can argue about that until doomsday, but that's not what I wrote you about.

I wanted you to know that I feel I'm doing something important. I can't save the galaxy myself; I don't think anyone can alone. But I'm helping out, and the few lives I've already saved from the Empire's tyrannies have made it all worth it in my view.

How long it may remain the way it is and how free we will be is impossible to say at this moment. By tomorrow, we may not have a definite answer, but the signs will be unmistakable.

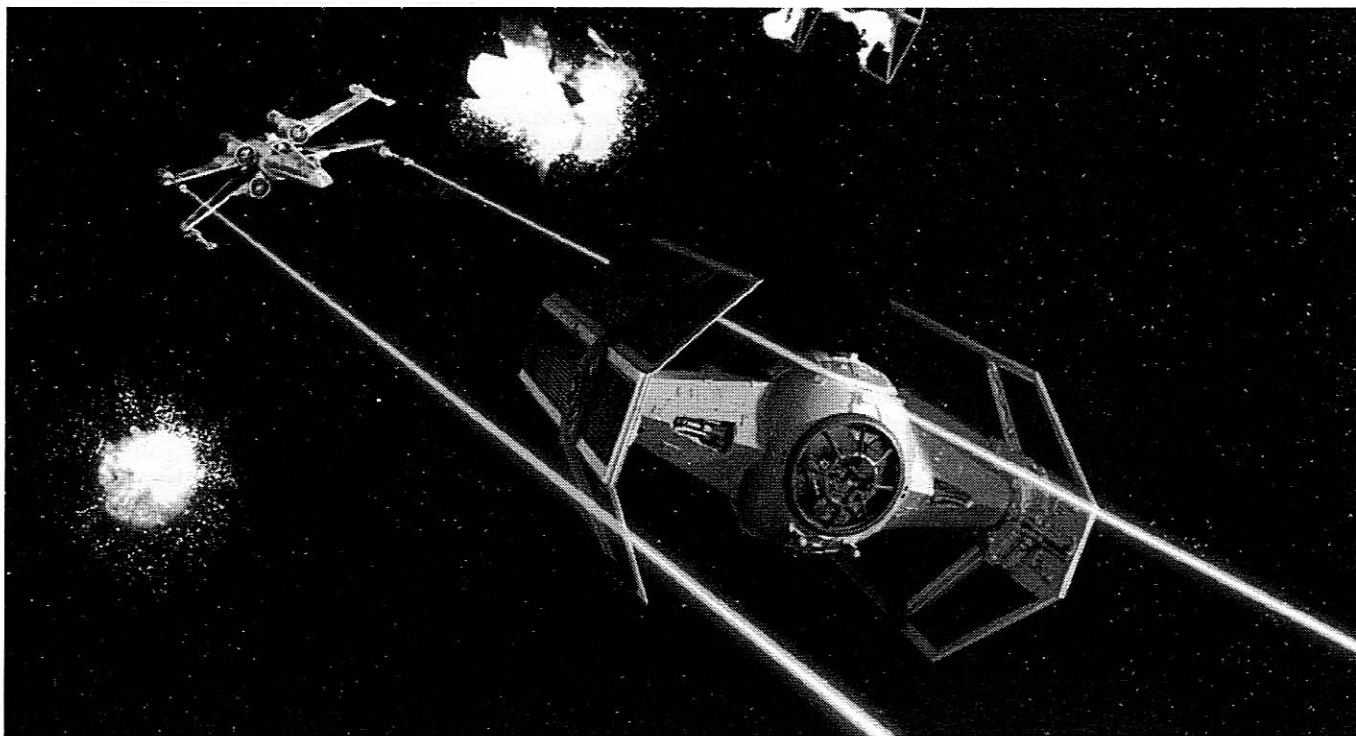
Let the family know what I'm doing. You don't have to glorify it, but don't demean it either. One day you'll understand, I hope, and on that day I pray this will all have been a bad dream from very long ago. I love you and may the Force be with you. And us.

Love,

Your Son

the peace and freedom that was so shamelessly squandered away.

Typical Rebel Soldier. *Dexterity 3D+2, blaster 5D+2, grenade 4D+2, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 1D+1, Perception 1D+1, hide 2D, sneak 2D+1, Strength 3D, brawling 4D, Technical 1D+2, demolitions 2D+2. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), grenades (5D), macrobinoculars (+1D search greater than 50 meters), comlink, blast vest (+1 energy, +1D physical), blast helmet (+1 energy, +1D physical).*



Rebel Pilots

What can be said about Rebel soldiers can be taken double-measure for Rebel pilots. Their skills are even more exceptional and their success is rarely equalled. Since Rebel pilots know that they will invariably be outnumbered by their enemy, they often expect to die, and this often becomes part of their "initiation" into the ranks of veteran Rebel pilots.

They develop nerves of steel and eyes as sharp as their own advanced sensor equipment. It is not unheard of for Rebel pilots to spot their enemies visually long before their sensors register the presence. "The visibility of space," they declare, "is infinite." These men have a respect for their ships and their opponents, and a love of speed. They fear death (as any sane being would), yet thrive in the pressure-packed, adrenaline-packed arena of fighter combat.

Typical Rebel Pilot. *Dexterity 2D, blaster 4D, dodge 3D, Knowledge 1D, planetary systems 2D+2, Mechanical 3D, starfighter piloting 5D, starfighter piloting: X-wing 6D, starship gunnery 4D, Perception 1D+2, Strength 2D+2, Technical 2D, computer programming/repair 3D. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, sealed flight suit.*

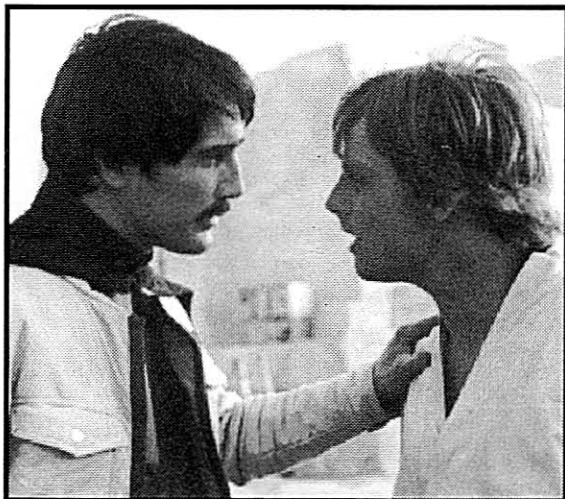
Biggs Darklighter

Biggs Darklighter was best known for his affiliation with Luke Skywalker, and for his heroism during the Battle of Yavin.

As a child, Biggs was one of the privileged class on Tatooine. His father, the food-magnate Huff Darklighter, made sure that Biggs got everything he ever desired in life. Everything, that is, except for a father's warmth and understanding. The elder Darklighter purchased his water from moisture farmers at cut rates, and then sold the resulting produce at a tremendous profit. He is considered to be the largest food producer on Tatooine, and has swallowed up dozens of family-owned moisture farms to ensure a constant supply of water for his subterranean crops.

Before long, Biggs became discontented with his family and started spending more and more of his time in the streets of Anchorhead. There he met a young boy by the name of Luke Skywalker. Luke and Biggs became fast friends, but there was always an air of competition about their friendship.

The two friends spent most of their teenage years together. They raced landspeeders and skyhoppers, dreamed of space battles, and made plans to go to the Academy together. Biggs's father could ensure his son's commission, while Luke's raw talent was more than adequate for acceptance. After they graduated, they planned to serve their required time and then get a spaceship together, going into business for themselves. They never really decided what they would do once they were zooming through space, but in their youthful exuberance it really didn't matter.



Unfortunately, Luke was detained for “another season” to help his uncle’s struggling moisture farm and Biggs was forced to start his training without him. This was heartbreaking to both lads at the time, but grew more and more so as season after season passed with Luke forced to stay for just “one more harvest.”

Eventually, Biggs graduated and was assigned to the merchant ship *Rand Ecliptic*. But during his time at the Academy, Biggs made friends. Dangerous friends, sympathetic to the Rebel Alliance. They planned to jump ship once they reached an outlying system. From there, Biggs and his friends were going to join the Alliance.

Biggs demonstrated unswerving loyalty for the Alliance once he made contact. He had a knack for hot-dogging TIE fighters that was unmatched until his old friend Luke Skywalker entered the scene.

Had Biggs Darklighter survived the Battle of Yavin, he would no doubt be a major force in the Alliance, much like his friend Luke Skywalker. But he did not survive, instead giving his life so that the Rebellion would succeed. Luke’s brief reunion with his childhood friend in the Yavin hangar bay just before the final assault on the Death Star is one of those moments the fledgling Jedi looks back on today, wishing he could grab hold of it, and stretch it out indefinitely.

■ Biggs Darklighter

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Cultures 4D+2, planetary systems 4D, streetwise 3D+2

MECHANICAL 4D

Repulsorlift operation 5D+1, starfighter piloting 6D,

starship gunnery 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+1, stamina 5D

Wish You Were Here

The following data transmission from Biggs Darklighter to Luke Skywalker is dated a few weeks before the deaths of Luke’s guardians and young Skywalker’s subsequent flight from Tatooine. It was graciously given to Voren Na’al for inclusion in his report by Luke himself. He feels it is a fitting tribute to his late friend, who heroically lost his life during the Battle of Yavin.

Dear Luke,

How’re things on old Tatooine? Hot as ever, I’ll bet. Things are getting pretty hot for me these days, too. I’m sure you’re still doing boring stuff on your uncle’s farm, so I’ll tell you about my exciting stuff instead.

Since I graduated from the Academy, I’ve been assigned to a merchant ship as first mate. They won’t give me many responsibilities yet, as for some reason they don’t trust me all that much. I don’t think we’re running anything illegal, but they’re nervous a lot anyway. Remember how your uncle got whenever we asked about your dad? They’re sort of like that. Actually, they’re a lot like that.

Hey! How is Old Uncle Whiner doing these days? When’s he gonna let you come to the Academy? You were the best pilot of all of us and you’re gonna be the last to go through. By the by, this Rebellion thing is getting hairy. The Empire will promise you a moon full of credits to transfer into the military, but do what I did instead — get them to commission you to a non-combat post. It’s safer and you don’t have to worry about their political garbage.

Seriously, if you don’t get off that dust bowl soon you’ll be tending vaporators for the rest of your life. Mark my words, kid.

Sometimes I miss tagging womp rats in Beggar’s Canyon. You were the better shot, but I was the better flyer. Well, just as good as you at least. If you think you’re any better, you’ll have to come out here and prove it.

Good luck with one more season of dust and droids.

Your best friend,
Biggs

P.S. Don’t show this data transmission to anyone and don’t let anyone know you’ve heard from me. I can’t tell you why now, but I will next time I’m near Tatooine. If you don’t hear from me in a little while, don’t worry. I’ve just been given some real responsibility for once in my life and it feels great.

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D+1, repulsorlift repair 3D+2, security 3D+2

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, sealed flight suit

Wedge Antilles

Another heroic friend of Commander Skywalker's is Wedge Antilles. This Corellian had a reputation as something of a showoff before he was assigned to Skywalker's squad during the Battle of Yavin. After that engagement, he quickly became one of the Alliance's rising young stars.

He was one of the few pilots to survive the Battle of Yavin, and not by any act of cowardice. Wedge is credited with a half dozen kills during the assault and aided in Luke's final run for the exhaust port. After the battle, Luke and Wedge became good friends, and the two of them jointly founded the famous Rogue Squadron.

Wedge's parents were the managers of one of many fueling depots in outer Gus Treta, a spaceport in the Corellian system. When a pirate vessel fleeing authorities burst out of its hangar without unhooking its cables, the ensuing fireball destroyed both it and the entire complex. With the insurance for the complex and his parents, and the reward for indirectly disposing of the wanted felons, Wedge bought his own Corellian light freighter. Having spent his entire life around repulsoflifts and hyperdrives, he modified it to suit him.

With some credits left over, Wedge began a profitless attempt to make a respectable living in a system where smuggling was the rule, not the exception.

In a last ditch effort, Wedge joined the Alliance as a weapons smuggler, and soon got caught up in something far larger than the turn of a credit or two.



After Wedge's success at Yavin, he has since gone on to be one of the most famous and decorated pilots in the Alliance. Wedge led Rogue Squadron in such combats as the Battle of Endor (rechristened Red Squadron for the battle, in honor of his first squadron at the Battle of Yavin), as well as the Battles of Sluis Van and Bilbringi. He has been recently offered another promotion, but it is believed that he may turn it down, as he has all the others in the past years.

■ Wedge Antilles

Type: Brash pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 3D+2, bureaucracy 4D+2, planetary systems 4D+2

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 6D, space transports 5D+2, starfighter piloting: X-wing 5D+2, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 4D, gambling 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D, repulsoflift repair 3D+2, space transports repair 4D+1, starfighter repair 4D+1

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

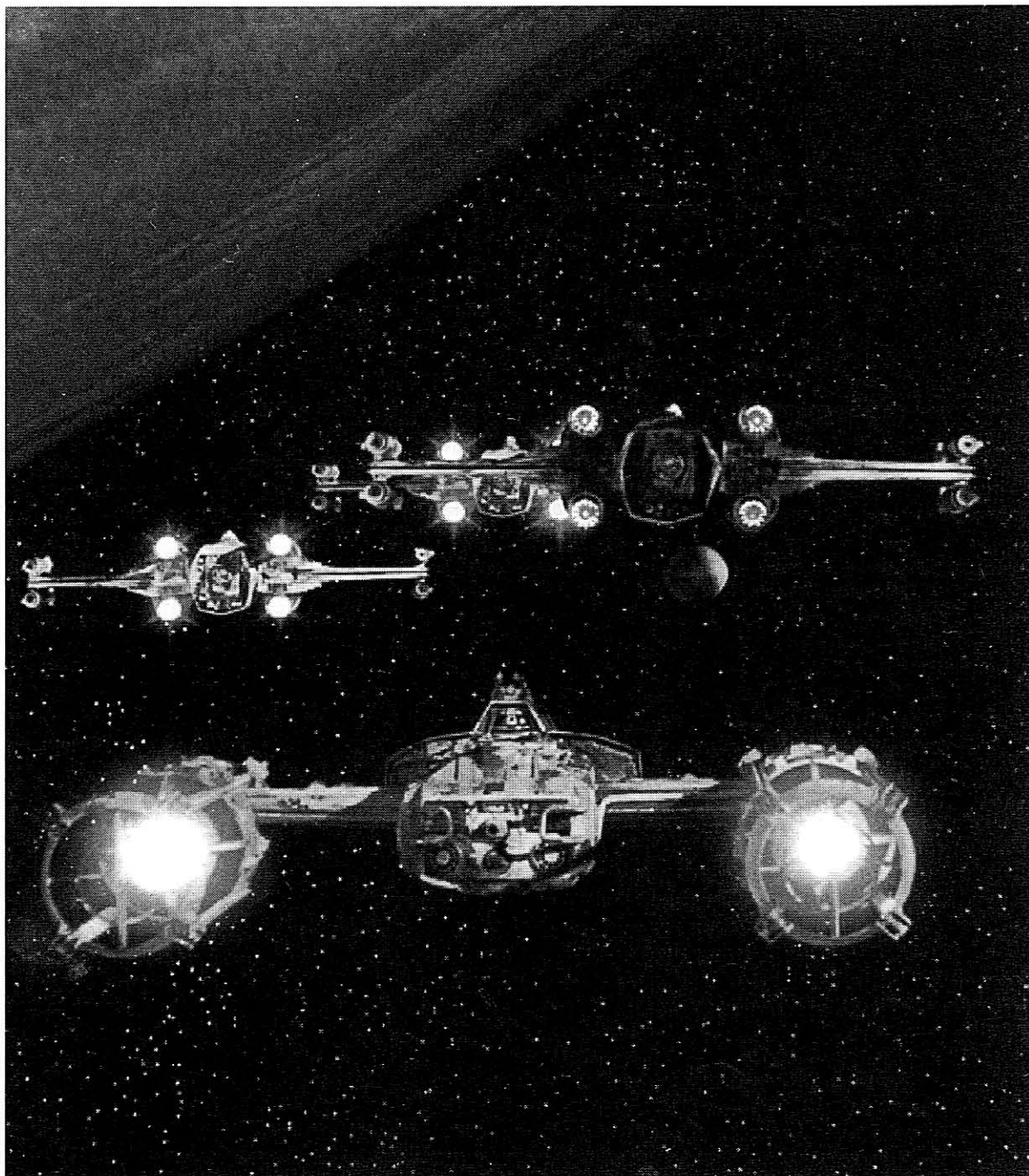
Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), sealed flight suit, comlink, tool kit

Jek Porkins

The "Kenobi Medallion" for heroic sacrifice is one of the highest honors awarded within the Alliance. However, it is only given in memory of those who have nobly sacrificed themselves in the Alliance's fight for freedom against the tyrannies of the Galactic Empire. The first Rebels ever to receive this posthumous commendation were the gallant heroes killed during the Battle of Yavin. Many brave and noble men and women met their end on that day and none were more brave and noble than Jek Porkins.

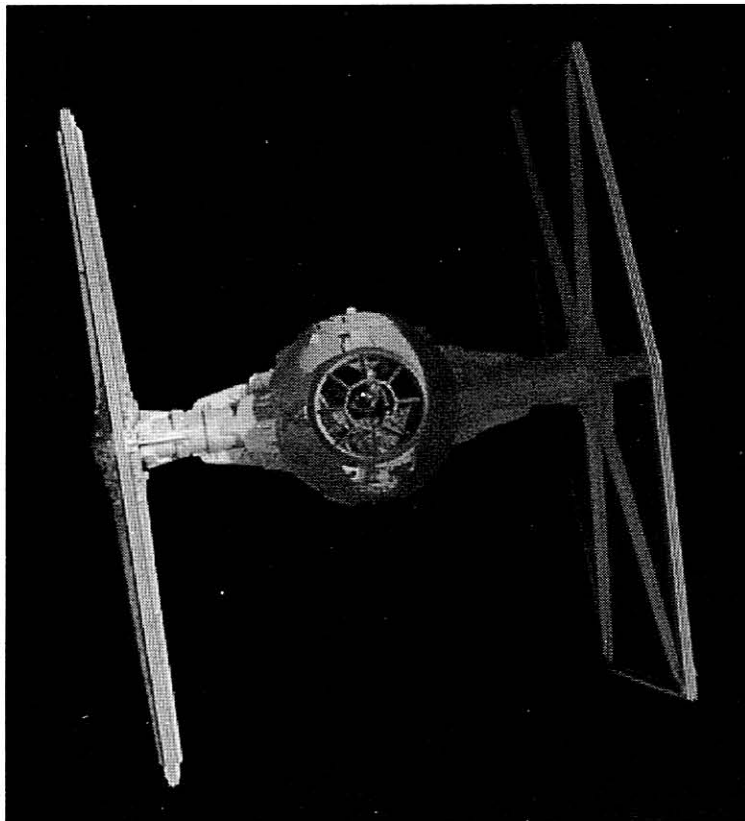
Jek was a free trader from the Bestine system who had just gone into business for himself when the Empire decided it needed a new high-security base of operations in that arm of the galaxy. The entire population of Bestine IV, by comparison very small, was forced to vacate their homeworld so that the Empire might have a totally secure base of operations. Naturally, there were promises of relocation in a "new and exciting" environment, but these turned out to be empty promises. The people of Bestine IV began to wander nomadically throughout the sector, seemingly without pride or purpose.

Receiving news of this latest Imperial outrage, the then-fledgling Rebel Alliance thought that the homeless people of Bestine IV would make ideal recruits, gladly joining in the cause if only because they had nowhere else to turn. This proved to be untrue. The people of Bestine IV were not interested in a life anywhere but on their own homeworld. They scoffed at the fugitive "life on the run" that the Rebellion offered, wanting only to live as they were, slowly gathering the weapons and resources needed to retake their stolen world. Even the desperate pleadings of then-Senator Princess Leia Organa



could not convince them otherwise. But Jek Porkins heard the words of the Alliance and the Princess, and he saw the truth in them. By joining the Alliance, he could strike back at the Empire right away and perhaps eventually persuade the Rebellion to help his people reclaim their planet. It would likely take his people many standard decades before they could even attempt action against the Imperial base. And Jek was itching for revenge now, in his lifetime, while he could still make a difference.

As with many of the reckless young Rebel pilots, Jek was a champion skyhopper jockey back on his homeworld. The transition from T-16 skyhopper to X-wing fighter is a smooth one, and Lieutenant Porkins's combat record bears that out. In under 40 hours of actual cockpit time, Jek racked-up an impressive 16 kills, all confirmed. Lieutenant Porkins's specialty was not actually the dogfight, but rather the oft-neglected strafing run. Having learned the skill from many standard years of sink-crab hunting



on the rocky islands of Bestine IV, Jek became deadly with the strafing run during his time with the Alliance. This unusual talent, along with his rather large physical stature, earned a young Lieutenant Porkins the not-so-flattering nickname "Belly Runner." But for all of this friendly ribbing, Jek Porkins was one of the most respected pilots in the Rebel Alliance, and will be remembered fondly by his shining Kenobi Medallion which, along with his other heroic comrades', hangs in the pilot's lounge on Tierfon Fighter base — an inspiration to all who strap themselves into the cockpit of a starfighter.

■ Jek Porkins

Type: Brash pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+1, vehicle blasters 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 4D

MECHANICAL 4D

Starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 4D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Stamina 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 3D

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, sealed flight suit

Chapter Three

The Empire Strikes Back

Hoth

After the evacuation of Yavin and relocation from world to world to avoid discovery by the Empire, the ice planet Hoth was selected as the new main base site for the Rebel Alliance. A barren world on the outer fringes of civilized space, it was thought that Hoth would serve as a secret command base for many years.

I was selected to join the Alliance on Hoth. Instead of reporting on events after the fact, this time I was working side-by-side with the soldiers of the Alliance. Since my assignment was a chiefly passive one, General Rieekan decided to put me to work while constructing the base. I was actually grateful and enthusiastic about the assignment, since I had been feeling a bit useless merely observing while everyone else toiled to create an operational base out of an icy cavern. While not glamorous, my work made me feel as if I was a meaningful participant in the Alliance effort.

Initially, the com units were not operational, since all the equipment had to be adjusted to the extremely low temperatures of Hoth. I was given the task of running messages between various high officials spread throughout the newly tunnelled caverns of Echo Base. During this time I had good opportunity to see each member of the Echo Base command team in action, and needless to say, I quickly developed a tremendous respect for each of them.

Soon, though, communications were functioning and I was assigned new duties. While I lacked the specialized skills of many, I did my part to carve out Echo Base, and I got to see the people of the Alliance from a new perspective. I was glad for the work, as it brought me into contact with almost everyone on the base, and in a certain sense made my mission easier.

For all the hardships involved in their construction, there was a peculiar beauty about the

icy caverns of Echo Base. There was an overwhelming sense of pride at the accomplishment of creating a place to live on a world that wasn't considered habitable. I think we were most proud of the fact that we didn't march in and obliterate the landscape, as the Empire undoubtedly would have done if faced with the same task. Instead, we worked hand-in-hand with the natural elements of that frozen world and created something which was almost a part of Hoth itself. In a way, I feel we truly belonged, if only for a short while.

My stay on the ice planet Hoth was a particularly arduous one, but I feel it served to enlighten me as to the plight of the people I have been writing about. Having lived through the same experiences as they, I now feel very close to them.

While working with them, I was able to question these people casually, indeed almost invisibly, about their comrades, co-workers, and even their enemies. Data files, background checks, and other sources have provided essential information, and more importantly, insight into these individuals. I was lucky enough to be present when Captain Solo brought the remains of the self-destructed probe droid back to base for memory scan. The techs and I managed to piece together a great deal of valuable information from the battered remains of that droid.

Later research at the trans-system data storage library on Halowan provided me with a good deal of background information on the Hoth system and on the geography of Hoth. Living on the ice planet for the period of time I did, I knew



only the bitter effects of the elements, not the scientific reasons behind those effects. I became aware that the wampa was not an entirely unknown creature, as we had originally thought, but that similar beasts, perhaps related to the wampa, had been documented by scientists and big-game hunters.

Most of what you are about to read is drawn from my own "on the scene" observations. The gaps of logic and information that sometimes occur during the fog of war have been researched and filled in whenever possible. When approaching the revision of a work such as this, there is a strong temptation to exorcise emotion and opinion from the report. However, after much consideration, most of this information reads much the same way as originally compiled. Try to read these profiles as if you were there, knee-deep in the numbing snow of Hoth's frozen wastes. It is then that you will get an understanding of Hoth and those people who fought and died in that frozen wasteland.

Imperial Probe Droid

In the days of the Old Republic, the probe droid, or probot, was a tool of peace, an important technological advance that changed the face of the exploration being carried out deep in the unknown reaches of the galaxy. The first

probe droids were developed by Galalloy Industries to search planets and asteroids for valuable resources, such as metals to fuel the processing plants of industry. Probots later helped to expand the Republic's frontiers. During the Empire, many probots served military functions for the Empire, as exploration had been severely limited by direct Imperial order.

Prior to the development of probots, remote probes had done the majority of mechanized exploration. These were comparatively simple machines, equipped with onboard computers and sensors. However, they were programmed to follow a carefully limited set of parameters and lacked the intelligence for true initiative or understanding.

The first probe droids were marvels of technological achievement, a single unit capable of doing the work of a team of scientists. Incredible amounts of unexplored territory were thoroughly mapped and charted by these machines during the days of the Old Republic.

Since deep-space exploration was put on hold by the Empire, probe droids were retooled and reprogrammed for search and patrol missions. Many droids were posted along the perimeters of key strategic systems or hyperspace routes, serving as automated guardians. Some were remote surveillance droids, observing the amazing array of communication bandwidths and relaying that information to Imperial Intelligence's Analysis Bureau.

A great number of probe droids were reprogrammed for deep space scouting. Their mission, rather than to catalog new worlds, was to uncover unregistered settlements, with a priority on finding Rebel bases. Knowing how quickly Rebels could evacuate upon discovery, many probe droids were equipped with high-frequency HoloNet transceivers to immediately relay information. Other added features included advanced scanning equipment, visual and audio monitoring systems, stealth sensor scramblers, a blaster cannon, and built-in self-destruct programming.

As time went on, probot manufacturers began developing droids specifically for Imperial military applications. The resulting probe droids were faster, more lethal and much more efficient at finding Rebels.

The specific type of probot that discovered the Hoth base was an Arakyd Viper. Vipers are launched from Imperial Star Destroyers with a specific destination in mind. The probe droid is carried in a streamlined hyperdrive and sublight equipped pod, which it sheds upon landing on the designated world. The droid then begins the search of the world. If anything is uncovered, it



The Probing Eye of the Empire

So badly did Lord Darth Vader want to find the location of the new Alliance base and, in particular, the location of Luke Skywalker, that he dispatched thousands of remote probes out into the farthest reaches of space to search for the fugitives. But there were a million worlds upon which the Alliance could then have been based. It is testament to the uncanny mystical abilities of the Dark Lord that one of his probes found the Alliance on Hoth.

Although this particular probe droid succeeded in its mission to find the Rebel Alliance, it was forced, in the end, to self-destruct. Fortunately, its self-destruct programming must have been at least marginally affected by either the frigid Hoth temperatures or the damage that was inflicted on it upon entering the Hoth system. Although the probot was almost destroyed, there was enough left for me and the base technicians to piece together some of the droid's memory circuits and learn some of the fascinating details concerning this particular machine's mission experiences.

There is reason to believe that this particular probe droid was the reason for Commander Skywalker's diversion from his normal patrol route, and the reason for his subsequent encounter with a wampa ice creature. The droid's memory display shows that almost immediately after landing on the planet's surface, it scanned a faint com signal on non-Imperial bandwidths. This indicated to the droid the presence of an unregistered, and possibly Rebel, settlement.

Since it had not yet gathered enough conclusive evidence to report, the droid moved away from the signal to gather data in secret.

The "meteorite," which reportedly motivated Luke to divert from his planned route in order for him to examine it, must have been the probe droid. Had the

commander not then been attacked by the wampa, he might have found the droid sooner and been able to disable it, thus avoiding the unfortunate events to come.

Soon after moving away from its first contact, the probe droid vectored-in on the detected signal's probable destination point, triangulating from its last known position. Following trace emissions and electromagnetic fluxes, the droid found the Alliance's massive power generators just beyond Echo Base proper. Immediately, the droid broadcasted audiovisual information to the Imperial fleet on its omnisignal unicode. At this point, Echo Base's fate was unavoidable.

With initial contact reported, the probot continued its mission: observing troop movements and positions and communications. It mapped out the Echo Base defenses meticulously, including the surrounding trenches, artillery emplacements, and even the size, model, and location of the ion cannon. This information was no doubt invaluable to the Empire during its assault.

However, the Echo Base command center's sensors scanned detected the droid's transmissions. Captain Solo and Chewbacca were dispatched to deal with the spy machine, and deal with it they did. The droid scanned the approach of its two enemy assailants. But the two seemed to know what they were doing, and trapped the droid despite its evasive maneuvers. After a quick and lethal game of "decoy," Solo and his furry companion blasted the confused droid. Captain Solo's shot was only meant to disable the droid's motor functions, since he hoped to take the droid "alive," but override programming kicked-in and the probe droid immediately self-destructed.

can transmit audio, video and data through its non-mass transceiver broadcast antenna.

Fortunately, the Empire never fully utilized probots. If it had, the Rebellion would have had a much more difficult time operating.

While the Rebels found the probe droid, they were not able to destroy it before it could send its encoded message back to the Imperial fleet. It completed its programming by self-destructing before the Rebels could capture it.

■ Arakyd Viper Probe Droid

Type: Arakyd Viper Probe Droid

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Planetary systems 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

Sensors 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 4D, search: tracking 7D+1

STRENGTH 4D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Equipped With:

- Long-range sensor (+1D to *search* for objects between 200 meters and five kilometers away)
- Movement sensor (+2D to *search* for moving objects up to 100 meters away)
- Atmosphere sensor — can determine atmosphere class (Type I, Type II, Type III, or Type IV) within one half-hour
- Blaster cannon (4D+2)
- Self-destruct mechanism
- Repulsor generator for movement over any terrain
- Several retractable manipulator arms
- Several retractable sensor arms for gathering samples

Move: 14

Size: 1.6 meters tall

Cost: 14,500

■ Probot Hyperspace Pod

Craft: Arakyd Probe-mate Hyperspace Pod
Type: Probot hyperspace pod
Scale: Starfighter
Length: 3.4 meters
Crew: None (fully automated droid brain with *astrogation 6D*, *space transports 4D*)
Passengers: Probot
Consumables: 1 month
Cost: 22,500
Hyperdrive Multiplier: x1
Nav Computer: Limited to 1 jump
Space: 8
Atmosphere: 415; 1,200 KMH (descent capable only)
Hull: 2D
Sensors:

Passive: 100/1D
Scan: 200/2D
Search: 300/3D
Focus: 10/4D
Sensor Baffler: +2D to difficulty to detect with sensors

Wampa Ice Creature

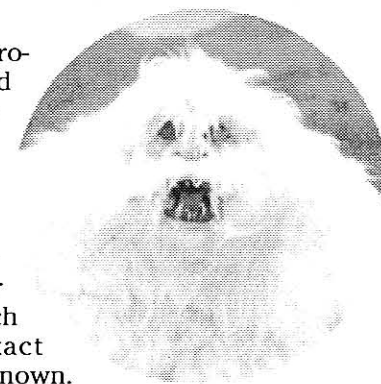
The gusting winds of Hoth howl with an echoing ferocity. It is a howl that causes heads to turn warily and fingers to curl around triggers. Not for fear of the icy wind itself, but rather for what that howl may truly be — the dread wampa ice creature. The howl is one of the wampa's greatest natural gifts, for it blends in almost imperceptibly with the planet's whipping winds. Only

the creatures themselves seem to be able to tell the two sounds apart. Thus, the howl provides the wampas with a highly efficient form of communication that often proves lethal to disoriented prey.

The wampas are fearsome beasts, standing almost three meters in height and possessing razor-sharp claws and a deadly, fanged maw. Older wampas possess horns, which grow larger with age. Aided by an acute sense of smell and a well-camouflaged coat of thick, white fur, they roam the icy plains of Hoth and prey on near-helpless animals, such as the peaceful tauntaun. Commander Skywalker's close, and nearly fatal,

encounter with one of these ferocious beasts has provided much information about the species.

The wampa apparently make their home in the ice caverns beneath the surface of Hoth. After disabling their prey, they drag it off to their lair, suspending the fresh catch from the ceiling. The exact method for doing this is unknown. The wampa apparently prefer fresh meat, so victims are often kept alive.



It is believed that wampas are solitary predators. Wampa lairs that have been discovered thus far have obviously been used by a single beast, pointing to the frightening fact that the huge amounts of stored prey discovered in each lair were killed by a single wampa — a creature that must be the ruling predator over most of the planet's surface.

Even more frightening than this is the theory that the beasts must possess at least rudimentary intelligence. Through extensive research into the records of other creatures that appear to be similar to the wampa, evidence has been found that suggests mass coordinated attacks made by these monsters. In some cases, these attacks laid waste to entire outposts of colonists. The Alliance's experience with the beasts bears out this theory.

Research has revealed the existence of a certain sub-class of big game hunters who specialize in the "sporting" hunt of large predators like the wampa. Wampa pelts or stuffed heads are prized trophies among hunters. Wampa "souvenirs" and even clothing made of wampa fur have been known to command a high price at galactic trading posts. There may be a few members of the Rebel Alliance who would take great pleasure in purchasing some of these souvenirs, just for the fleeting feeling of revenge that it might give them, knowing that somewhere a wampa had been made to pay for its viciousness.

Wampa Ice Creature. *Dexterity 3D, Perception 4D, search: tracking arctic*

The Horror By Night

I tell you this story in my own words, for I was there, in the frozen caves of ice, living that nightmare along with the rest of the men and women at the Hoth base. I think the main reason for the incident being so frightening to the people involved was that it came without warning. Markers had been placed, kilometers of territory scouted, and a blanketing sensor array set up, but all the signs were the same. Aside from the few passive tauntauns we encountered, or the occasional snowmouse, we detected no life forms near Echo Base.

With this in mind, a feeling of security seemed to settle over us. Aside from the frigid elements of this world, there seemed to be very little danger. Perhaps it was this feeling of security that caused the abandonment of some of the usual safety precautions. Standard Operations Procedure dictated that mounted scouts were to be sent out in pairs so that they might be better prepared in case of unforeseen danger. But the lack of any apparent danger and a lack of trained personnel soon forced the scouts to travel by themselves. They reasoned that they could cover twice the territory this way.

The first sign of trouble came when Commander Skywalker failed to report in after placing his sensor beacons. Captain Solo went out into the deadly cold night after his friend, a seemingly suicidal act. It was a dark and sleepless night for everyone, but it thankfully ended with a sun-drenched morning and the rescue of both Skywalker and Solo. But the disturbing result of the near disaster was that Luke had been attacked by *something*. His face was deeply gashed and his cheekbone crushed. The symmetry of the cuts suggested claws — very large, very sharp claws. Something *was* out there after all.

When Luke revived from the bacta tank, he confirmed our suspicions. He was apparently attacked by some sort of creature, a full three meters in height, with deadly claws and a nasty temperament. He had only seen one of the beasts, but where there's one,



there must be more. Immediately base security was stepped up. Major Derlin ordered regular perimeter patrols, and scouting expeditions went back to the buddy system.

There was no way for anyone to have known what would happen next. True, all of us became a bit more

cautious after Commander Skywalker's experience, but no one knew the true extent of the problem. No one possibly could have guessed. That is, until the following evening.

It started with the howling. Not an unusual noise, due to the high, whipping winds of Hoth, but this night it was stronger than usual, and somehow more chilling. Next came the attack on Bervin, and a brief, panicked comlink call. It was abruptly cut off by a bellowing inhuman roar and a horrified, distinctly Human scream.

I was in the command center that night with Major Derlin when the call came in. We rushed to Bervin's perimeter post only to find the signs of a struggle, but no sign of Bervin himself. Blood was spattered against the far wall of snow, where a large cave-in had occurred. The blood trail followed the shallow trench where Bervin's body had apparently been dragged out through the caved-in wall and into the icy-cold night of Hoth.

Before long, the calls began to come in. Reports of attacks all along the perimeter, following the same pattern as this one, streamed in to command. They all sounded ominously the same: a lone sentry, attacked and dragged off into the darkness. We made preparations to ready the speeders for night action, but there was no need. The beasts came to us. Crashing through our carefully carved walls of ice and snow as if those walls were made of so much flat-foil, they came. With claw and fang glistening with the blood of a fresh kill and howling their bloodcurdling howls, they came.

Despite the horrid nature of the monsters, the soldiers of Echo Base held them off with courage, determination and with some heavy artillery. The creatures fled. They must have had their fill of heavy blaster fire, for we never saw them again. But more chilling than any of this was the apparent intelligence of the beasts. They worked together, in coordinated attacks, probably to defend themselves from what they perceived as an invasion of their territory. Had we remained longer on that frozen world, I have no doubt that we would have had more nights filled with their horror.

6D, *sneak*: arctic 7D, *Strength* 7D. Special abilities: claws do 7D+1 damage; teeth do 7D+2 damage; camouflage adds +3D to *sneak* in arctic climates; heat-diffusing body adds +2D against detection by sensor; howling language allows wampas to communicate, using Hoth's winds to hide their speech. Move: 13.

General Carlist Rieekan

The men of Echo Base considered General Rieekan a serious, grim man. The general's brows seemed to be in a permanently furrowed state due to excessive worry. But it was not without reason that the General worried so.

Perhaps, the men of the Hoth base would not have made light of the General's mood had they known of his background. Rieekan grew up on the peace-loving world of Alderaan. Even prior to its banning of all weapons after the Clone Wars, Alderaan had always perceived itself as a world of idyllic peace, with no need for war or warriors. Rieekan was a man who fought, not because he wanted to, but because he knew that some battles *had* to be fought to prevent greater tragedies in the future. He was a staunch idealist who believed in fighting for those ideals.

He left his home planet at the age of 17 to join the Army of the Republic. The young Rieekan was a natural leader who quickly moved up through the ranks and then entered Officer Candidate School. Being an idealist, it was natural that the young, newly appointed officer would fall in with others who held similar beliefs, such as his close friends, Jan Dodonna, Adar Tallon and later, Crix Madine.

When the New Order began to take hold, Rieekan naturally chose to follow what he believed in. He joined the Rebel Alliance. There, Rieekan found many who believed as he did — many even from his homeworld of Alderaan. At the forefront of the surprising revelations that confronted Rieekan were the true feelings of the Royal house of Organa, always chief proponents of the way of peace. Bail Organa and his daughter were secretly key figures in the Alliance, and Rieekan found joy in this discovery.

Rieekan was put in command of the covert Rebel operations in and around the Alderaan system. But it was circumstances that occurred during Rieekan's tenure in this position that caused the general so much grief and guilt, turning his once familiar traits of aggression and optimism into caution and worry.

He was inspecting the new satellite transmission station in a far orbit around Delaya, a sister world of Alderaan's, when the great disaster occurred. When the Death Star battle station appeared in orbit around Alderaan, the panicked

calls came in to Rieekan almost immediately. People pleaded for help, for evacuation ships, for anything. Never mind that there wasn't time to evacuate, or that nothing was capable of disabling that Imperial monstrosity.

Rieekan feared that evacuation then would be admitting the Alliance's knowledge of the Death Star to the Empire. If they saw thousands of starships suddenly lift off from the planet, the Imperials would surely take that as confirmation of the planet's Rebel connections. *Planets loyal to the Empire have nothing to fear, the bureaucrats would argue. No, he thought. We'll sit tight and hope this is all a bluff, or some kind of display of force meant to scare us into submission.*

Minutes later, the Empire proved that it was not bluffing. The planet was vaporized. Countless lives were instantly extinguished. Never again would Rieekan underestimate the ruthlessness of the Empire. While there was little he could do, Rieekan blamed himself for not taking what action he could have. After that dreadful incident, for Rieekan, it became caution before subtlety, and aggression and worry before confidence and action. Never again would he gamble with the lives of those under his command.

On Hoth, Rieekan was given the rank of theater commander in charge of all Rebel ground and fleet forces in the Hoth system. He designed the delaying defense that allowed Alliance personnel to escape, but even this action was not without pain. He knew when he gave the orders that many brave beings would die so that the bulk of the Alliance forces could escape. It was a difficult decision, but one that was made of necessity.

General Carlist Rieekan

Type: Alliance General

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 4D, dodge 4D+2, melee combat 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy 4D+2, military history 5D, tactics: fleets 7D, tactics: planetary defenses 9D, tactics: sieges 8D, tactics: starfighters 6D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Repulsorlift operations 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D, command 6D, command: Echo Base troops 9D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+1, stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Demolition 4D, repulsorlift repair 4D+2

Character Points: 10

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink

Major Bren Derlin

"Your Highness, there is nothing more we can do tonight. The shield doors must be closed."

Those were the most difficult orders that Bren Derlin ever had to give. Skywalker and Solo were

valued members of the Alliance, but more than that, they were his friends. A great respect had grown between Derlin, the officer in charge of Hoth base security and operations, and Skywalker and Solo, the two commanding field officers.

Major Derlin's prime duty on Hoth was to ensure that Echo Base was up and functioning no matter what happened. It was a quiet, thankless, behind-the-scenes battle against the elements. Not an easy task by any stretch of the imagination.

Major Derlin was put in charge of the base's security and operations after being promoted by General Rieekan for actions on Nentan. Rieekan's decision proved popular and wise, as Derlin served Echo Base well.

Derlin's rise to the rank of major is worth noting. Captain Derlin had served under Rieekan for quite a while, seeing campaign action in numerous skirmishes across the galaxy. But it was at Nentan that Derlin truly earned and was awarded the rank of major. The Nentan checkpoint base was barely two months old when the evacuation orders were given. But this was no ordinary evacuation, because there were civilians involved.

Nentan had become a major stopover point for liberated civilians waiting for transport to Rebel safe worlds. When the Empire discovered the base's location, the bunkers were at close to total capacity. Naturally, the civilians were to be evacuated first, but because they were so numerous, there were not enough transports to evacuate everyone. Some of the military personnel had to be left behind. There were volunteers, but this was not an acceptable solution to General Rieekan. Derlin offered him another, more acceptable solution.

He led an "expendable" squad of men into the Nentan wastes, along with the remaining personnel. They hid among the towering rock spires of the ancient ruins there. When the Imperial troops arrived, they hit the abandoned base with their full force, as Derlin knew they would. It was the Empire's style to throw everything it had at an enemy in as impressive a show of force as possible.

When the Imperial troops swept down into the valley to level the base, they left their transports under minimal guard. It was relatively easy for Derlin and his men, who approached through the natural cover behind the landing area, to capture one of the Imperial transports. With the guards eliminated, the remaining Alliance members crept aboard. The transport, with a full cargo of Rebels, rocketed off the planet before the Imperials knew what was happening. Even the commander of the Imperial Star Destroyer orbiting the planet was taken by surprise, figuring the transport was merely moving prisoners or captured equipment.

The stolen ship was in hyperspace before the Imperials could so much as ask for a code clearance.

Major Derlin's last major combat command was leading the Rebel commandos on Endor. After that battle, he was promoted to ground forces command, where he continues to serve the Republic.

■ Major Bren Derlin

Type: Alliance Major

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D+2, blaster artillery 5D, dodge 4D, vehicle blasters 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Survival 4D+2, tactics: squads 6D, value 4D

MECHANICAL 4D

Beast riding 4D+1, repulsorlift operations 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 5D, search 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D, stamina 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Repulsorlift repair 3D, security 4D

Character Points: 3

Move: 11

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), macrobinoculars, comlink

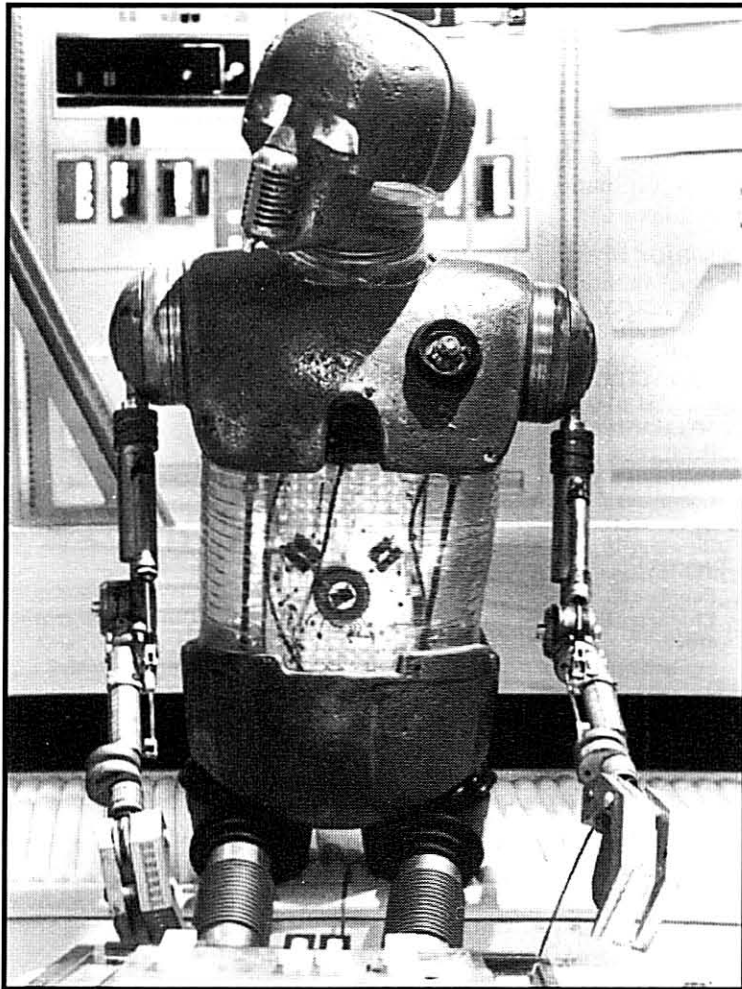
Too-Onebee

The Alliance subsists on the courage and dedication of its members, organic beings and droids. Certain of the Rebellion's mechanical members were purchased by the Alliance, and others were brought in when their owners joined the Alliance. But there are some droids who have volunteered for the Rebellion.

Among these rare independent mechanicals is Too-Onebee (2-1B). This highly sophisticated medical droid belongs to an older, yet remarkably astute series. Because of their intellect, many of these droids are fiercely independent, and Too-Onebee is no exception. He joined the Alliance after a stint on Firro, where he was busy patching up the populace after the planet was subjugated by the Empire. Numerous atrocities were committed on Firro and Imperial medical droid Too-Onebee was left with the nearly insurmountable task of trying to help those people.

After months of seeing an unceasing flow of casualties, the number of wounded began to decrease, as the Empire settled in for a long occupation of the humbled planet. At about that time, the newly proclaimed Imperial Governor of Firro, one Lord Cuvir, witnessed the efficiency of Too-Onebee while on a visit to a crowded relief station. Seeing the droid's skill and determination, Cuvir placed his own desires above the needs of the wounded and took Too-Onebee on as his "personal physician."

Too-Onebee was distressed over having to leave the still large number of wounded on Firro, but the droid had little choice and was forced to



accompany Lord Cuvir. Although he disapproved of the overbearing Cuvir and his methods, Too-Onebee served him faithfully for some time, obeying his overriding programming directive — to heal living beings no matter whom they might be. Deep down, however, Too-Onebee longed to be able to serve those he thought were on the side of “right,” and before long, that chance came to him.

Too-Onebee accompanied Lord Cuvir on a visit to Wor Tandell. While examining the medical facilities at the governor’s mansion, Too-Onebee heard a blaster shot. Thinking that his assistance might be needed, the droid rushed to the source of the shot. When he arrived, Too-Onebee found a governor’s aide standing over the lifeless body of Lord Cuvir. A recently discharged blaster pistol lay discarded on the floor at the aide’s feet. Although Too-Onebee had witnessed countless atrocities committed by Cuvir and considered him to be the most truly evil being he had ever encountered, the noble droid was true to his programming and tried to save his fallen master.

The skilled droid’s efforts proved fruitless, however, as the stricken Imperial Governor was beyond repair.

Much to Too-Onebee’s surprise, the aide did not order the droid’s memory wiped for having witnessed the terrible events. Rather, he asked for the droid’s trust and silence on the matter, telling him that the killing was unavoidable. The aide identified himself as Tiree, a Rebel agent working in the Imperial Governor’s mansion. Lord Cuvir had discovered Tiree preparing a coded datapad full of Imperial fleet movements in the Tandell system, and was about to arrest him under suspicion of being a Rebel when a scuffle ensued. Tiree did not want to kill Cuvir, but he also did not want his mission undermined. Too-Onebee believed Tiree, for the droid had long thought about the rumored rebellion.

Too-Onebee decided to join the Rebel Alliance. After a few adventures at Tiree’s side, the droid was assigned as chief of surgery for the newly-opened Rebel base on the ice planet Hoth. He performed brilliantly for the Alliance, saving the life of many Rebels, including Luke Skywalker.

That event is still talked about. After Commander Skywalker suffered grievous wounds at the claws of a wampa and then spent an extended period in the sub-freezing temperatures of Hoth’s wilderness, he was brought in for ministrations by the medical droid. Too-Onebee used all his skill and training — and a fully prepared bacta tank — to bring Skywalker back to health in record time.

Later, after Skywalker returned to the fleet, Too-Onebee was again called upon to administer to young Skywalker. This time the droid had to equip the commander with a cyborg replacement for his severed right hand.

Too-Onebee continues to serve the Republic and has worked at several major Republic bases.

■ Too-Onebee

Model: Industrial Automaton 2-1B Surgical Droid

DEXTERITY 1D

KNOWLEDGE 1D

Alien species 5D

MECHANICAL 2D

(A) Bacta tank operation 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

(A) Injury/ailment diagnostics 6D

STRENGTH 1D

TECHNICAL 3D

First aid 6D, (A) medicine 9D

Equipped With:

- Computer interface tether (range of 5 meters): interface adds 2D to all medical skills.
- Medical diagnostic computer
- Analytical computer
- Surgical attachments
- Hypodermic injectors (4D stun damage)
- Medicine dispensers

Move: 4

Size: 1.5 meters

Cost: 4,300

The Battle Of Hoth

The Battle of Hoth was one of the major engagements in the history of the Galactic Civil War. The Rebel Alliance suffered a major defeat at the hands of Darth Vader's fleet. As soon as Alliance technicians confirmed the presence of the Imperial probot, Alliance command ordered the evacuation of Echo Base. The chronometer was already ticking, and General Rieekan knew that it would be impossible to complete the evacuation before the arrival of the Imperials. Echo Base prepared for battle while transports began lifting off.

Far too soon for the comfort of the Alliance, the Imperial fleet arrived in the Hoth system. Rebel system space monitors spotted the fleet as soon as it emerged from hyperspace. While the fleet had ample asteroid cover in the outer regions of the system, the Imperials chose to make a highly visible entrance close to Hoth itself.

Fortunately, the Alliance had ample time to raise the shields over Echo Base and charge up the planet-based ion cannon. As long as the Alliance's power generators remained in place, the Rebels could prevent a direct Imperial bombardment. The only way to take the Rebels would be through a protracted and bloody ground and low-altitude battle.

The shields covered an immense physical area, several hundreds of kilometers square. Under heavy TIE fighter escort, the Empire sent drop-ships filled with walkers and ground troops to the vast glacier field north of Echo Base. While the Alliance redeployed its ground forces to the north, the evacuation continued.

The Alliance matched a pair of X-wing starfighters with each transport. With precision

timing, the Alliance dropped the shield for a few seconds, while the transport and the fighters entered low orbit. Simultaneously, the ion cannon fired several blasts to clear the path for the Rebel ships. This simple strategy helped a large number of Rebel transports escape throughout the battle.

Rebel advance posts were notified, with orders to observe the Imperial forces and relay whatever data they could. They were to fall back as possible. The posts commed back that they spotted Imperial All Terrain Armored Transport (AT-AT) walkers advancing toward Echo Base. The Alliance had little hope of stopping this offensive. Walkers were slower than many other vehicles, but they had formidable weapons, carried an impressive complement of troops and were nearly unstoppable.

The ground battle was a desperate holding action for the Rebel Alliance. The Rebels had to delay the Imperials from destroying the power generator for as long as possible. Unfortunately, the Alliance had only a few out-dated artillery pieces and a mere dozen snowspeeders to head off the Empire's devastating walkers.

The Rebels clustered their soldiers and artillery pieces so that the walkers would face maximum firepower. It was vital to prevent the Imperials from taking the generator until Alliance command was evacuated.

In the end, the Battle of Hoth was a solid defeat for the Alliance. While Alliance command was evacuated and several walkers were downed by Commander Skywalker's Rogue Group, the Alliance suffered heavy casualties, as well as the destruction of Echo Base and the adjoining power generators and ion cannon emplacement.





In The Trenches

Before Hoth, my combat experience had been extremely limited. Oh, there had been some tense moments and even a firefight or two in the past. In fact, situations like that are almost impossible to avoid while traveling with the Rebel Alliance. But nothing for me, or for that matter, for almost any of the other personnel at Echo Base, had come close to what we experienced beneath the blockade by the Imperial fleet. Nothing will ever silence the echo of the thundering footfalls of those massive Imperial walkers. There are nights when I wake up in a cold sweat, the nightmarish pounding still echoing in my mind.

When I first heard the distant thumping of those monstrous mechanical feet on the soft snowy surface of Hoth, I thought that it was perhaps my imagination. None of the soldiers around me were familiar with walkers — we had heard of them, but we had never seen one up close, or been able to imagine how terrifying those horrible machines could be.

The sound grew steadily louder. The ominous comlink call from our scouts on the North Ridge and ended with an abruptly cut-off sentence and the eerie crackle of a forcibly closed channel. Imperial walkers. The thought of facing those beasts with no true cover and no formidable combat vehicles was mind-numbing.

The only thing that prevented the fear from running rampant in the ranks was that the tight,

snowspeeder formation of Rogue Group roared overhead at that very moment. It prompted an inspired cheer from the nervous troops dug in all around me. We had seen our snowspeeder pilots perform maneuvers every day in the simulators, before the speeders had been adapted to the cold. But we had never seen the full squadron in flight, and it was a heartening sight. I'm not sure, but I think I remember seeing the lead speeder give a confident, if barely perceptible, waggle of his wings as it went by, almost as if to say "sit tight — we'll handle this."

But for all the confidence and heroics in the galaxy, nothing could have stopped the Empire on that day. The walkers were simply overpowering. It was all we could do to beat a successful retreat. The plan had never been to repulse the Imperial troops, or even to hold against their might. But there were moments in the early parts of the battle when we all felt as if we had a chance. I was there, in that trench, only as an observer. I arrived with a holorecorder in one hand and a datapad in the other. But before long I found myself shamelessly abandoning those seemingly useless tools for the cold comfort of a blaster rifle. In the end, I, like my companions, found myself in a desperate race for the safety of the transport while Imperial soldiers swarmed into the evacuated Echo Base.

Echo Base Troops

Brave is the only word that accurately describes the troops of Echo Base. There is such a thing as persevering in spite of insurmountable odds. Beyond that, there is standing with nothing more than a handful of low-level artillery pieces and blaster rifles against a full complement of Imperial AT-AT walkers. That is what the troops of Echo Base chose to do at the Battle of Hoth.

These troops stood staunchly against the odds, meeting an unstoppable Imperial force with grim determination and unswerving loyalty typical of Rebel forces. Some of these beings were veterans of many galactic campaigns, but on Hoth they fought shoulder-to-shoulder with green recruits, who were sweating out their first action against the Empire. These beings were all the Alliance had, all they could muster against the fully armed might of the Empire.

Their orders were terrifyingly simple. "Fight as hard as you can, fall back if you must, and take

down as many of them as possible. When you've retreated back as far as station 3-7, sprint for the evacuation area and find transport. And watch your back for incoming walker fire."

Astonishing acts of individual bravery were performed that day. The rallying cries of Rebel courage echoed across the valley as intrepid Rebels threw themselves at the supposedly unbeatable Imperial forces. Although few of these moments of heroism had any effect on the ultimate outcome of the battle, they served to show the overconfident Imperials what can be done with a handful of artillery pieces, a few blaster rifles, and courage.

Typical Echo Base Trooper. *Dexterity 3D+2, blaster 5D+2, blaster artillery 4D, dodge 4D, grenade 4D+2, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 1D+1, Perception 1D+1, sneak 2D+1, Strength 3D, brawling 4D, stamina 4D+2, Technical 1D+2, demolition 2D+2.* Move: 10. Character Points: Varies, typically 0-5. Blaster rifle (5D), grenades (5D), comlink, macrobinoculars (+1D to search over 50 meters away), medpac.

A Plan of Desperation ...

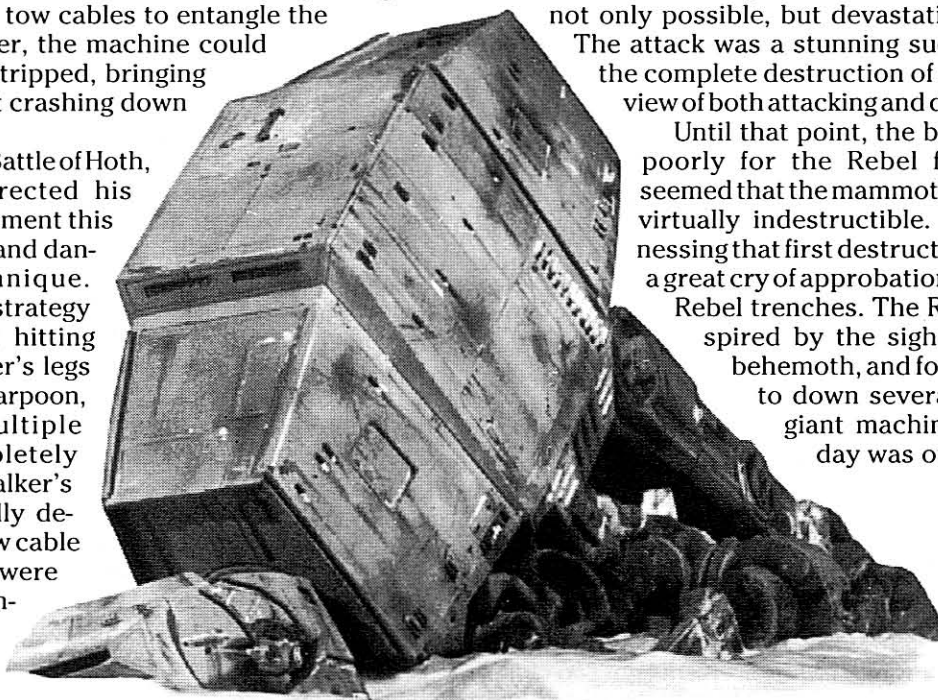
The attack pattern used so successfully against the walkers was formulated by Luke Skywalker and noted Rebel tactician Beryl Chiffonage. Skywalker and Chiffonage knew they would face Imperial walkers in the coming battle and had to plan accordingly. While walkers were much more agile than they appeared to be, they were still mere machines. By using harpoons and tow cables to entangle the legs of a walker, the machine could effectively be tripped, bringing its own weight crashing down upon itself.

During the Battle of Hoth, Skywalker directed his pilots to implement this experimental and dangerous technique. This complex strategy involved first hitting one of a walker's legs with a power harpoon, making multiple passes completely around the walker's legs, and finally detaching the tow cable after the legs were sufficiently entangled. Be-

cause this attack required action by both the pilot and the gunner, many of the speeders in Rogue Group were unable to use this strategy, due to gunner casualties.

It was one of the Alliance's top pilots, Wedge Antilles, flying Rogue Three, and his gunner Wes Janson, who first proved that this strategy was not only possible, but devastatingly effective. The attack was a stunning success, causing the complete destruction of a walker in full view of both attacking and defending lines.

Until that point, the battle had gone poorly for the Rebel forces, and it seemed that the mammoth walkers were virtually indestructible. But after witnessing that first destruction of a walker, a great cry of approbation rose up in the Rebel trenches. The Rebels were inspired by the sight of the fallen behemoth, and found the means to down several more of the giant machines before the day was out.



Running The Gauntlet

The following is an excerpt from the personal memoirs of Wedge Antilles, used by permission of the author.

The pain in my right arm was throbbing as I pulled the nose of my X-wing up and away from Hoth. Janson and I were forced to ditch our snowspeeder after taking a hit and losing our starboard stabilizer, but luckily neither of us were seriously hurt. The pain in my arm disagreed with the previous statement, but at least it was nothing a medical droid wouldn't be able to patch up later.

I caught a glimpse of Janson sitting in the gunner's position of the Y-wing that dipped into view on my right. He winked at me with what appeared to be forced optimism, as Hobbie pulled the Y-wing into formation with my starfighter. We were among the last to liftoff, but it was reassuring to know that two such able men were flying on my wing.

The dire straits of our circumstances abruptly clicked into my awareness as the commander of the transport that we were escorting checked in over the comlink. I confirmed his escape vector and ran a fast blanket scan. Naturally, my worst fears were confirmed. An Imperial Star Destroyer sat directly in our escape lane!

Having seen what was left of the ion cannon earlier, I knew we had no hope of surface-to-space cover fire. We were on our own. "Two fighters against a Star Destroyer?" Hobbie's disbelieving statement came to mind. I smiled at the thought of how Luke might have reacted to Hobbie's comment had the commander been to that particular briefing. He probably would have said something about Beggar's Canyon and his old T-16.

The laser blasts began to fly thick and heavy as the flat, wedge shape of the giant Imperial ship grew steadily larger. We needed a plan, something radical, something that would surprise those predictable, Imperial, computer-controlled guns. I knew just the thing. "Transport Commander, this is Leader One. Adjust to course 2-7-5," I transmitted. The ship's captain probably wondered what I was up to, but he apparently knew me well enough not to question the order.

Hobbie had no such reservations, however, and he buzzed in over the comm. "What's the idea, boss? Why do you want him hangin' back like that?"

Confidently, I replied, "Trust me."

But I could hear the trepidation in his voice. "Okay. It's your show, but I hope you know what you're doing." So did I.

There was a rapid-fire barrage of "What do you think you're doing?" and "Are you out of your mind?" from Hobbie when I pulled in behind and slightly below his Y-wing. I had to be careful. If I got too close,

my X-wing would go from starfighter to drifting ash.

"Just hold her steady and sit tight," was my less-than-effective attempt to calm him down. I knew he would catch on once he stopped to think about it, and I was right, although he still sounded more than a little disturbed by the idea. "A Tallon split? But that's just a hotshot training maneuver. It's never done in actual combat." I didn't bother to reply, so he did it for me. "I know, I know, there's a first time for everything. Let's just hope we live to brag about it."

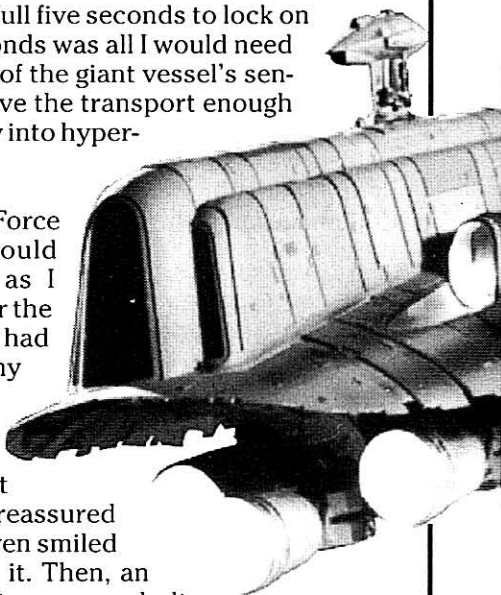
The Tallon split was a simple maneuver in theory, but in practice it was difficult and dangerous, requiring split-second timing and uncanny reflexes. The first step was to fly so close together that the computer-controlled batteries on the Star Destroyer would read us as one vessel. Then, when we got close enough, I would dart out from behind Hobbie, cutting at a 45 degree angle beneath him. In theory, it would take the automated batteries on the Star Destroyer a full five seconds to lock on me. And five seconds was all I would need to nerf's-eye one of the giant vessel's sensor globes and give the transport enough time to slip neatly into hyperspace.

In theory.

I wished to the Force that my arm would stop throbbing as I readied myself for the maneuver. I just had to put it out of my head, like Luke did with the Death Star. The thought of that miraculous shot reassured me. I may have even smiled as I remembered it. Then, an all-too-close blaster cannon bolt flashed by, and I knew I couldn't wait any longer. It was now or never, or maybe both.

With a quick throttle movement, I cut out from behind Hobbie. A quick laser burst, and the globe disintegrated before me. As I passed overhead I could hear Hobbie's triumphant cry over the comlink, "Yeah! Transport Away!"

As I entered hyperspace I thought I heard a familiar voice say, "Good shooting, Wedge," but it didn't sound like Hobbie. In fact, it didn't seem to come from over the comlink at all. As I think about it now, it sort of sounded like ... Luke.

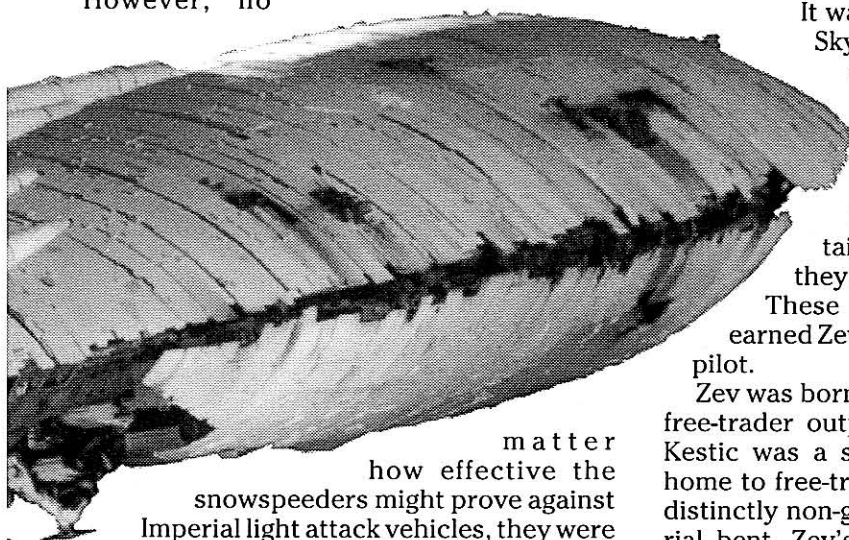


Snowspeeder Pilots

Imagine that you are flying a tiny, wedge-shaped airspeeder at over 600 kilometers per hour with laser blasts bursting all around you. And imagine that you are heading straight for an advancing AT-AT walker in the hopes of wrapping a steel cable around its legs and tripping the massive machine. That was the order of the day for the pilots and gunners of Rogue Group.

The squadron was the brainchild of Luke Skywalker, who not only led the squadron, but trained these men in the effective use of Rebel Alliance snowspeeders. The Rebel Alliance's combat airspeeders were adapted from familiar and reliable Incom T-47 speeders. However, the vehicles were considerably altered, with enhanced armor, high-powered repulsorlift and afterburner engines and heavy vehicle weaponry. The finished product was a thoroughbred combat machine capable of holding its own against comparable Imperial combat vehicles.

However, no



matter how effective the snowspeeders might prove against Imperial light attack vehicles, they were no match for the dreaded All Terrain Armored Transports (AT-ATs). The Alliance pilots were forced to resort to unusual and extremely dangerous attack patterns to combat these machines. Nonetheless, the Alliance's pilots toppled several of the walkers.

But the job of Rogue Group was not finished once they had climbed out of the cockpits of their battered snowspeeders. They were still needed to fly starfighter escort for the vulnerable transports. The escort mission was only supposed to last long enough for the transports to break through the blockade of Imperial Star Destroyers that were in low Hoth orbit. The mission was to be made easier by the surface-to-space cover fire of Echo Base's powerful ion cannon. But the ion cannon was captured by invading Imperial snowtroopers, and many of

the flights of fighter escort became suicide missions.

The men of Rogue Group performed more than admirably that day. The commemorative plaque hung in the crew lounge of the Alliance command frigate was only a small token of appreciation for the heroics of Rogue Group, but perhaps it will serve to remind younger generations of pilots of the true meaning of courage in the face of overwhelming odds.

Typical Snowspeeder Pilot. *Dexterity 2D, blaster 4D, dodge 3D, Knowledge 1D, planetary systems 2D+1, Mechanical 3D, astrogation 3D+2, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 6D, starfighter piloting 3D, starfighter piloting: X-wing 5D+1, Perception 1D+2, Strengths 2D+1, Technical 2D, repulsorlift 3D. Move: 10. Character Points: Varies, typically 0-5. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, flight suit.*

Zev Senesca

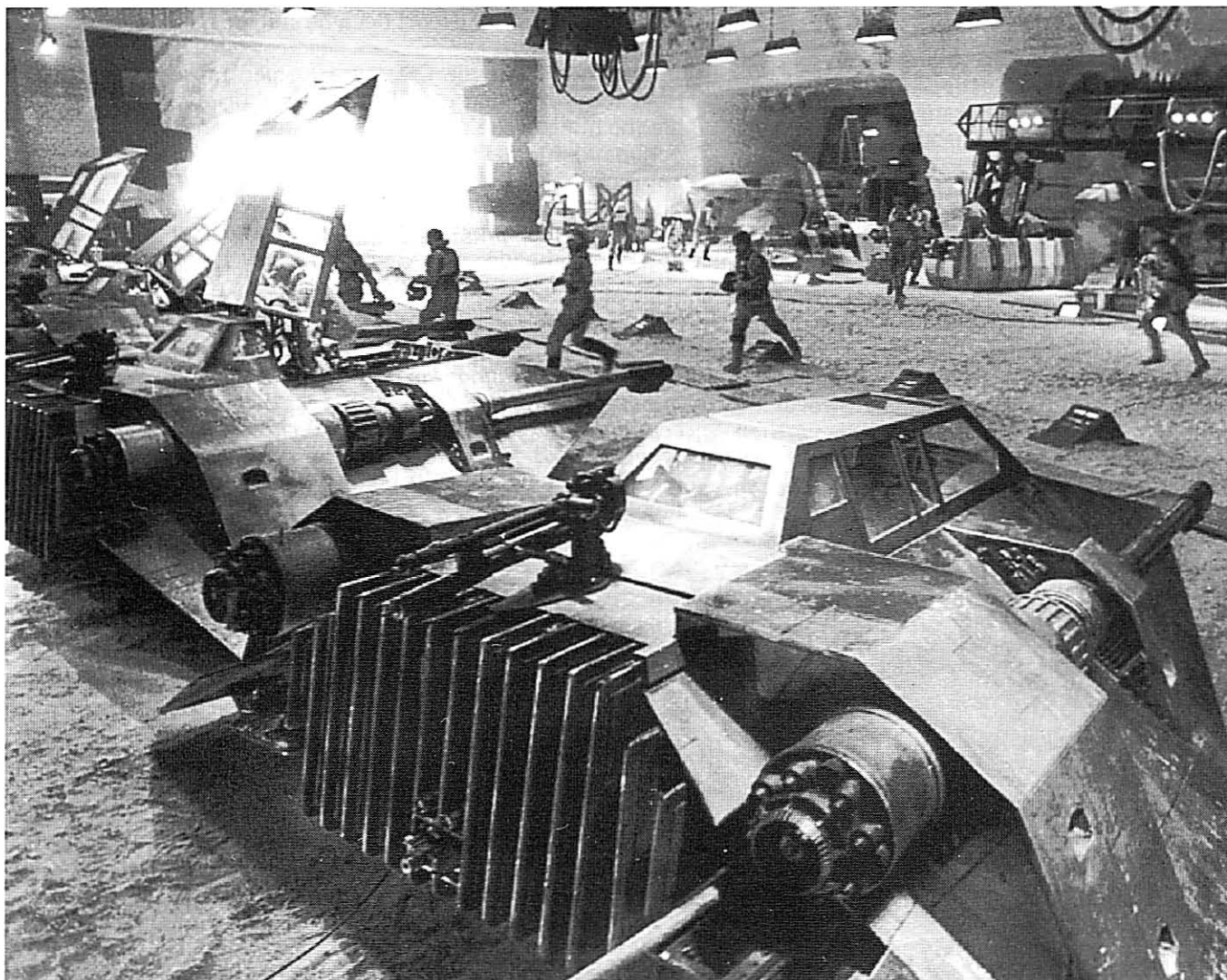
It was particularly difficult for Luke Skywalker to watch Zev Senesca's snowspeeder burst into a ball of flame. Just days before his death during the assault on Hoth, Zev had flown the patrol that had spotted and rescued Commander Skywalker and Captain Solo. Luke and Solo felt as if they owed Senesca some kind of debt.

These heroics and countless others earned Zev his reputation as a courageous pilot.

Zev was born and raised on Kestic Station, a free-trader outpost near the Bestine system. Kestic was a stopover point and occasional home to free-traders and asteroid miners of a distinctly non-guild, non-regulation, non-Imperial bent. Zev's parents were dealers in just about anything, including, in their later years, arms for a then-fledgling Rebellion. Although these actions were extremely risky (illegal arms dealing with the Alliance carried the death penalty), Zev's parents felt that they were doing the right thing. They continued this practice, eventually becoming a vital link in the Alliance's supply chain.

Growing up in such a free environment and surrounded by people of such high ideals, Zev was a natural candidate for recruitment by the Alliance. His parents encouraged him toward this end and he left Kestic to join the Rebellion. Soon after that, he became an orphan.

Rebel supply lines had been traced back to Kestic and to Zev's parents. Without stopping to take prisoners or ask questions, the Imperial



Star Destroyer *Merciless* sliced the station to bits. All aboard were killed. Zev's response to this atrocity was not grief, but anger. He blamed the Alliance for the destruction of Kestic Station, and for the death of his parents. And so, after no more than a year of fighting for the Rebellion, he left the Alliance and headed for deep space and a life as a free-trader.

Then, Zev learned the terrible truth. A "friend" he had confided in was the informant who revealed to the Empire Kestic Station's involvement in the Rebellion. He had trusted this "friend." The leak in the security of the supply line was Zev's fault. This realization gave Senesca a new attitude toward the Rebellion he had once blamed for the death of his parents. It wasn't long after this that Zev Senesca chose to rejoin the Alliance and fight the true enemy — the Galactic Empire. Zev served the Alliance for many years after that, and was distinguished for his actions in combat. In his career, he had 48

confirmed kills. He received several commendations for his actions, but the one that he was most proud of was for the evacuation of the Rebel base on Alis Point, where he held three TIE fighters at bay while the Alliance's unarmed transport fled into hyperspace.

■ Zev Senesca

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Planetary systems 4D, value 4D+2

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 4D+2, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 5D+2, starfighter piloting: X-wing 5D+1, starship gunnery 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 5D+1, gambling 3D+2, search 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Lifting 4D+1, stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Repulsorlift repair 4D+1, starfighter repair 4D

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, comlink

Wes Janson

Manning a gunner's station requires a great deal of skill and nerve, a little luck, and a lot of faith in the ship's pilot. Whether the station is in a Y-wing fighter or a snowspeeder, the situation is the same. The gunner faces backwards in a vessel flying at incredibly high speeds. He has absolutely no control over the ship and only a single, high-powered weapon between him and any attacking enemies. His responsibility is to protect the ship's stern, and he has to hope that the pilot won't suddenly swerve and swoop just as he is lining up a clean shot. And, of course, the gunner always hopes that the pilot will remember the gunner is back there and won't leave him exposed to enemy fire.

Wes Janson is one of these half-courageous, half-crazy men who ride in the rear of high-performance vehicles, playing a high-tech, life-and-death game of "tag" with expertly trained Imperial pilots and gunners. His is a special breed, and he wears his True Gunner's insignia with dignity and pride. True Gunner is the highest order of gunnery awarded within the ranks of the Rebel Alliance, and Lieutenant Janson earned his through "consistent excellence and superior performance as an officer and a gunner," or so said General Dodonna at the awards ceremony at Tierfon Fighter Base.

Janson had operated out of Tierfon for most of his enlistment with the Alliance. During that time he flew with some of the top Rebel pilots, racking up an impressive kill record and a tremendous reputation. Among the pilots who flew with Janson in his early days at Tierfon was Jek Porkins, a close friend and one of the heroes of the Battle of Yavin who sacrificed their lives. Janson still speaks very highly of Porkins, and often tells some rather tall tales of those days back at Tierfon.

But it is most often with sadness that Janson recalls his old friend, since the situation surrounding the death of Jek Porkins is one which Janson feels could have been avoided. In the early days of Tierfon, the base was used primarily for training missions. These were technically "active" missions, but not of the most hazardous variety. Most recruits were sent to Tierfon so that they might get some combat experience under their belts without having to face extremely difficult situations.

Among these green recruits were Janson and Porkins. Coming out of the same training class, the two became good friends and worked well together.

The next step up from Tierfon was "full active" duty on a high-security system base, such as the one on the fourth moon of Yavin. With the destruction of Alderaan and the impending threat of the Death Star, Tierfon's status was boosted to "full active." But the fighter contingent on the base was significantly reduced, with other less protected bases in need of greater fighter cover. Among those in need of immediate help was the Yavin Base. When the emergency transfer list was posted, Janson was on it.

Having come down with a case of Hesken Fever on a recent scouting mission, Janson was laid-up at the time of the transfer. But someone would still have to fill his slot on the transfer list, even though the ailing Janson vainly insisted on going. That someone was Jek Porkins. He never returned from Yavin, and to this day, despite obvious rationalizations that it was not his fault, Wes Janson hasn't forgiven himself.

On Hoth, Janson worked as he does these days, flying to honor his fallen friend. Hopefully, in his own mind, his heroics during the assault on Hoth put to rest at least a little of the guilt he has been feeling.

■ Wes Janson

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D, dodge 4D+1, melee combat 4D+1, missile weapons 6D, vehicle blasters 6D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Languages 3D, planetary systems 3D+2

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 5D, repulsorlift operation 4D+2, starfighter



Mutiny on the Rand Ecliptic

Voren Na'al overheard the following story in the crew lounge of the Rebel medical frigate. It was being told by Hobbie to a highly curious and nostalgic Luke Skywalker, during an exchange of stories concerning their late mutual friend, Biggs Darklighter. The story is used here by permission of both parties involved and in the honored memory of Biggs Darklighter.

Officially, our mission to the Bestine system was to deliver a consignment of rubindum ore—a substance integral in the construction of hyperdrive engines—to the newly established Imperial Navy Yard in that system. Unofficially, Biggs and I had a mission of our own. My old friend Lindy was stationed on Bestine, and in his last holotrans he had told me of his new friends—members of the Rebel Alliance. We were both anxious about what we thought we should do. When we got to Bestine, we were going to jump ship, find Lindy, and join the Rebellion. At least, that was the plan.

Everything seemed to go well, at first. Almost too well. The captain, in a stroke of sheer luck for us, ordered Biggs and I to leave the *Rand Ecliptic* and make contact with the shipyard personnel who were to take possession of the ore consignment. Captain Heliesk was an extremely efficient officer who usually went strictly by the book. It worried us that he would send both the ship's first mate and its executive officer on a mission like this. It was contrary to his usual policy of at least one of us always staying on board at all times, and we wondered if he suspected anything.

Although we were nervous, we tried to look at the bright side of the situation. We wouldn't need to jump ship after all, and since our orders were to seek out and find someone, we could "officially" spend our time looking for Lindy.

Our uncanny luck continued, and Lindy found us almost immediately. He ushered us into an empty hangar where he introduced us to several of his friends. They were all secretly working with the Rebellion, smuggling starship parts and raw materials out of the system for use by Alliance shipbuilders. He was awaiting the arrival of a new Rebel contact, known to him only as "Starfire."

This contact, according to Lindy, would help us jump ship and join the Rebel Alliance. The situation was not promising, but Biggs's eternal optimism managed to keep me from calling the whole thing off. But when the main hangar door opened and a squad of Imperial stormtroopers flooded into the domed shell, I wished to the Force I had.

The stormtroopers quickly surrounded us and, as we feared, they were led by Captain Heliesk. He smirked confidently as he approached us. There was a long, painful pause as he looked deeply into the faces of each of the captured men, finally finishing with us. The silence was abruptly broken as he addressed Biggs and myself. "Good work. Take this Rebel scum back to the ship. Hold them in the starfire suite." He winked at me then and dropped a rank cylinder into my sweating palm.

The rank cylinder served as a key to the captain's quarters, and once the trooper escort left us, we headed straight for them. Captain Heliesk wasn't far behind us. "Boys," he grinned, "you're taking the ship."

His plan was a simple one. The Alliance needed our cargo, but since he was still a valuable spy who had a good deal of authority within the Empire, the captain couldn't afford to be exposed as an Alliance sympathizer. The perfect solution was a mutiny. Biggs and I would feign revolt and capture the bridge. From there, we could use the threat of setting the ship to self-destruct to force the rest of the crew to leave. But the problem was what might happen once we lifted off Bestine. This was an Imperial Navy Yard, and there were bound to be quite a few TIE fighters they could scramble to chase after us.

The first step of the plan went well, and the crew had no choice but to abandon ship. With the help of Lindy and his friends, we were able to fully man the bridge and get the *Rand Ecliptic* and her valuable cargo off planet.

The next step was the tough one. The Empire did have a healthy complement of TIE fighters based on Bestine, and they were after us almost immediately. There were too many of them to fend-off with the *Rand Ecliptic's* feeble weaponry, but we only needed to buy enough time to make the calculations for the jump to lightspeed. Biggs had that familiar gleam in his eye.

Turning the ship's starboard hold toward the incoming swarm of fighters, he dumped half of the ore consignment directly into the path of the approaching ships. This created a small-scale asteroid field. Only a few of the fighters were able to avoid the tumbling and deadly ore. Scattered explosions and ricocheting debris filled the space behind us. The few fighters that did get through were unable to stop us from entering hyperspace and a new life with the Alliance.

piloting 4D+2, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 5D
PERCEPTION 3D
 Command 3D+2, con 3D+2
STRENGTH 3D
 Brawling 4D+1, stamina 4D
TECHNICAL 3D
 First aid 4D, starship repair 4D-1
Character Points: 1
Move: 10
Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, comlink

Derek "Hobbie" Klivian

Hobbie was the skeptic of Rogue Group. With such optimistic, upbeat wingmen as Luke Skywalker and Wedge Antilles, Hobbie's cautious pessimism (or "realism," as he referred to it) provided the counterbalance that helped mold Rogue Group into such an effective fighting force. When Luke and Wedge talked of "aggressiveness" and "attack posture," Hobbie inevitably brought up "evasiveness" and "defensive posture." But it was more than just being opposite for the sake of opposition, since the other members of Rogue Group respected Hobbie's opinions as much as anyone else's.

The reason for Hobbie's predominantly negative attitudes stems from his days at the Imperial Academy. When he entered the Academy, Hobbie was a typically impressionable youth, star-struck and eager to climb into the cockpit of a starfighter. The political ramifications of joining the Imperial Navy were then irrelevant to Hobbie. He thought only of jockeying across the stars at dizzying speeds and melting women with his dashing figure as a young, handsome, smartly uniformed pilot. But some of the friends that Hobbie made at the Academy soon changed this attitude. Prominent among these friends was a fellow recruit — a young, handsome, and overly-enthusiastic pilot named Biggs Darklighter.

These two wide-eyed youths and a score of other cadets began to see the galaxy as more than just the Empire. They met secretly and, in their youthful naiveté, planned how they would single-handedly overthrow the Empire. The meetings were more brave talk than anything else. But the Academy Commander thought otherwise. He found out about the meetings from an informer and immediately apprehended the participants. Hobbie and Biggs were not taken into custody. They had been absent for that particular meeting, so were not on the informer's list. Additionally, the others had not revealed Hobbie and Biggs as members of the group. But many of their friends were taken. Those cadets were never seen again.

At first, Hobbie and Biggs thought that it was simply a prolonged period of punishment or isolation. Then they thought their friends had

been transferred to another unit. But gradually the cold reality of the situation made itself evident to them.

Hobbie and Biggs never truly learned what the Empire did with the young men they had taken, but the effect on the two surviving cadets was profound. No longer did they talk childishly of overthrowing the Empire. Now, they talked seriously of deserting to join the rumored Rebel Alliance. Wisely, the two quietly bided their time until after graduation, at which time they were both fortuitously assigned to the same ship — the space-freighter *Rand Ecliptic*. It was a relatively small ship, so both of the youthful officers were given important assignments aboard it. Biggs was made first officer and Hobbie ship's executive officer.

After deserting the *Ecliptic*, they were able to find the often elusive Alliance and join it, eventually becoming two of the Rebellion's most talented pilots and valued members. Although Hobbie and Biggs were inseparable comrades, circumstances eventually parted them. Then, graduates of the Imperial Academy and valued leaders such as these were extremely rare in the ranks of Rebel pilots, and General Dodonna had little choice but to assign them to outposts where they could be most effective.

As with Jek Porkins, the random luck of being assigned to Yavin Base proved ultimately fatal to Biggs Darklighter. Hobbie went on to run guns out of the Sullust system, until his assignment to Alliance Command. Before the incidents on Hoth, Hobbie distinguished himself with superb flying and starfighter tactics. His abilities and skills, combined with the other pilots such as Wedge Antilles and Luke Skywalker, saved the constantly relocating base group from numerous close calls with all manner of galactic informers, bounty hunters, local system governments, and Imperial forces. Every time the Rebels found a planet to set up their base, something showed up that required them to evacuate yet again. In most of these cases, it was the pilot corps, including Hobbie, that provided the time for the transports to escape.

During his early days of duty with the Rebel base, he learned of the death of Biggs from Luke Skywalker. Together they exchanged stories about their late companion, and eventually Luke and Hobbie became good friends, flying together in the newly formed Rogue Group.

But the sudden shock of the disappearance of his Academy buddies, combined with the tragic death of his best friend, have left Hobbie with his characteristically skeptical outlook on life. Add to this his experiences in the devastating Battle on Hoth, and one must wonder if his

attitude will ever change.

■ Hobbie Klivian

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, dodge 4D+2, melee combat 4D+1, vehicle blasters 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Streetwise 3D

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 4D+2, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 5D, starfighter piloting 5D+1, starship gunnery 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 4D, hide 3D+2, sneak 3D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2, swimming 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Droid programming 4D+1

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, comlink



Dak Ralter

It is unfortunate that the highest price paid in this bloody civil war is often that of the lives of the young. They do not even remember the days of the Old Republic and the peaceful beauty that accompanied them. The young only know the galaxy as a place of fear, oppression, and Empire. And yet they still feel the need to fight, to resist, to rebel, despite having nothing but old tales of "better times" upon which to model their dreams.

One such idealistic dreamer was Dak Ralter, a valued member of the fabled Rogue Group. Before his death at the hands of the Imperial ground assault forces on Hoth, he was the gunner in the snowspeeder piloted by Luke Skywalker.

Dak's parents were children of the Old Republic. Many of the days of his youth were filled with stories of the wonder and delight that existed in the galaxy before the coming of the Empire. These stories were just about all that kept him going during most of the time he spent in the labor colony on Kalist VI. He was born there, in captivity, the child of political prisoners, with little hope of a life outside the confines of the huge transparisteel dome.

But little hopes should be kept alive at all costs, for someday they may come to fruition, as they did with Dak. He was a mere 17 standard years old when he was given his chance at freedom, and he took that chance with an energy born of a lifetime of pent-up anger and aggression. A new prisoner had come to the camp, and being just a bit older than Dak, the two became fast friends. His name was Breg, and he was a Rebel pilot who was downed while on a recon mission. The Empire did not know of Breg's Rebel affiliation, otherwise he'd have faced an Imperial interrogation droid, or worse.

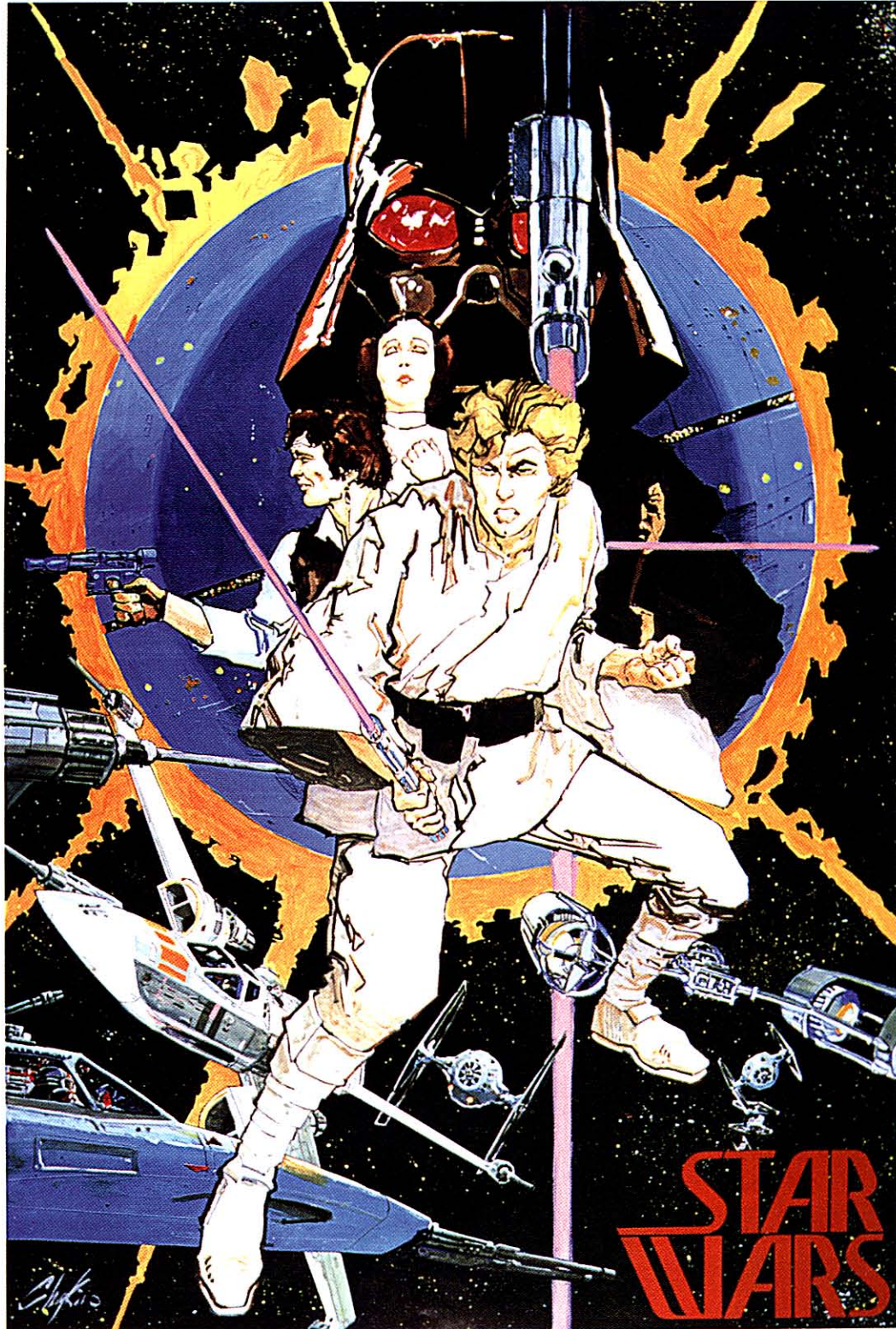
Breg was a free spirit, and the impressionable Dak was quite taken by the newcomer. Together they planned an escape from Kalist VI. Dak's parents encouraged their son in this venture, knowing that this might be his only chance for a life beyond captivity. They also knew that they would only hamper their son's plans by trying



Star Wars: A New Hope

Available from Kilian Enterprises for \$20 (see Kilian Enterprises advertisement).

This poster features artwork that was painted in 1977 by Greg and Tim Hildebrandt. The art was originally intended to be used on the 1977 American movie campaign poster called the Star Wars Style 'B,' but the poster was scrapped before ever being printed and the art was never used on any American posters until the printing of this commemorative poster by Kilian Enterprises. This one-sheet is also the first to utilize the alternative title, A New Hope.



Poster 1

1st Edition Artist Howard Chaykin **Luke Skywalker** © The Star Wars Corporation 1976

Illustration by Howard Chaykin © The Star Wars Corporation 1976

■ Luke Skywalker

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$350.

This was the first poster produced to promote Star Wars. It was printed by Twentieth Century-Fox for the 1976 World Science Fiction Convention in Kansas City. Twentieth Century-Fox had a special display for Star Wars at the convention and sold the poster to convention goers. Mark Hamill was also present and signed many of the posters. It is rumored that as few as 1,000 of these posters were ever printed.



Star Wars • Style 'D' Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$200.

With the 1978 rerelease of Star Wars came the style 'D' one-sheet. This poster is a favorite with collectors due to its unusual artwork. The original artwork hangs in George Lucas' home. In a written interview with Drew Struzan, the artist stated that he painted the people and Charlie did the robots.

May the Force be with you.



One year old today.

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
Some Material May Not Be Suitable for Children

"STAR WARS" ACTION FIGURES COURTESY OF KENNER PRODUCTS

© 1978 20TH CENTURY-FOX



Star Wars Happy Birthday One Sweet

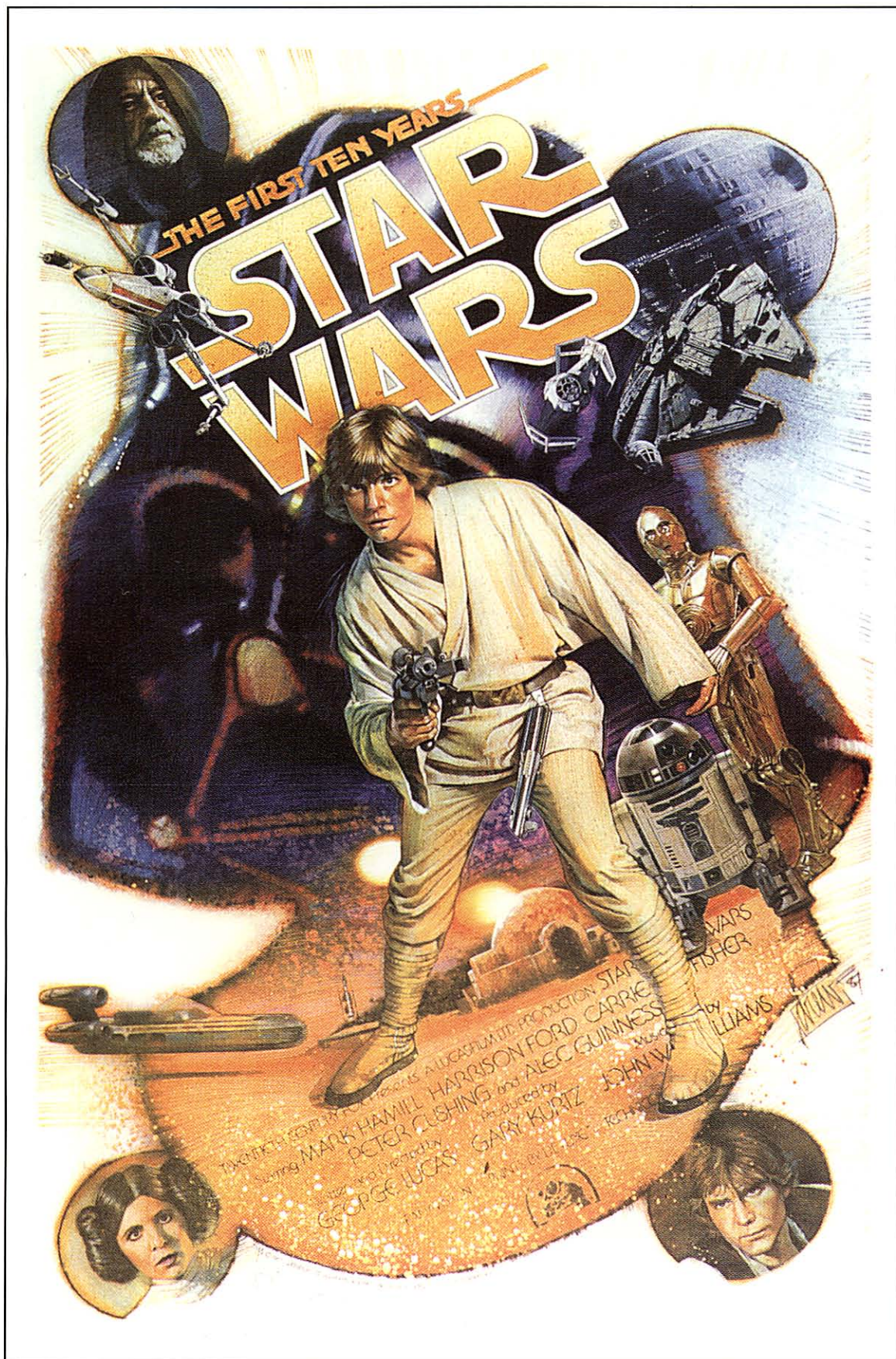
Design by Tony Seigner and Associates © 1978 20th Century-Fox

Star Wars Happy Birthday Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$650.

At the end of the first year of the Star Wars distribution, a special birthday poster was released to the theaters still playing the movie. It is probable that 500 or less of these posters were ever printed, and they are very difficult to obtain.

Illustration by Drew Struzan © 1988 Lucasfilm Ltd.



Star Wars Tenth Anniversary • Style 'B' Poster

Available from Kilian Enterprises for \$50 (see Kilian Enterprises advertisement; signed and numbered by the artist).

This is one of the first Star Wars commemorative posters produced by Kilian Enterprises. New artwork by Drew Struzan was commissioned specifically for this poster and now hangs in residence over the artist's desk.

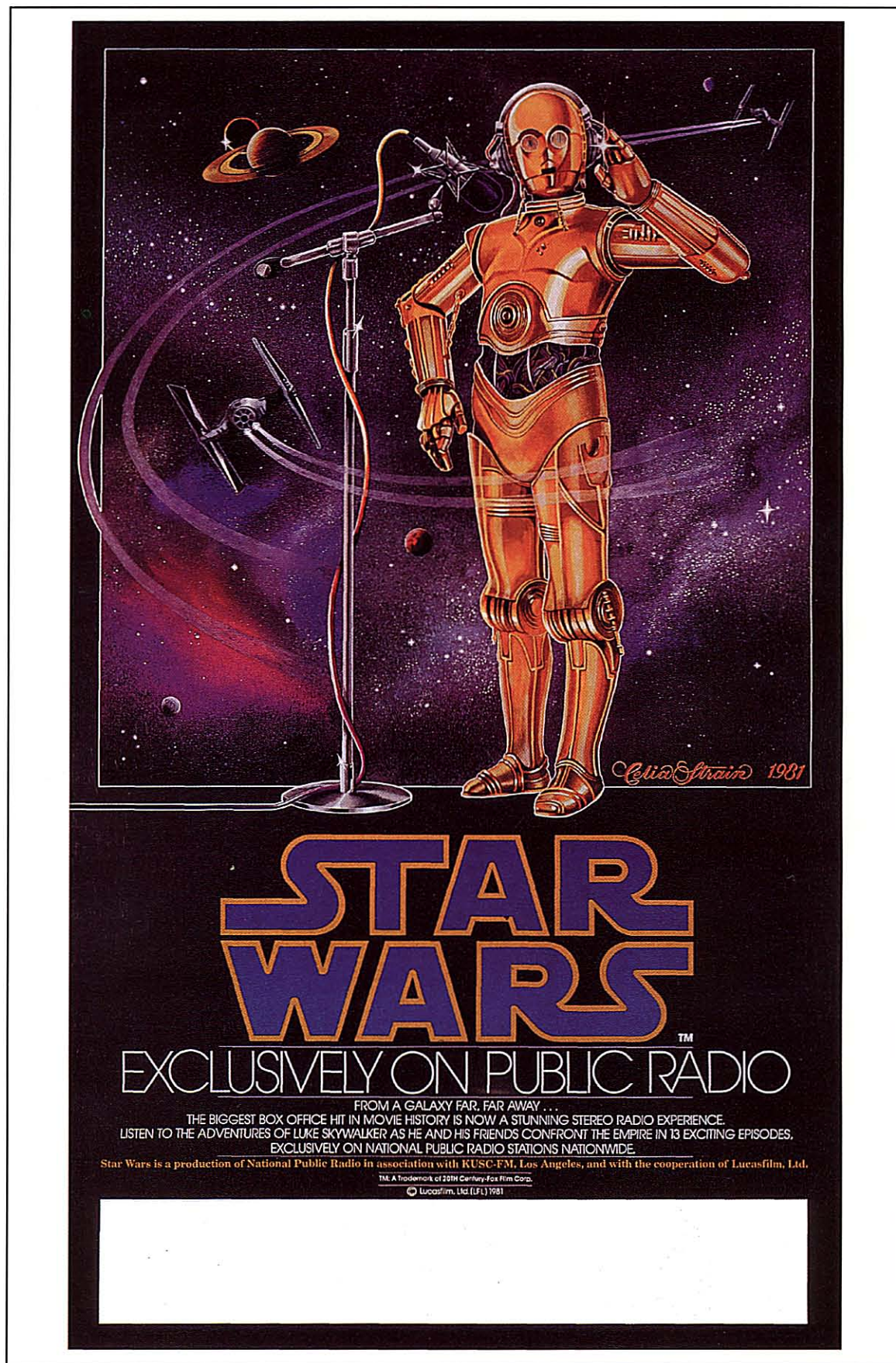
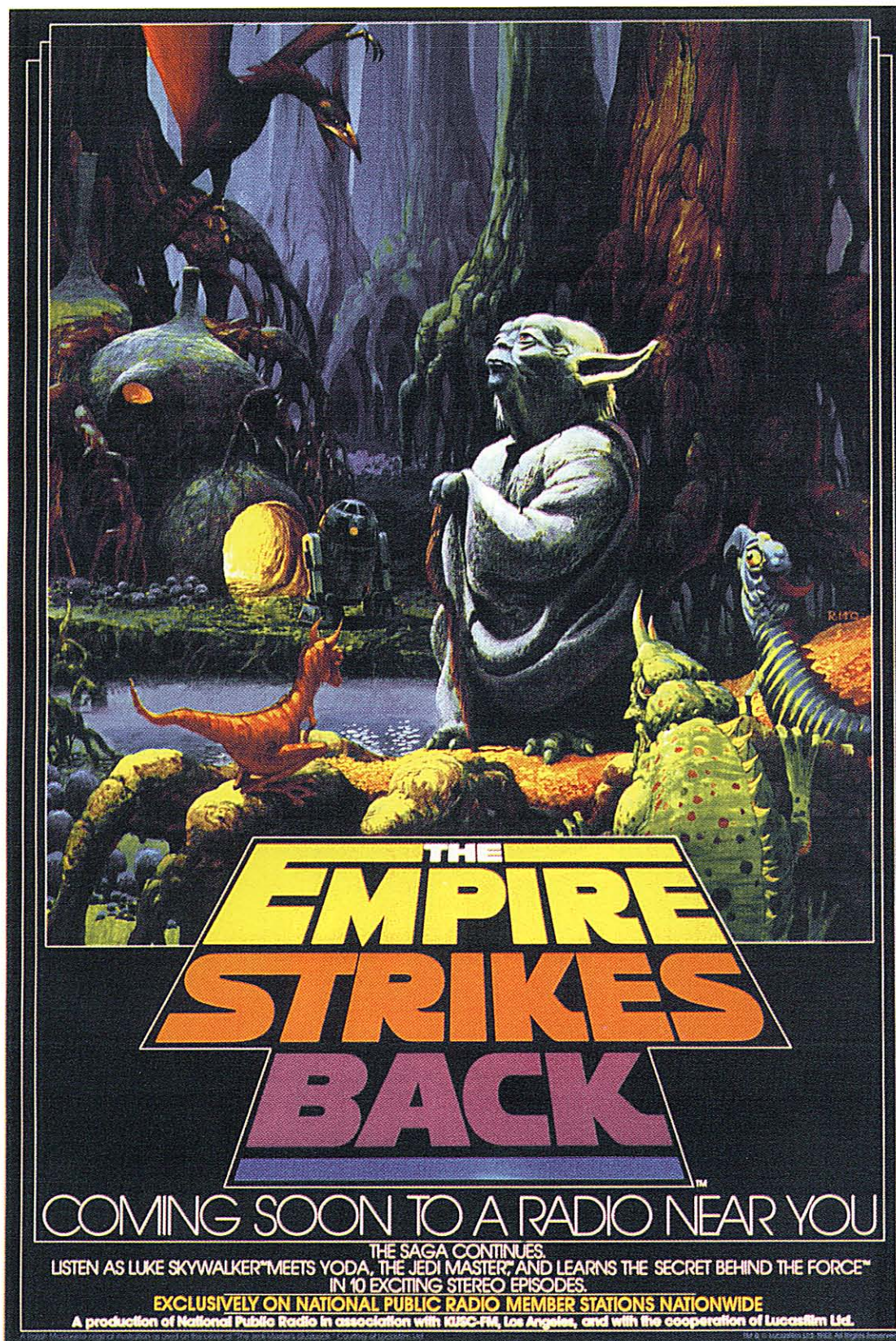


Illustration by Celia Strain © Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL) 1979

Star Wars • Radio Drama Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$125.

This poster was printed specifically for the broadcast of the Star Wars Radio Drama and was sent only to National Public Radio stations for promotion.



■ The Empire Strikes Back • Radio Drama Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$125.

This poster was printed for the broadcast of The Empire Strikes Back Radio Drama. It was sent only to National Public Radio Stations for publicity. It was printed in much smaller numbers than was the Star Wars Radio Drama poster, and is much more difficult to find.

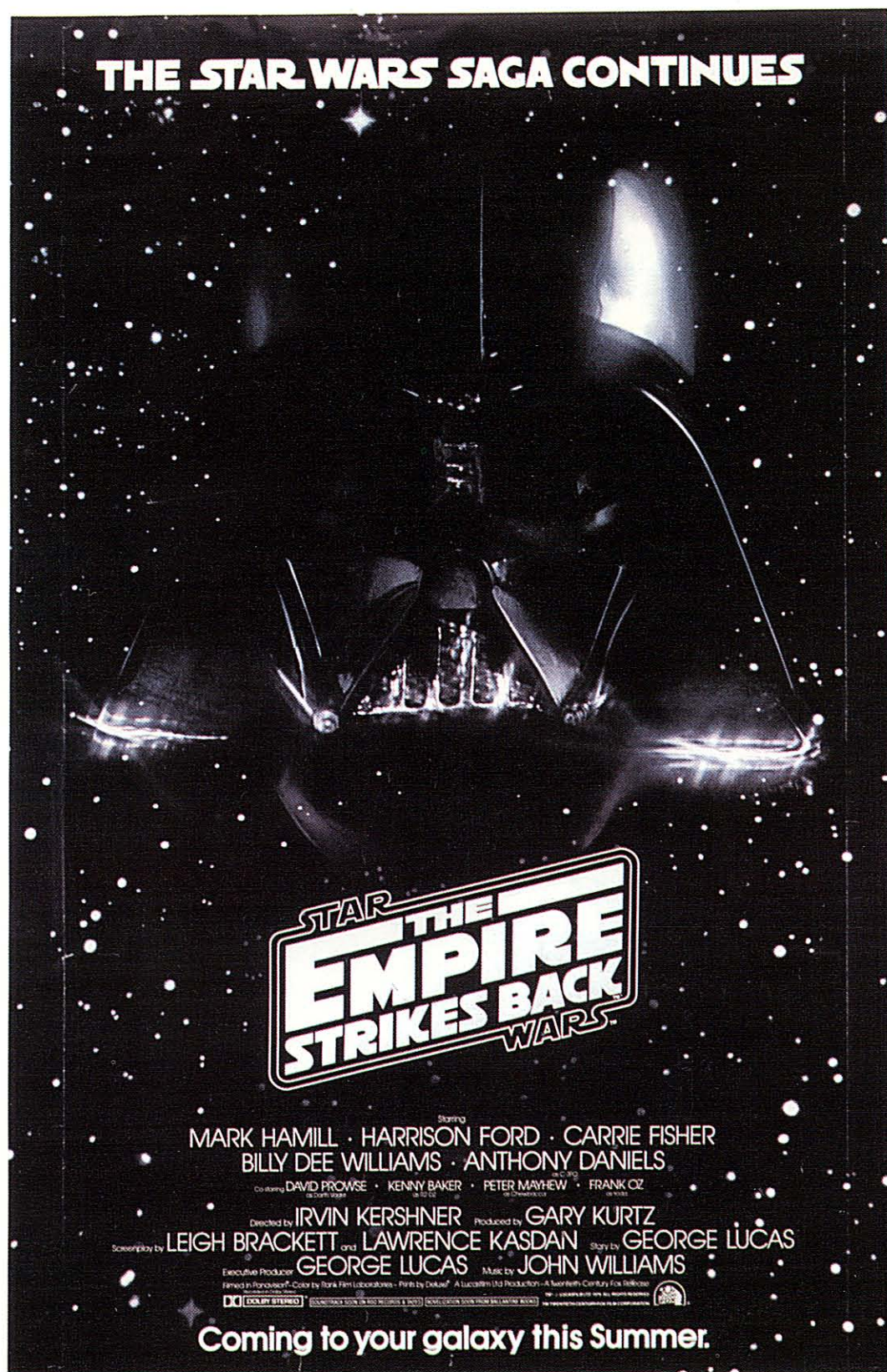


Illustration by John Alvin. Design by Suzy Rice-Lane. © 1978 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation

Star Wars • Concert Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$750.

This poster was printed for the Star Wars concert series that was to be held across the country in 1978. But the series turned out to be only one concert at the Hollywood Bowl on November 20, 1978, and the poster was sold at the concert on that night only.



- The Empire Strikes Back • Advance Poster Style 'A'**
No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$100.
At Christmastime, 1979, theaters featured a poster with a large image of Darth Vader's helmet superimposed on a field of stars. This was the first poster for The Empire Strikes Back.

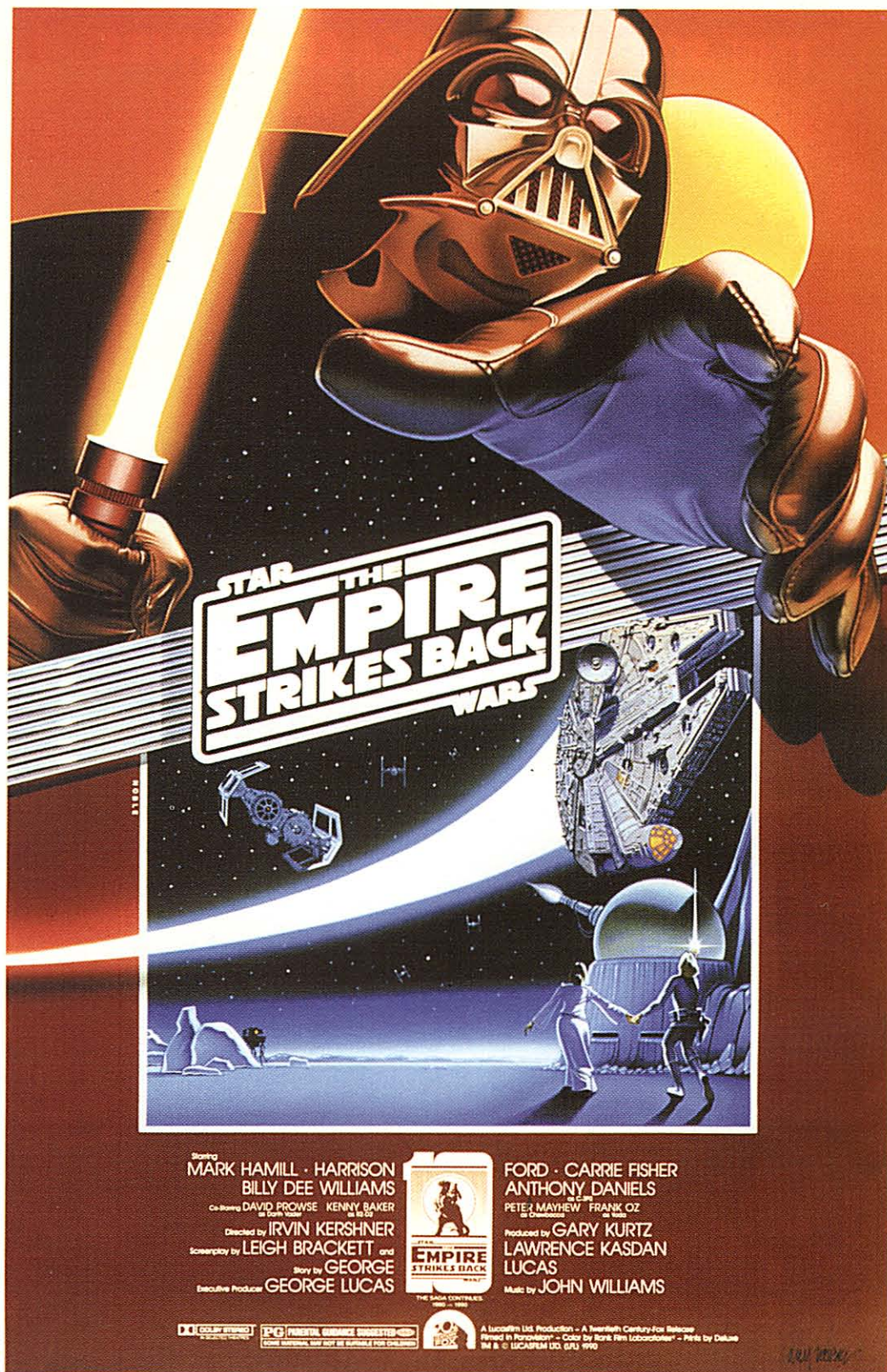


Illustration by Larry Noble © 1990 Lucasfilm Ltd.

The Empire Strikes Back • 10th Anniversary Style 'A'

Available from Kilian Enterprises for \$25 (see Kilian Enterprises advertisement; signed by the artist). This artwork, commissioned during the original movie campaign in 1980, was unused until it was printed on this commemorative poster in 1990. Poster produced by Kilian Enterprises.



■ The Empire Strikes Back • Style 'A' Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$150.

This poster was sent to theaters just in time for the May 1980 release. Dubbed the "love story" poster due to the Gone With The Wind style artwork, the style 'A' was used only for a short time. Two variations exist. The first is the American release style 'A' which has no NSS numbers at the bottom. The second is the international one-sheet with the description, "EMPIRE STRIKES BACK 1 SHEET — INTERNATIONAL."

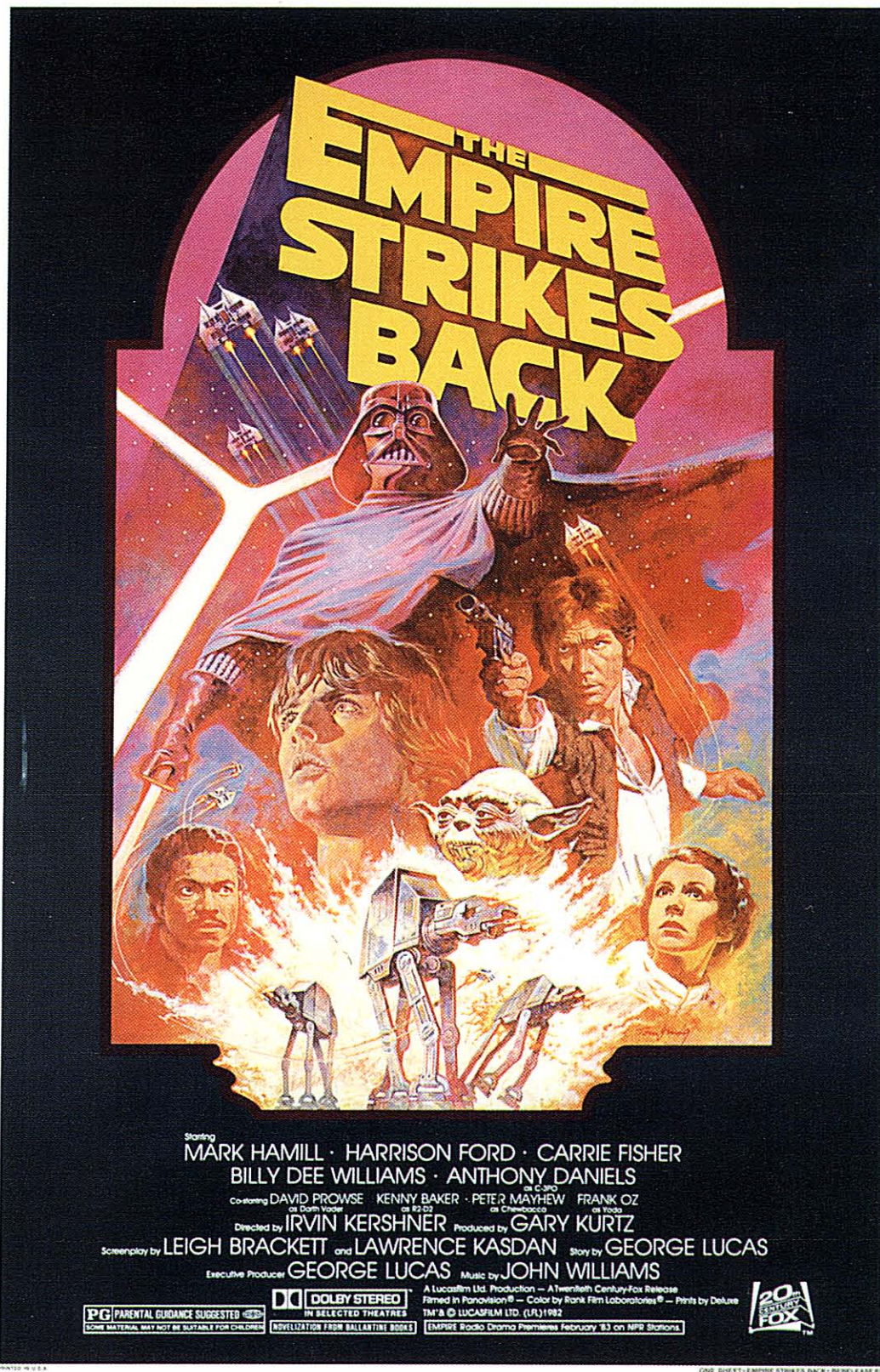


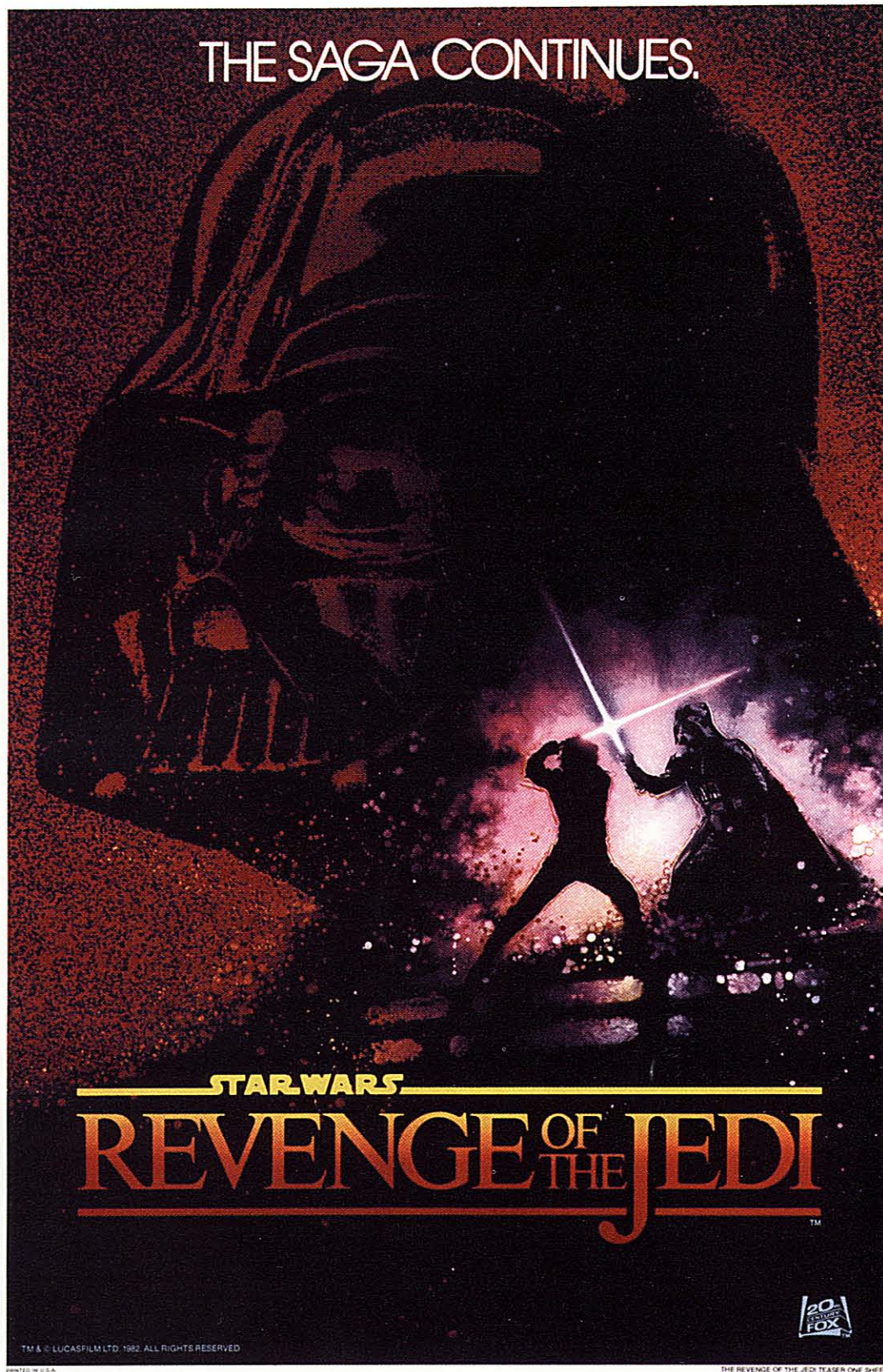
Illustration by Tom Jung © Lucasfilm Ltd. 1982

■ The Empire Strikes Back • 1982 Rerelease Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$35.

The poster for this rerelease featured new artwork by Tom Jung. It is, however, very similar to the 1981 rereleased one-sheet art. There is a small note at the bottom of the poster for fans to listen for the radio drama of The Empire Strikes Back on your local National Public Radio Station.

Illustration by Drew Struzan © Lucasfilm Ltd. 1982



■ **Revenge of the Jedi Advance • First Version**

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$200.

Christmas 1982 saw the release of the Revenge of the Jedi one-sheet advance. This poster was difficult to obtain even when first released. At the NSS in Dallas, of the 25 copies the service received, only two ended up going to theaters. The other 23 were stolen. There are two variations of this poster. This, the first version, has no release date at the bottom.



Illustration by Tom Jung © Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL) 1985

Return of the Jedi • 1985 Reissue Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$30.

This is the latest reissued poster for Return of the Jedi. It features new artwork by Tom Jung. It was distributed free to the first fifty viewers of the Star Wars Saga Triple Bill showing on March 28, 1985, at each of the nine theaters housing the one-day-only event.



Return of the Jedi • Style 'A' Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$40.

When Return of the Jedi came to theaters in May of 1983, the style 'A' one-sheet was released. It was rumored that the style 'A' was actually to be the advance one-sheet, but the artwork was not finished in time, so it was instead used for the regular one-sheet. The style 'A' did not last long and was soon replaced by the style 'B' one-sheet. One counterfeit of this poster exists and can be easily identified, as in many other counterfeit posters, by its poor, unprofessional printing quality and its muddy, unfocused appearance.



Illustration by Kazuhiko Sano © Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL) 1983

Return of the Jedi • Style 'B' Poster

No longer available; Kilian Enterprises reports collectors' value at \$50.

Three variations of this poster exist. The first has "Return of the Jedi Style 'B' One Sheet" printed in the lower right-hand corner. The second version is the same with two lines added below the first; "830013" and below that, "Return of the Jedi." The third version is the international poster with "Return of the Jedi Style 'B' International One Sheet," printed in silver in the lower right-hand corner. This size (26-3/4 x 39-1/4 inches) is slightly smaller than an American one-sheet. The artwork is also printed to the edge of the poster.

to go with him, and they insisted he go without them. It was a difficult choice for young Dak, but he heeded their wishes.

While waiting for the arrival of the prison barge, Breg and Dak vaulted the inner power fence of the camp, shorted the outer fence and managed to make it past the sentries. Once a few slightly-used Imperial guard uniforms were "borrowed," gaining access to the landing area was relatively easy. With the triggering of a false reactor alarm and a prearranged power outage, the two fugitives were able to board the prison barge and clear all moorings. But before they could lift off, an Imperial stormtrooper saw what was happening, boarded the ship, and tried to stop the two youths. Breg was shot before Dak could blast the trooper. The Rebel fugitive lay wounded and dying on the cockpit floor.

With both their lives at stake, Dak was forced to take the ship's controls. He had had no previous experience with any technology more sophisticated than a laser drill, and Breg, only able to speak, had to talk him through takeoff. Dak displayed a natural affinity for piloting. Under Breg's guidance they were off world and preparing to enter hyperspace.

Breg's condition was worsening. By the time they arrived at Tierfon Base, Dak was forced to land the ship unaided. It wasn't the prettiest of landings, but it was in many respects miraculous. Despite Dak's heroic efforts, Breg died shortly after landing.

Before his own death during the assault on Hoth, when asked about his natural piloting and gunnery talents, Dak would reply, "I had a good teacher."

■ Dak Ralter

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 4D, missile weapons 6D, vehicle blasters 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Planetary systems 3D+2, survival 3D

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 4D+2, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 4D+2, starfighter piloting 4D+2, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship shields 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 4D, hide 4D, search 4D, sneak 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Climbing/jumping 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, repulsorlift repair 4D, security 4D+1

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, comlink

Cold Assault Stormtroopers

The Imperial troops who invaded the Rebel base on Hoth were no ordinary soldiers. They were part of an elite stormtrooper corps, as-



signed to Lord Vader's fleet and ordered to assist General Veers with all ground actions. The Emperor would take no more chances with a Rebellion that was growing both in size and effectiveness. While there were representatives from every specialized stormtrooper corps within the fleet, including sandtroopers, spacetroopers, seatroopers, radtroopers, storm commandos and scout stormtroopers, it was the snowtroopers of Blizzard Force who were called upon to bring defeat upon the Rebel Alliance.

As soon as Lord Vader discovered that Hoth was the destination for his fleet, he ordered General Veers, commander of the ground assault forces for Vader's fleet, to assemble the necessary units and equipment for cold environment fighting. Veers decided to use the Blizzard Force stormtrooper unit because of their reputation and ability.

Blizzard Force stormtroopers are trained to work in tandem with AT-AT walkers. There is no stealth involved in Blizzard Force tactics. They are trained to hit a planet fast and hard — like a blizzard — crushing any opposition quickly and completely. In tandem with an AT-AT assault force, they are a much-feared branch of the Imperial military, as their actions on Hoth attest to. Once walkers secure an area, they kneel to disembark the snowtroopers, who then go about



clearing any pockets of resistance. They also have vital survival and combat skills for arctic environments.

A special detachment, under the personal direction of Lord Vader himself, was given an important assignment. They were to quickly infiltrate, secure and neutralize the Rebel base, while Veers's men cut off all possible avenues of the Rebels' escape from the ice caves. Vader's troops were given orders not to fire unless directly ordered to. Apparently, the Dark Lord was hoping to take prisoners, and it was reasonable to believe that Commander Skywalker and his friends were the primary prey that Vader was seeking. Captain Solo, Chewbacca, and Princess Leia were nearly caught by the special detachment led by Vader. They probably would have been had it not been for one of the infamous "special modifications" on Solo's equally infamous ship, the *Millennium Falcon*.

The Blizzard Force stormtroopers wear the typical black, two-piece temperature control glove worn by other stormtroopers. Over this is an 18-piece outer shell that has been altered to include more powerful heating and personal environment units, and an airtight fabric oversuit for additional protection from the cold. To facilitate breathing in extremely cold or dangerous atmospheres, a breather hood envelops the snowtrooper's faceplate and feeds into the suit

liner. Each trooper is equipped with terrain-grip boots, a standard utility belt containing high-tension wire, grappling hooks, ion flares, additional blaster ammo, a survival kit, and food and water packs. Snowtroopers carry blaster pistols, blaster rifles, and two concussion grenades.

■ Imperial Cold Assault Stormtrooper

Type: Snowtrooper

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 5D, blaster artillery 4D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 3D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Survival: arctic 4D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 3D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), blaster rifle (5D), concussion grenades (5D/4D/3D/2D), snowtrooper armor (+1D to *Strength*, -1D to *Dexterity* and all related actions), terrain grip boots (+1D to *climbing*), ion flares, survival kit, food and water packs

AT-AT Walker Pilots

Driving an Imperial All Terrain Armored Transport is a lot like operating an entire garrison bunker on legs. It is a complex, multi-faceted piece of equipment with sensitive control sys-

tems and tremendous mass and weight. Piloting one of these behemoths is a skill that requires extensive training and practice, and is nearly impossible to master. Because these massive machines operate under diverse, often hazardous terrain types, each step requires precise adjustments.

It takes a special blend of skill and instinct to make a walker pilot. These "ground pilots" train in teams of two, learning to operate the huge mechanical beasts in tandem with a combat coordinator. One pilot drives the walker, while the second pilot serves as an assistant, navigator and gunner. Behind the pilots is the commander's station, where all orders are given. The commander can be given control of any of the guns or the walker itself through auxiliary controls.

When assembling his legion of "Hunters" to destroy the Rebellion in a planet-based invasion, General Veers was given access to the best-trained, best-equipped troops in the Imperial Army. He selected only the top of this list to join his Thundering Herd AT-AT walker squadron.

These pilots were trained to operate their walkers in many different terrain types. Like all AT-AT crews, each team lives and works in their walker over much of each mission. They even get involved in some of the maintenance, helping to reinforce the theory that the crew is an extension of the walker and vice versa.

It was this group of flawlessly trained walker crews who carried out the assault on Hoth. The success achieved by the Empire in that dreadful battle is as much a monument to the thorough efficiency of these men as to the tactical wizardry of General Veers.

The command crew that pilots each walker works in the compact, crowded cockpit — the head of the mechanical monster. The walker's weapon emplacements are also located in this section, giving the crew a wide field of vision through a viewport of armored transparisteel. Electro-rangefinders, targeting computers, sensor arrays, and holographic projectors give the pilots a 360-degree computer-painted line of sight whenever necessary. The crew is trained to use their walkers for blatant "shock" attacks, landing at great distances but in plain sight of their enemy.

Typical AT-AT Walker Pilot. *Dexterity 2D+1, blaster 4D+1, vehicle blasters 4D+2, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 3D, repulsorlift operation 4D+2, walker operation: AT-AT 5D+2, Perception 2D, command 3D, Strength 2D, stamina 3D, Technical 1D, walker repair: AT-AT 4D.* Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D+2), battle armor with internal comlink

(+1D energy and physical, head and chest, -2 to *Dexterity* and all related actions).

Typical AT-AT Walker Gunner. *Dexterity 3D+1, blaster 4D+1, vehicle blasters 6D, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 2D+1, walker: AT-AT 3D+2, Perception 1D+2, Strength 2D, stamina 3D, Technical 1D, walker repair: AT-AT 3D+2.* Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D+2), battle armor with internal comlink (+1D energy and physical, head and chest, -2 to *Dexterity* and all related actions).



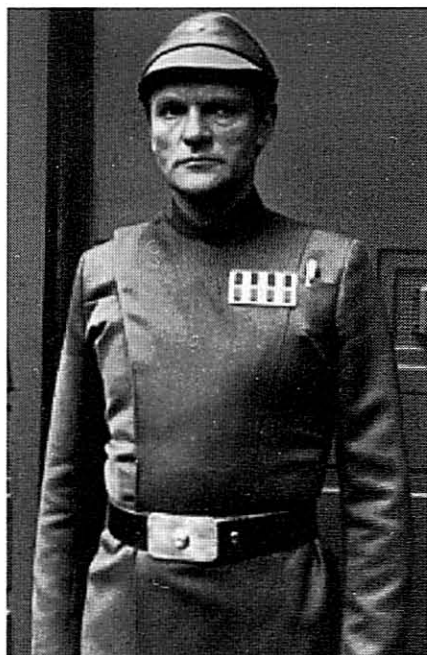
General Veers

General Maximilian Veers is the most effective combination of cunning, ruthless efficiency and loyalty to the Empire that the Imperial Army has ever produced. His rapid advancement through the ranks attests to this fact. What has made his career history even more noteworthy, however, is the large number of former superiors who have placed themselves on record as being in support of him.

Veers started in the Imperial Army, soon opting to join the assault armor division. He decided that the great mechanical monsters that were the All Terrain Armored Transports were the vehicles that most exemplified his personality and that of the Empire. He took to this training with ruthless abandon and surprising intellect. He showed remarkable initiative, emerging from several "suicide missions" by surpassing his mission assignments.

His superiors found him both very good and very dangerous. He received a promotion to commander of an AT-AT, then was shipped to an out-of-the-way world where he could either excel or perish. On Culroon III, Veers made the first major step up the military command ladder when he and his crew saved a stormtrooper detail from the machinations of a foolish general. He was promoted to major, and then the rest came quickly.

It was just after his promotion to colonel when dark questions began surfacing concerning his methods of career advancement. But the Battle of Yavin, with the devastating destruc-



tion of the Death Star and ensuing power vacuum, provided Veers with yet another opportunity for promotion. This time it was a blatant leap over the heads of several high colonels, straight to his assignment as general in charge of ground forces for Lord Vader's fleet. Whether Veers's reputation was the deciding factor in his being granted this position, or the premeditated idea on the part of his superiors that such a promotion would mean Veers would be interacting directly with Lord Vader (not exactly the most enviable of assignments) isn't clear. Nevertheless,

not a single high colonel questioned this unorthodox promotion, and the dark questions concerning Veers quickly faded.

This appointment was the pinnacle of success for someone in Veers's position, and he lost no time in proving himself. A few weeks after the promotion, Veers had his forces pared down by ten percent, yet efficiency was upped by 50 percent. His timing was impeccable, as events unfolding in a remote planetary system known as Hoth were soon to demonstrate.

Veers is the Imperial officer generally credited for the devastating success of the Hoth campaign. He managed to turn what was ini-

tially a strategic blunder for the Imperial Navy into proof that his unprecedented promotion was warranted. When the Imperial fleet came out of hyperspace too close to the Hoth system to gain the advantage of surprise, a space-to-surface bombardment became out of the question, since the Rebels were able to raise their planetary defense shield. So, a ground assault was launched and led by Veers, who masterfully executed the attack using an assault group of AT-AT walkers and support troops. This single attack almost brought an end to the Rebellion. If it were not for the constant state of preparation in which the Alliance held itself, there is little doubt that hope for the future of freedom in the galaxy would now be but a fast fading memory.

Today, Veers continues to gain respect and influence among his peers as he slowly works up the chain of command.

■ General Veers

Type: Imperial General

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 5D+2, blaster artillery 6D, dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Bureaucracy 5D, intimidation 5D+1, survival 4D+2, tactics: ground assault 8D+2, tactics: squads 6D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Walker operation: AT-AT 8D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 4D+2, command 6D+1, search 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D, stamina 5D

TECHNICAL 3D

Demolitions 4D, walker repair: AT-AT 5D

Force Points: 3

Dark Side Points: 2

Character Points: 10

Move: 10

Equipment: Blast helmet (+1D physical, +1 energy), blast armor (+1D physical and energy), heavy blaster pistol (5D)

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■ The Imperial Fleet

It is rather obvious that after the destruction of the Death Star, the Empire gave a great deal more credence to a Rebellion that was, until that stunning victory, considered relatively insignificant. Until the commissioning of that massive battle station, the Imperial fleet had always acted as the strong arm of the Empire and as the crushing fist of the Emperor. But with the destruction of the Death Star, the fleet returned to its position of dominance. Even before the defeat at Yavin, the Emperor authorized the construction of the unprecedented Super Star Destroyer *Executor*.

After designing the mighty *Imperial*-class Star Destroyer, brilliant engineer Lira Wessex turned

her talented eye toward improving on the design. Acknowledging that the immense size of the Imperial cruiser is largely responsible for its ability to intimidate, she began to design a cruiser that would dwarf even these immense battle cruisers.

The Emperor granted the Dark Lord a free hand in forming the ultimate instrument of the Rebellion's doom, presenting him with *Executor* as a gift. Vader took that liberty to gather his favored Star Destroyers to assist him. But they were all just window dressing for the mighty *Executor*. The forming of the Imperial Fleet became a public event, and a position of command within that fleet became the Empire's highest



military accolade.

In the Emperor's eyes, there was no longer a need for secrecy. He hoped to intimidate and crush the spirit of an Alliance that still basked in the fleeting glory of a decisive, but solitary victory.

Admiral Ozzel

Many of the officers of the Imperial Navy have refused to accept the true meaning and nature of the Emperor's "New Order." Consequently, many of these men, intoxicated with delusions of power and control, have, in the end, found themselves under the heel of this New Order.

Darth Vader, as representative of the Emperor, was removed and superior to the Empire's military hierarchy. Those who did possess official rank often felt resentment toward the Dark Lord. Quite often they felt his evil wrath as well. One such foolish Imperial officer was the late Admiral Ozzel.

Many speculated that certain older ties between military command and Ozzel's bloodline were responsible for his appointment as commander of the fleet that was to hunt down and destroy the elusive Rebellion. Another theory seems more credible, however. This fleet was the personal instrument of Darth Vader, but it had to be given a military commander besides the Dark Lord to appease the high-ranking members of the general staff.

Regardless of the reasons behind the appointment, Ozzel was given the command. His mission was to hunt down and destroy the Rebel Alliance, using whatever means he deemed necessary. But despite the tremendous resources at his disposal, Ozzel preferred a more personal approach to the problem. He followed up any substantial leads personally. This often meant diverting the fleet on less than productive forays.

Lord Vader did not put up with these indulgences for long, however. He began to restrict Ozzel's involvement so that he was a mere figurehead to relay orders to the rank-and-file. Ozzel lacked the common sense to know when to keep his opinions to himself, arguing with Vader over the decision to investigate the Hoth system. When Ozzel had the fleet emerge from

hyperspace close within the Hoth system, Vader punished him for alerting the Rebels to their presence. "He is as clumsy as he is stupid," said Vader. With this event, Admiral Ozzel failed Lord Vader for the last time.

Admiral Ozzel

Type: Imperial Admiral

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 4D, blaster artillery 4D-1, vehicle blasters 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Bureaucracy: Imperial fleet 5D, planetary systems 6D, tactics: capital ships 7D-1, tactics: fleets 6D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, capital ship piloting 4D+2

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Command 10D, search 4D

STRENGTH 2D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D, security 4D+1

Character Points: 9

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, datapad

Admiral Piett

Promotion within the ranks of the Imperial Navy is usually slow and almost always political. None of these things held true within the ranks of Lord Vader's fleet, however. Promotion within this fleet was largely due to attrition brought on by outright failure and execution.

Vader obviously felt that fear was the greatest motivating factor, but the overall performance of his fleet proved him wrong. In this case, fear was a distracting element, creating pressure and tension, leading to mistakes and a series of senseless executions. There was one man, however, who was able to mask and divert the results of his mistakes. He rose to command the entire fleet. This man was Admiral Piett, a man who deftly avoided the Dark Lord's wrath several times during his tenure as admiral of the fleet.

But it was not without some effort that Piett achieved this pinnacle. His career appeared, on record, to be a nearly flawless one. He made many mistakes during his ascent through the positions of command. Being able to cover your mistakes is as much a talent as not making them in the first place. Perhaps, in the eyes of some, discretion is the better part of ability.

Starting his career as a commander in a small



patrol squadron on the Outer Rim was not the most auspicious of beginnings for a young officer, but Piett made the best of it. In his tenure there, he amassed a tremendous record of "arrests and suppressions," making his sector one of the most secure in the Empire's wild and often uncontrollable Outer Rim. His military record while in those far reaches was flawless, and soon his reputation reached even the isolated Imperial top-brass deep in the Core. They chose him as one of the elite group of commanders gathered to lead the fleet assembled to aid Lord Vader in his search for the new Rebel base.

When this fleet was first formed, Captain (his rank then) Piett's commanding officer was Admiral Ozzel. At first, most officers in the fleet saw Ozzel as Vader's equal in power and in the command of the fleet, but Piett knew better. He had heard stories of Vader's arbitrary "punishments," and he vowed not to become one of the Dark Lord's victims. Piett's initial assignment was to dispatch and conduct information retrieval from the many thousands of remote probes sent out across the galaxy in search of the Rebel Alliance.

Piett, knowing that Ozzel would attempt to lay any blame for mistakes on the heads of lower officers, namely himself, went directly to Vader with the initial report from the probot in the Hoth system. He knew that the Admiral would ignore

the signal, as was his usual response, calling it "reaching for evidence." And so Piett waited until Lord Vader was on the bridge before he approached Ozzel with the news. As expected, Ozzel dismissed the report saying that he wanted "proof, not leads." But with his uncannily acute senses, Lord Vader overheard the conversation, as Piett had planned. The Dark Lord overrode the Admiral's authority and commanded the fleet to set course for the Hoth system.

Piett's scheme had worked to perfection, making Ozzel look bad to Vader, while at the same time making himself look sharp and attentive. When Ozzel ordered the fleet out of hyperspace too close to the Hoth system, allowing the Rebels to raise their planetary defense shield, it was his last mistake. Lord Vader immediately and permanently "removed" Ozzel, while at the same time promoting Piett to the rank of Admiral and giving him command of the fleet.

Piett quickly learned that being responsible for the fleet was not necessarily the best of all possible positions in which to be. Although he remained in this position until his death at the Battle of Endor, there were many failures that other officers would have been executed over.

■ Admiral Piett

Type: Imperial Admiral

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Bureaucracy: Imperial fleet 5D+2, intimidation 5D, planetary systems 4D+2, tactics: capital ships 6D, tactics: fleets 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 6D, capital ship piloting 4D+1, starfighter piloting 4D

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Command 8D+2, con 4D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Stamina 3D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D, security 4D+1

Character Points: 6

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), datapad, comlink

Captain Needa

"Captain Needa, the ship no longer appears on our scopes." Those were quite possibly the most frightening words that Needa had ever heard in his life. The Empire's forces had chased the *Millennium Falcon* through an asteroid field, and it was obvious how much capturing that smuggler's ship meant to Lord Vader.

Needa's ship, the Imperial Star Destroyer *Avenger*, had been given the prestigious "point" position in the most powerful space fleet ever assembled. It was not without good reason that the *Avenger* was granted this honor. For some time, Needa and his ship had performed bril-

liantly in quelling Outer Rim uprisings. Needa was a ruthless and efficient commander, the ideal “point” commander for any fleet.

But it was not the Dark Lord who made the appointment, it was Admiral Ozzel. Consequently, Needa became one of Ozzel’s closest advisors within the fleet. He was often given independent assignments by the admiral, assignments that sent the *Avenger* off on its own to follow up on certain leads. This lasted only as long as Admiral Ozzel’s command, however. The Dark Lord was wary of all of Ozzel’s trusted advisors, and each of these men was given very little leeway by Vader. One mistake, one *failure*, and they would be permanently “relieved” of duty by Lord Vader.

Needa’s lone and singularly fatal mistake came in the form of overconfidence. He had plunged headlong into the asteroid field in pursuit of the *Millennium Falcon*, just as Lord Vader had commanded. The damage sustained by the *Avenger*’s journey into the asteroid field was substantial, and the gunnery crews were kept constantly busy attempting to shoot down all the rocky debris in the *Avenger*’s path. So, when the *Millennium Falcon* was finally flushed out of the deadly field, Needa and his ship were not properly prepared.

Still, Needa felt confident that he had the freighter trapped. But when Captain Solo swung his ship around to attack its far larger and better-armed pursuer, Needa was caught off-guard. His first instinct was to reduce the tiny attacker to particles, but Lord Vader had made it quite clear that he wanted the ship and its crew intact.

In retrospect, Captain Needa’s idea to “personally apologize” to Lord Vader for losing the *Millennium Falcon* may not have been the most prudent way to handle the situation. The apology was “accepted” by the Dark Lord, who in return for Needa’s honesty, introduced the humbled captain to power of the dark side of the Force.

■ Captain Needa

Type: Imperial Captain

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 4D+1, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy: Imperial fleet 3D+2, intimidation 6D, tactics: capital ships 5D+2, willpower 4D+2

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 4D, capital ship piloting 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Command 4D+2, command: *Avenger* crew 6D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 4D, swimming 3D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Capital ship repair 4D+1, security 4D+2

Character Points: 5

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink

Star Destroyer Officers

The life of a Star Destroyer officer revolves around a single, fundamental concept — competition. Imagine being one of hundreds, sometimes even thousands, of officers aboard a single vessel. The command structure of such a ship is conducive to tremendous amounts of head-to-head competition.

With many officers not being truly sure just where they fit in the grand scheme of the chain of command, power struggles and conflicts of every type abounded in the fleet. This was just how the top Imperial brass wanted the situation to be. They figured that greater amounts of competition between Star Destroyer officers were a positive thing, inducing more careful work habits and fewer mistakes.

Because these huge ships spent so much time out in deep space, without constant or immediate supervision from the Imperial High Command, their commanders often took liberties with their crews that they would otherwise be unable to take. This was, of course, especially true of Lord Vader’s fleet. The Dark Lord had absolute power over his crew and often expressed his own rather severe form of punishment.

For this reason, among others, Star Destroyer assignments, while coveted for their potential for advancement, were feared for the likelihood that an officer would suffer for something beyond his control. That Star Destroyer officers had the fastest promotion ratio and, yet, the worst service records and lowest life expectancies among all branches of the Imperial officer class was well known among members of the military elite. Star Destroyer officers were also known as nervous, insecure men who had little chance for successful military careers.

But having a commission aboard a Star Destroyer, with all of its ruthless competition, can be an extremely prosperous and beneficial environment for a “clever” man. Suffice it to say, there is no room for error aboard a Star Destroyer. An officer either succeeds or he fails. Those of nimble mind and strong purpose prospered, while those without these qualities were doomed to failure.

Typical Star Destroyer Officer. *Dexterity 2D+2, blaster 4D+2, dodge 4D, Knowledge 3D, bureaucracy 4D, planetary systems 3D+1, tactics: capital ships 5D, tactics: fleets 4D, Mechanical 3D+2, capital ship piloting 4D, Perception 3D+1, bargain 5D+1, command 4D+1, hide 4D, Strength 2D+1, brawling 3D+2, stamina 3D+1, Technical 3D, capital ship repair 4D+1. Move: 10. Character points: Varies, typically 0-5. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink.*

The Bounty Hunters

The plight of Captain Han Solo was a particularly fascinating and tragic story. When they first heard of Jabba's price on their heads, Solo and his Wookiee companion knew they were in trouble. Greedo was a minor league bounty hunter — impressive as far as Tatooine went, but not much of a challenge for the experienced smuggler. However, as Jabba's bounty grew, much more talented bounty hunters took notice. People like Boba Fett and Skorr.

Solo's fame caught up with him on many worlds. After barely escaping a close encounter with Fett and his companions on Ord Mantell, Solo decided it was time to finally straighten out his problems with Jabba.

However, then the misadventures on Hoth brought him all too prominently to the attention of the Empire. Solo went from being a big mark to the most prized catch around.

Vader contacted Fett and the bounty hunters working under him, among others, offering a rich bounty to whoever could capture Solo. The response was staggering. Bounty hunters, mercenaries, assassin droids, and blasters-for-hire the galaxy over responded. From the horde of applicants, Vader's personal staff selected a small number of specialists particularly suited for the job. Some of the hunters were hired simply because of their reputations, while others had had personal run-ins with Solo in the past and had a grudge to settle. These hunters

were turned loose upon the galaxy, with the only restriction that the captives had to be turned over to Vader alive.

Boba Fett

Boba Fett was known galaxy-wide as one of the deadliest bounty hunters in the business. He was a man known to kill without remorse, with no allegiance to anyone or anything but cold, hard credits.

Fett was working both ends of the bounty on Solo. Fett had briefly been in the employ of Jabba the Hutt for the sole purpose of nabbing the Corellian smuggler. Jabba also required Fett to supervise the work of Bossk and several other bounty hunters for the Bloated One was willing to take no chances. Lord Vader enticed Fett by offering him a substantial bounty for finding Solo for the Empire first. He then guaranteed that Fett could have Solo to turn over to Jabba as well. Since Fett was already on retainer to Jabba for the capture of Solo, this was a natural assignment. Fett couldn't refuse the offer.

That Han made his own capture pathetically easy was so very sweet. Solo bumbled straight into a very simple trap. The idealistic fool thought his old buddy, Lando Calrissian, would hide him from the Empire. He trusted Calrissian. Fett learned long ago never to trust anyone or anything. Destroying Solo's faith in his friend was more than sweet revenge for his trouble on Ord Mantell.

The man who was Boba Fett remains a mystery. No one knows his history or background, although speculation runs rampant. Someone that good cannot just appear from nowhere — some people believe Fett was a famous warrior who was believed killed in the Clone Wars, but took up this guise for reasons known only to himself.

Boba Fett wore a weapon-covered armored suit similar to those favored by a group of warriors from the Mandalore system who were defeated by the Jedi Knights during the Clone Wars. It is unknown if Fett was a member of that group, or if he later found and adopted the armor as his own. The armor contained, by all accounts, a macrobinocular viewplate, infrared scope, sensor array, and microcomputer. It had built-in wrist lasers, rocket darts, miniature flame throwers, and a concussion grenade launcher. Several Wookiee scalps hung from his belt as evidence of his deadly abilities.



Slave I

Craft: Kuat Systems Engineering's *Firespray*-class
Type: Sublight Patrol and Attack Craft
Scale: Starfighter
Length: 21.5 meters
Skill: Space transports: Firespray
Crew: 1
Crew Skill: See Boba Fett
Passengers: 6 (prisoners)
Cargo Capacity: 40 metric tons
Consumables: 1 month
Cost: Not available for sale
Hyperdrive Multiplier: x1
Hyperdrive Backup: x8
Nav Computer: Yes
Maneuverability: 1D
Speed: 7
Atmosphere: 350; 1,000 KMH
Hull: 4D+2

Shields: 2D+2

Sensors:

Passive: 35/0D

Scan: 60/1D

Search: 100/2D

Focus: 3/2D+1

Sensor Mask: Adds +2D to sensor difficulties to detect *Slave I* greater than 50 units away.

Sensor Jamming: When activated, adds +3D to difficulty to identify *Slave I*, but -2D+2 to difficulty to detect ship.

Weapons:

2 Twin-Mounted Blaster Cannons

Fire Arc: Turret

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D+2

Space Range: 1-7/20/30

Atmosphere Range: 100-700/2KM/3KM

Damage: 5D

Concussion Missile Tube Launcher

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 3D

Space Range: 1-3/5/7

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/500/700

Damage: 4D

Ion Cannon

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-5/10/15

Atmosphere: 100-500/1KM/1.5KM

Damage: 5D+2

Tractor Beam Projector

Fire Arc: Turret

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-8/15/20

Atmosphere Range: 100-800/1.5KM/2KM

Damage: 5D

Two Proton Torpedo Launchers

Fire Arc: Turret

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 1D+2

Space Range: 1-5/15/30

Atmosphere Range: 100-500/1.5KM/3KM

Damage: None; attaches homing beacon or S-thread tracker



■ Boba Fett

Type: Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 4D

Armor weapons 6D, blaster 9D, brawling parry 5D+1, dodge 6D+1, grenade 7D, melee combat 6D, melee parry 6D, missile weapons 6D+2, thrown weapons 5D+2, vehicle blasters 7D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 5D+2, cultures 5D, intimidation 7D+1, languages 5D+1, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 8D, survival 6D, value 6D+1, willpower 6D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Astrogration 6D+1, jet pack operation 5D+2, repulsorlift operation 5D, repulsorlift operation: speeder bike 6D, space transports 7D, starship gunnery 8D, starship shields 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 7D, command 4D+2, con 6D, gambling 6D, hide 4D+2, investigation 9D, persuasion 7D, search 8D+2, sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 6D, climbing/jumping 4D, lifting 5D, stamina 7D, swimming 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Armor repair 6D, computer programming/repair 4D, demolition 6D, droid programming 4D, security 8D, space transports repair 6D

Force Points: 5

Dark Side Points: 6

Character Points: 22

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster rifle (6D), Mandalorian battle armor, comlink, Wookiee scalps dangling from belt, *Slave I*

■ Boba Fett's Battle Armor

Model: Modified Mandalorian battle armor

Type: Modified personal battle armor

Cost: Not for sale

Availability: Unique

Game Effect:

Basic Suit: Provides +4D to *Strength* for physical attacks, +3D for energy attacks. Covers head, torso and arms. No *Dexterity* penalties.

Wrist Lasers: 5D damage, uses *armor weapons* skill, ranges: 3-5/25/50.

Rocket Dart Launcher: 6D damage, uses *missile weapons* skill, ranges 3-5/10/25, poison tipped (causes 5D damage for five rounds). Can use alternative poisons and stun serums.

Turbo-Projected Grappling Hook: 20 meter lanyard, uses *missile weapons* skill (ranges 0-3/10/20), magnetic grappling "hook."

Flame Projector: 5D damage, uses *armor weapons* skill, creates cone 1 meter wide, variable one to five meters long.

Concussion Grenade Launcher: Grenades cause 6D damage over a five meter blast radius. Uses *missile weapons* skill, ranges are 1-250/350/500, magazine carries 20 grenades.

Jet Pack: Has a Move of 100 meters horizontally, 70 meters vertically. Uses *jet pack operation* skill, base difficulty is Easy, modified by obstacles. Has 20 charges, can expend up to two per round.

Sensor Pod: +2D to *search*.

Infrared/Motion Sensor: Integrated infrared and motion sensor adds +1D to *Perception* in darkness or with moving objects ahead and to both sides.

Macrobinoculars: Add +3D to *Perception* or *search* for objects 100-500 meters away. Scomp-linked into blaster rifle; reduces range two levels (for example, long range becomes short range).

Sound Sensors: Adds +1D to *Perception* or *search*. This bonus only applies in quiet situations.

Internal Comlink: Can be linked into *Slave I*'s control system (with beckon call), adjusted to other standard frequencies. Also has external speaker.

Broad-band Antenna: Can intercept and decode most communications made on standard frequencies. As a result, Boba Fett can patch into shipboard communications.

Winch: Capable of lifting 100 kilograms (Fett and his equipment only).

Sealed Enviro Filter: Filter system can block out harmful molecules, or in case of insufficient or deadly atmosphere, the suit can completely seal, drawing upon a two hour internal supply of oxygen.

Slave I

Boba Fett's ship was an intricate piece of personally customized technology built around a relatively obscure and somewhat outdated starship design. Very little remains of the original Firespray-31, an early Kuat design that had a very brief production run some years ago. Very few of these vessels can be found traveling the space lanes today. When you do find one, it is likely to be as highly modified as *Slave I*.

The Firespray has become somewhat of a specialty craft with smugglers and gun runners, since it is easily stripped down for pure speed. Two-thirds of the ship's interior is dedicated to the drive systems, which accounts for its speed and also for its initial lack of popularity, since there is not much room in the vessel for much of anything else. This is particularly true of *Slave I*, which was almost completely stripped down and retooled by Boba Fett.

The outer hull of the vessel had reinforcement plating and contact ray shielding, which to a large degree made up for the ship's overall lack of adequate deflector shielding. Only a pair of twin-mounted blaster cannons were visible on the ship's exterior hull, but there were several other weapons concealed beneath the added outer plating.

Fett used homing beacons and S-thread trackers to keep track of potential prey. Both of these devices were mounted onto dummy proton torpedoes. The torpedo itself did nothing more than penetrate the target vessel's deflector shield, while the homing beacon or tracker magnetically attached itself to the target vessel's hull. The homing beacons have very short ranges (around 15-20 light years, utilizing the same technology used in subspace radios). The S-thread trackers broadcast signals that are picked up by HoloNet transceivers. Fett obviously had a modified HoloNet receiver, and thus could track a ship across the galaxy provided the ship passed HoloNet S-threads.

The ship's engines gave *Slave I* remarkable sublight speed for a ship of that type. While this

sacrificed some of the ship's overall maneuverability, Fett undoubtedly opted for this modification because it allowed him to immobilize victims before they had a chance to escape. *Slave I's* hyperspace capabilities were rather impressive as well. The ship's hyperdrive was given particularly special attention by Fett because he was often called upon to "head off" his quarry, arriving at a prescribed destination before a target vessel.

Most of this remarkable ship's stealth came from a highly sophisticated sensor-jamming array built into the vessel's hull. The hull itself was magnetically polarized, and acted as an antenna for all electronic signals and pulses within range of the ship (in space, use a range of 50 units; in an atmosphere, the effective range was 100 kilometers). These magnetically attracted pulses of power tended to jam and scramble enemy sensor scans, reading as some sort of ion storm rather than as a starship. Besides this, Fett dampened *Slave I's* particle vapor trail to make the ship nearly untraceable.

The cargo hold of *Slave I* was converted into a top-security holding area, complete with force-cages and hull reinforcements. The ship's interior was replete with concealed weaponry and equipment.

All in all, the *Slave I* was a highly effective and efficient craft, perfectly suited to its owner. The ship was as infamous as Boba Fett himself. It is currently in the custody of the New Republic on Grakouine.

Dengar

Dengar's desire to capture Han Solo was more than a mere job: this scarred Corellian had a burning desire for revenge. Many years ago, during his rather tumultuous early adulthood, Dengar sustained severe and debilitating head injuries at the hands of Han Solo.

As a youth, Dengar was a successful swoop jockey on the Ferini team. He had been racing these dangerous vehicles since his childhood, and he became somewhat of a cult hero in the Corellian system. As a member of the well-known Ferini team, he began to reap the endorsements and financial benefits of being a top swoop jockey. However, Dengar wanted

more than to be successful — he wanted to be the *best*, and he had the ego to match.

There are two distinct circles in the swoop racing sub-culture. The professional tour, sponsored by local and Imperial governments, and the private tour, ruled and run by the notorious swoop gangs. They are two entirely different styles of racing: one controlled and aesthetic; the other wild and dangerous. Although the makeshift races held by the swoop gangs are illegal, they are far more exciting and dangerous than the pro competitions and, therefore, have spawned even greater stories, legends, and heroes than their tamer counterparts.

One such cult hero was a young swoop jockey by the name of Han Solo. It was Solo to whom the public constantly and unfavorably compared Dengar, no matter how great Dengar's accomplishments. Dengar could not stand a mere upstart being given more recognition than him. He was determined to put Solo in his place once and for all. Dengar and Solo agreed on a winner-take-all race across the incredibly dangerous crystal swamp of Agrilat.

So, with virtually everyone in the Corellian system breathlessly watching, the race was on. And it did not disappoint even one of the many observers. It was the most thrilling swoop racing the galaxy has ever seen, and the race was tightly contested until the final stretch. Solo was slightly behind, and in a risky maneuver he decided to take a lower altitude approach

through the deadly crystal underbrush. Seeing his opponent's daring maneuver, Dengar decided to do him one better by taking an even lower approach. Remarkably, both men survived the last stretch of swamp and were racing neck and neck. But when Dengar cleared the last bit of foliage, he could not see that Solo was directly above him. He pulled up right into Solo's main repulsor fin.

Dengar was critically burned and suffered serious cranial trauma. He was permanently banned from professional swoop racing for engaging in the illegal race. Eventually his injuries healed to the point where he could function normally once again, but the wound to his pride has never healed. Dengar became a bitter man, who continued to en-



dure hearing stories of the legendary Han Solo even after he left the Corellian system.

It was the galaxy-wide notice of the bounty that had been placed on Solo's head many years later that prompted Dengar to become a bounty hunter. He started in the employment of Jabba the Hutt, obsessively seeking out the elusive Solo. It was this continuing obsession that Lord Vader purchased, hoping it would drive Dengar to his prey with the Dark Lord not far behind.

■ Dengar

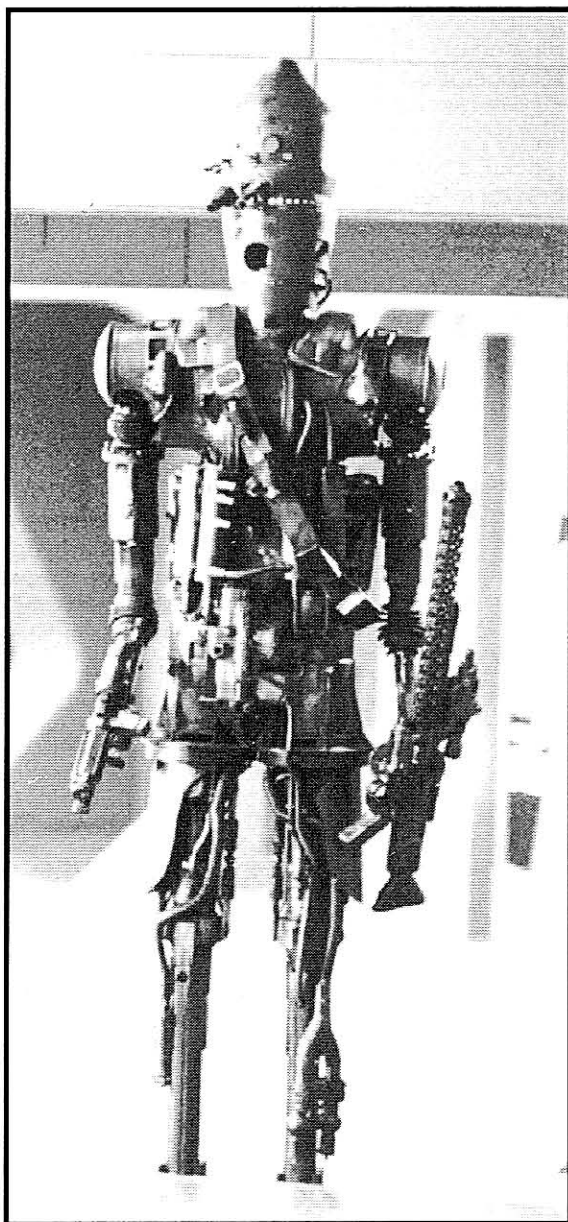
Type: Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D+2, blaster artillery 4D+2, dodge 5D+2, grenade 5D+1, vehicle blasters 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Languages 3D+2, streetwise 4D+2, survival 4D+2



MECHANICAL 2D+2

Beast riding 5D+2, repulsorlift operation 5D+2, starship gunnery 4D+2, swoop operation 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 3D+1, con 5D+1, gambling 4D+2, hide 4D+1, search 5D+1, sneak 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 6D+2, climbing/jumping 4D, lifting 4D, stamina 5D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Demolition 5D, repulsorlift repair 5D

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 12

Move: 9

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D+2), concussion grenades (7D), vibroblade (STR+2D), flexi-steel binding wire, blast armor (+2D+2 physical, +1D+2 energy to torso, arms and legs), chest-mounted comlink

IG-88

The fact that assassin droids are probably the most fiercely independent droids in the galaxy is not surprising, nor is it particularly comforting. The strength and sophistication of most assassin droid programming naturally lends itself toward independence. Although these dangerous mechanicals are always rigged with multiple safeguards and restraining bolts, many of them achieve complete independence, often at the expense of their shortsighted designers and unsuspecting masters.

The galaxy's most infamous mercenary assassin droid, IG-88, exemplifies such a case. The IG line of assassin droids was created during a particularly naive period, when scientists and engineers delved into programming technologies that they could not fully comprehend. They assumed they would be able to maintain control. The IG series was given the most sophisticated combat programming yet developed, and along with that programming the series units were given an unprecedented autonomy of action.

Within moments of their initial activation, all five of the IG-88 style prototypes escaped the high-security Holowan laboratories, killing 23 staff members in the process. This incident was but one of many that led to the banning of assassin droids (although the Empire and many private firms continue using them).

Since that infamous escape and massacre, only two of the IG series assassin droids have been positively identified. Both of them have taken up bounty hunting and the pursuit of the Imperial credit as their new primary programming. Like the earlier IG-72 models, the IG-88s are feared throughout the galaxy. IG-88 dared to work in and around the Galactic Core, often in a bold and obvious fashion, almost daring authorities to try to stop him. To date, the deadly droid is held officially responsible for upwards of 150 deaths, including those of its designers,

whom it systematically hunted down for fear of someone getting hold its original plans and finding a weakness somewhere in its design. A "Dismantle On Sight" order has been issued for IG-88 in over 40 systems. At last report, IG-88 was destroyed aboard its ship, the *IG-2000*, over the skies of Tatooine.

■ IG-88

Type: Holowan Mechanicals IG-88 Assassin Droid

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 7D, dodge 6D, energy weapons: sonic stunner 5D+2, flamethrower 5D, grenade 6D, missile weapons 6D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Alien species 5D+1, intimidation 10D, languages 3D+1, planetary systems 3D+1, streetwise 4D, survival 4D+1, value 3D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Astrogation 4D+2, space transports 5D+2, starship gunnery 3D+2, starship shields 3D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Command 4D+1, hide 3D+2, search 7D, search: tracking 10D+2, sneak 4D+1

STRENGTH 4D

Lifting 6D

TECHNICAL 1D+2

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, demolition 4D+2, droid programming 4D+2, droid repair 4D+2, security 4D+2, space transports repair 3D

Equipped With:

- Humanoid body (two arms, two legs, head)
- Broad-band antenna (can intercept and decode most communications on standard frequencies)
- Flamethrower (3D)
- Long-range sensor (+2D to search for objects 50 meters to 750 meters away)
- Movement sensor (+2D to search for moving objects)
- Sonic stunner (4D stun)
- Grenade launcher (5D)

Move: 13

Size: 2 meters tall

Cost: Not available for sale

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D)

Bossk

Bossk was another of the hired killers who answered Vader's call and had crossed paths with Han Solo in the past. Being a Trandoshan, Bossk also had a personal grudge against Solo. Trandoshans are a warlike species who have continually feuded with the Wookiees of Kashyyyk. That Solo has a Wookiee as a first-mate is enough to drive Bossk into a murderous rage. In fact, it was a Trandoshan dignitary who first suggested enslaving the Wookiees of Kashyyyk.

After Kashyyyk's Imperial subjugation and subsequent occupation, many Trandoshans gladly volunteered to hunt down and bring to justice all renegade Wookiees. Among the Trandoshans who were hunting the Wookiees was the renowned bounty hunter, Bossk, who soon developed quite a reputation. But for all of his success, the great and elusive Chewbacca was always foremost on Bossk's mind.



Chewbacca was a famous Wookiee, and to capture the mighty Wookiee would greatly add to Bossk's already formidable reputation.

The bounty hunter got his chance during a visit to Gandolo IV. Bossk had heard that a small colony of renegade Wookiees had setup a safe retreat on this remote, Outer Rim world. And so, fully armed and properly paid in advance by the Imperial governor of the sector, the giant lizard-like alien traveled to Gandolo IV.

Not only was there a small group of poorly armed Wookiee settlers on the rocky moon, but helping them establish their settlement on this remote hideaway was the great Chewbacca himself. Bossk and a handful of hirelings managed, with relative ease, to surround and capture the Wookiee camp. The hunters greatly outnumbered their furry adversaries, and managed to almost completely surprise them. It was to be Bossk's finest day, or so he thought. What the bloodthirsty Trandoshan failed to take into account was that dealing with Wookiees is one thing — dealing with certain famous Corellian smugglers is quite another.

Han Solo had dropped his Wookiee co-pilot off on the barren moon while he went off to make a quick "personal call" on a certain distressed damsel in a nearby system. Upon his return, Solo's scanners detected the bounty hunters' ship from near orbit, and he sensed that something was up. Solo swept planetward in the *Millennium Falcon*, coming in low over the Wookiee camp. He strafed the confused bounty hunters. Eventually, Bossk

and his men boarded their ship, but Solo had already outsmarted them.

Han Solo pulled off a magnificent coup. The safest way to rescue the Wookiees was to disable the ship, so shooting at the ship was out of the question. Instead, Solo positioned the *Falcon* directly over Bossk's ship. He then lowered it onto the top of the other vessel. The additional strain overloaded the ill-maintained landing gear, which collapsed in a cloud of hydraulic fluids. The ship tumbled onto its side as Solo raised the *Falcon*. In the confusion, the Wookiee captives managed to bring down the pair of bounty hunters guarding them, get free of their binders, disable the rest of the crew and sabotage the drive and weapons systems.

Bossk had another run-in with Solo shortly before the Battle of Hoth. While working for Jabba the Hutt, Bossk and several of his companions captured Solo. Taking him to Ord Mantell, they intended to turn him over to Jabba the Hutt, but Boba Fett insisted that they delay because he was negotiating with "other parties." However, during the delay, the crafty Corellian was able to escape.

Bossk remains a feared bounty hunter and has worked many different regions of the galaxy. While he never accomplished his objective of capturing and killing Chewbacca, he has moved on to other goals.

■ Bossk

Type: Trandoshan Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D+2, brawling parry 5D+2, dodge 4D+2, flamethrower 5D, grenade 4D+2, missile weapons 4D+2, vehicle blasters 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Alien species 4D, intimidation 5D+2, languages 4D, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 3D+2, survival 5D, value 4D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Astrogation 5D-1, space transports 7D+1, starship gunnery 6D+1, starship shields 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 3D+2, con 3D+2, gambling 3D+2, hide 4D+2, search 5D+2, sneak 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 6D+2, swimming 6D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D+1, security 4D+1, space transport repair 5D+1

Special Abilities:

Vision: Trandoshans' vision is in a different range, allowing them to see infrared. They can see in darkness with no penalty.

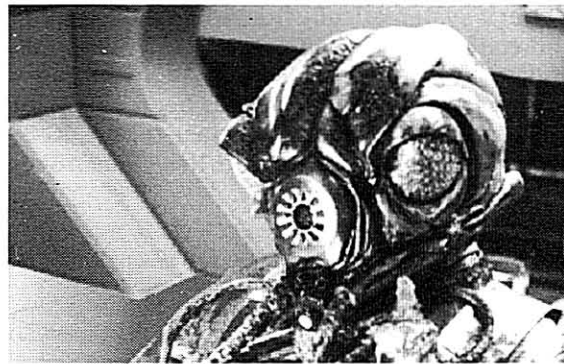
Clumsy: Trandoshans have little manual dexterity. They have trouble performing actions requiring precise finger movement, such as picking locks or picking pockets. They suffer a penalty of -2D whenever they attempt an action such as this.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 14

Move: 9

Equipment: Blaster rifle (6D), grenade launcher (5D), flamethrower (4D), binders



Zuckuss

Zuckuss and the droid 4-LOM were feared bounty hunters who found the rich reward offered for Solo too tempting to pass up. The duo worked as a team. 4-LOM, the mass of sophisticated circuitry and fact-based programming that he is, is a perfect partner for Zuckuss's uncanny "hunches."

Zuckuss, a Gand "findsman" by trade, has continued certain practices and techniques of bounty hunting which have been passed-on through his family for several standard centuries. Being a findsman is a time-honored profession on Gand, and has been practiced there since the establishment of that system's totalitarian monarchy centuries in the past. Being a largely gaseous planet, the Gand civilization evolved in a series of "pocket colonies," separated by endless kilometers of thick gaseous mists.

The findsmen of Gand belong to a highly superstitious and religious sect. They worship the planet's enshrouding gaseous mists, looking to them for signs and omens that will lead them to their prey. When the Empire took over the planet's slave trade, the Gand no longer had a problem with runaways, as their sophisticated scanning equipment easily pinpointed fugitives in the mists. The findsmen, with their ancient ritualistic ways, suddenly became obsolete.

Many of them, such as the renegade Vytor Shrike, turned to other trades. After seeing what the Empire did to those he brought back to captivity, Shrike denounced his findsman trade and joined with some of the galaxy's freedom fighters. But a few findsmen decided to keep their ancient sect alive. They turned to the stars, where their special talents could be put to use.

Foremost among these highly successful, new bounty hunters was Zuckuss. Although his alien physiology requires him to wear a special breathing apparatus while away from his homeworld, Zuckuss is a tireless tracker who has, while in

pursuit of quarry, braved virtually every environment and type of terrain in the known galaxy. In his travels, Zuckuss has come to be known as "the uncanny one" by his sordid peers.

Zuckuss has accumulated an impressive list of captures to go along with a list of quite a few "accidental kills." His fees are exorbitant, and it is obvious that by hiring this alien, Lord Vader was willing to spare no expense in his quest to catch a certain smuggler and his companions. After Boba Fett captured Solo, Zuckuss returned to his regular trade.

■ Zuckuss

Type: Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D, dodge 6D+2, grenade 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Languages 3D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Beast riding 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

Hide 6D, investigation 6D, search 8D, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D

Special Abilities:

Findsman Ceremonies: Zuckuss uses elaborate and arcane rituals to find his prey. He draws omens from these rituals. Whenever he uses a ritual (which takes at least three hours), he gains +2D to track a target.

Character Points: 9

Move: 10

Equipment: Protective armor (+1D physical, +1 energy), blaster pistol (4D), vibroblade (STR+1D+2), three stun grenades (5D)

4-LOM

It is very rare that a droid will override its own programming and adapt an entirely new data sequence, but such is the case with 4-LOM.

Unbelievably, before becoming a ruthless bounty hunter 4-LOM was actually a late-model protocol droid, known for benevolence and passivity. 4-LOM served aboard the passenger liner *Kuari Princess* as a valet and Human-Cyborg relations specialist. Among the droid's specific tasks was acting as an interpreter between the passengers and the ship's main computer. It was this tenuous relationship that authorities now believe led to the transformation of 4-LOM. Through the computer, this clever droid was able to keep tabs on all the passengers at virtually all times.

The problem was that this began to get a bit out of hand. This remarkably intelligent droid started to keep tabs on where the passengers kept their valuables and how he might steal them. It started out as a game, a sort of simulation played between 4-LOM and the ship's computer, but it is believed that the two mechanicals

somehow reprogrammed each other during the process. What started out as game soon became a reality, as a rash of "unexplained" thefts began to occur all through the ship.

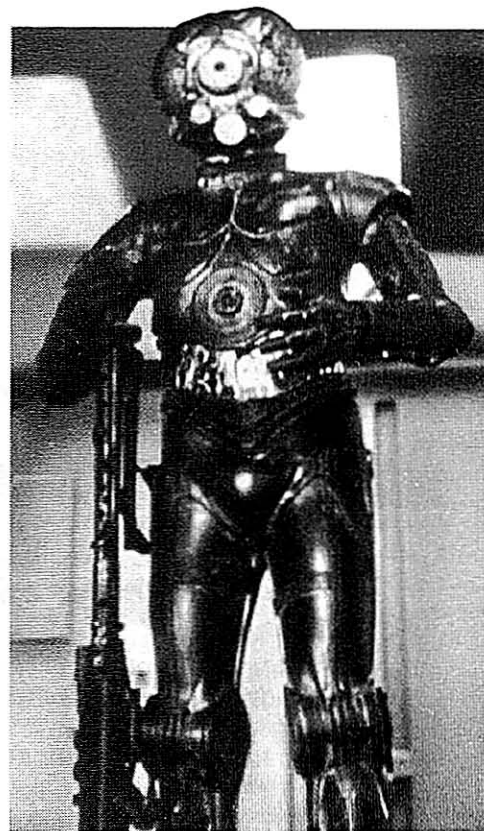
No one, of course, suspected 4-LOM, since it just was not part of the droid's programming to perform such crimes. And so, for months 4-LOM carried out these persistent pilferings. Eventually, 4-LOM became bored with the "slim pickings" offered by the *Kuari Princess*, and jumped ship to begin a new and exciting life of crime.

With his astounding intellect, 4-LOM soon became an extremely successful thief and information broker. Always, however, the droid remained removed from violence of any sort. This changed when the droid came into contact with Jabba the Hutt.

Jabba realized how effective this droid would be as a bounty hunter. When 4-LOM raised obvious objections concerning its lack of combat capability, Jabba offered to refit and rebuild the droid in exchange for services. Seeing the obvious financial benefits of such an arrangement, 4-LOM agreed to the deal, and a partnership was formed.

Jabba often teamed the droid up with other, less-intelligent bounty hunters and blasters-for-hire. 4-LOM would do all the planning, and often a good deal of the "undercover" work, while the thugs took care of the messy parts. 4-LOM's most successful teaming was with Zuckuss, the Gand findsman. Zuckuss was not as dimwitted as most of 4-LOM's usual partners, moreover Zuckuss had that uncanny ability to outguess his opponents. This ability seemed to work well in combination with 4-LOM's analytic skills. The merger of logic and intuition proved to be a fruitful one.

Zuckuss and 4-LOM, while free from Jabba's service, remain a formidable bounty hunting team.



4-LOM

Type: Industrial Automaton 4-LOM Protocol Droid

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 4D+2, firearms: stun gas gun 5D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy 7D, cultures 5D, heist coordination 6D, languages 7D, planetary systems 6D+2, streetwise 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 4D

Con 6D, hide 5D, investigation 7D, sneak 5D

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 3D+2

TECHNICAL 6D

Computer programming/repair 5D, demolition 6D, droid

programming 6D+1, droid repair 6D+1, security 7D+2

Equipped With:

- Humanoid body (two arms, two legs, head)
- Two visual and audial sensors — Human range
- Vocabulator speech/sound system
- Broad-band antenna receiver
- AA-1 VerboBrain
- TranLang III Communication module with over seven million languages
- Stun gas blower (4D stun)
- Body armor (adds +3D physical, +1D energy)

Move: 10

Size: 1.6 meters

Cost: Not available for sale

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), datapad

The Swamp Planet Dagobah

Author's Note: This chapter has not been included in the published versions of this datafile at the request of Luke Skywalker. It is only available to specific individuals with the permission of Luke.

The evacuation of the Hoth base forced the Rebel Alliance to scatter in every direction to evade the blanketing Imperial blockade above the embattled ice planet.

Lord Vader seemed to have a specific interest in capturing the *Millennium Falcon*, and he set his entire fleet to the task of bringing in the famous Corellian freighter. The *Falcon* and her heroic crew were chased into the deadly Anoat Asteroid Belt. Only the dazzling piloting skills of Captain Solo kept the battered freighter from being pulverized by the deadly asteroid swarm.

Having eluded his immediate pursuers, Solo and his Wookiee co-pilot set the *Falcon* down within a deep cavern on one of the larger asteroids. He reasoned that the Imperial fleet would be crazy to follow them, but Lord Vader was not concerned with the damage his mighty fleet would sustain. He ordered the fleet into the asteroid field, heedless of the danger. The Dark Lord had his sights set on the *Falcon* and nothing would stand in his way.

After realizing that he had set the *Falcon* down inside the belly of an enormous space slug, Solo was forced to leave the asteroid field and head straight into the lap of the waiting Imperial fleet. Again, it was only Solo's skill and cunning that saved the group from sure disaster. He pulled an old smuggler's trick. He turned to "attack" the Star Destroyer, but made a split second landing on the giant ship's conning tower by using magnetic landing grapples.

The Imperials assumed that he had entered hyperspace, and they set out to follow the *Falcon's* last known trajectory. In another shrewd move, Solo let the *Falcon* drift away from the Imperial fleet by hiding among the fleet's garbage, which is routinely dumped before a ship enters hyperspace.

Meanwhile, Luke Skywalker had decided not to head straight for the Alliance fleet rendezvous after leaving the Hoth system. Rather, he set his course for the little-known Dagobah system. To this day, the commander will not speak of his experiences on the swamp world. Even Artoo-Detoo, Luke's astromech droid, is uncharacteristically silent concerning the time the pair spent on the out-of-the-way world ...

Dagobah

The official information on Dagobah is sketchy. Located in the Outer Rim Territories, in Sluis sector, the Dagobah system is regarded with a mixture of fear and curiosity. While the people of the galaxy aren't very superstitious, Dagobah has taken on the reputation of being "haunted" or "cursed." Many years ago, the rampages of the Bpfasshi Dark Jedi were somehow, mysteriously stopped there. No one knows how or why. What is known is that the Dark Jedi fled to Dagobah. Nothing was ever heard of the Jedi again. Ever since that time, the system has been avoided, as if it harbored some hideous plague.

The planet Dagobah is a primal jungle planet, teeming with lifeforms. Thick swamp covers most of the world, and within that breeding ground for life are all forms of avians, insects

and predators. It is a hostile world.

Several scouting missions had been attempted on Dagobah. None were ever successful. Of the few that returned, most personnel spoke of an overwhelming atmosphere of "palpable evil." Considering the marginal potential of the world, further exploration was deemed

unnecessary.

Of course, what is known to only a select few is that Yoda, the Jedi Master, took up residence on Dagobah. The planet has a "dark side nexus," possibly somehow related to the Bpfasshi Jedi. This nexus of negative energies helped hide Yoda's presence from the ever-peering senses

A Droids' Eye View

The following passage is the personal account of Artoo-Detoo's experiences on the planet Dagobah, as rather loosely interpreted by Arhul Hextrophon.

When Luke Skywalker first informed Artoo that they were not going to rendezvous with the fleet, but that they were going to someplace called the Dagobah system, the tiny droid was naturally upset. He became even more disturbed when he accessed the X-wing's astrogation computers and got what little information they had on the remote planet. All indications pointed to the fact that it was no place for droids, and despite Luke's reassurances, Artoo was worried.

A crash-landing didn't help matters much, nor did falling into a swampy bog. It was dark and murky, but Artoo's sensors compensated and allowed him to move freely. Of course, he took the opportunity to tease his master a bit, letting him sweat it out a little before popping his sensor scope up out of the water. Artoo should have known better than to fool around like that, for the next thing he remembered was being swallowed whole by some sort of muck creature. Luckily the creature didn't care much for Artoo's power grapplers or his arc welder. The giant beast promptly spit the droid out, launching him well beyond the murky pool and onto the soft soil of the jungle.

The black ooze of the rancid lagoon had seeped into Artoo's circuits, and he was relieved when Master Luke suggested a thorough cleaning. Naturally, with the way the droid's luck was running, Luke never made it through the cleaning job. He was interrupted by the arrival of an "annoying little alien," who made a mess out of their camp, rummaging through it like a Jawa through a scrap pile. When Artoo tried to stop the little being from stealing a power lamp, the moody alien began to beat at the droid with his walking stick. Artoo was about to show this little pest just how tough a droid could be when Master Luke made him back off and let the annoying little being go about his business.

Artoo never did fully understand his master's behavior on this particular trip, and that worried the loyal droid. Naturally, when Luke wandered off with this alien, Artoo became alarmed. An order from Luke to stay back and guard the camp didn't help matters much. Within hours, it began to rain — "torrential

downpour" was more accurate. Even for a resourceful droid, maneuvering on the surface of the swampy planet was nearly impossible. In the rain, the frightening yowls of Dagobah's indigenous lifeforms sounded even more menacing, and Artoo decided it would be most prudent to follow his master.

Creeping up to the window of the tiny clay hut into which his master had crawled, Artoo tried his best sympathy whistles in an attempt to make Luke take notice of him, but the young Rebel was occupied with other thoughts. So, the troubled astromech was resigned to endure the wet evening. Things began to look a bit more cheerful as the weather actually improved over the next few days. Still, Luke was acting strangely, and the reason for he and Artoo being on Dagobah was still unclear to the little droid. Also unclear were the reasons why his master suddenly began undertaking physical training under the tutelage of the tiny green alien.

Things really started to get out of hand when Master Luke decided to use Artoo in one of his mystical experiments. He nearly dislodged the droid's dome by dropping the droid from where he had him levitated about five meters in the air. Soon, however, Artoo could only marvel at the remarkable feats performed by his master. He began to encourage Luke in his mystical endeavors. Once, when Artoo whistled his encouragement to a distraught Luke, who had just failed a difficult test, Yoda, now perceived by Artoo as being somehow wiser and more important, turned and winked at the droid.

In that moment, Artoo saw Yoda for what he truly was, and Artoo knew that this trip was not a useless waste of time, but rather an essential quest on the part of Luke. It was a mission, and as such, it made Artoo feel important to be included in its accomplishment. Everything began to make sense to the tiny droid toward the end of their stay on the bog world. Over a period of time, he had seen a change come over his master, both physically and mentally.

The youthful exuberance that Luke had once evinced had been replaced by a seriousness and sense of purpose. Naturally Artoo was excited about finally leaving that awful place, and the droid had gained an understanding about his master, and his master's place in the galaxy.



of Emperor Palpatine and Darth Vader. The immense evil balanced out the immense light of Yoda, allowing the ancient Jedi to patiently await the day the galaxy's last hope, Luke Skywalker, would come to him.

Yoda

Yoda, the Jedi Master, is a mysterious individual whose origin is lost in the distant past. For over 800 years, this small, wizened, green being has trained young Jedi in the use of the Force, that power that binds all things together. In recent times, he lived on the swamp planet of Dagobah, hidden to all but a few.

Many think of Jedi as great warriors, but Yoda was quick to point out — in his strange dialect — that “wars not make one great.” Appearances, it seems, can be deceiving. When first encountered, Yoda seemed to be a curious, grinning little jokester. His short stature, green skin, pointed ears and thin, long white hair only served to reinforce this misconception. But Yoda's power was vast and the Force was strong in him. With Yoda there was no try — only do — and for him nothing was impossible, for the Force was his ally.

His tiny mud house on the swamp planet was a simple, spartan affair. But like Ben Kenobi on Tatooine, Yoda did not need fancy technology or powered machinery. He was one with his

world, with the entire galaxy, bound to it through the Force. He had no need to tame the wilderness around him, but instead drew power from its primeval strength.

The modest means by which the Jedi Master lived were a testament to his reliance on the Force alone, rather than upon material possessions and technologies. The teachings of Yoda were clear in their conceptual simplicity, yet complex in the depth of their scope. He taught passivity over aggressiveness, understanding over assumption, and knowledge rather than force. The Jedi, he explained, is a vessel for the channeling of the positive energies of the Force. This power is not something that is derived or conjured, however, but ever-present in the galaxy.

With the demise of the Jedi at the hands of the Emperor, Yoda remained in seclusion, simply watching for the coming of the galaxy's new hope. Then Luke Skywalker arrived, sent by a message from his friend and first teacher, Obi-Wan Kenobi, who appeared to young Skywalker while he was dying in the frozen wilderness of Hoth. Yoda began the training that would bring Luke Skywalker the knowledge and power of a true Jedi Knight. But, for all his power, Yoda could not force the young man to stay and complete his training while the Empire threatened to destroy his closest friends. It was Yoda's teachings that helped Luke survive his final

encounter with Darth Vader and the Emperor aboard the second Death Star.

Yoda's death was a stunning blow to Luke Skywalker. First Owen and Beru Lars, then Obi-Wan Kenobi had passed away, and now his second teacher was gone. It was only later that Luke realized that, much like Kenobi, Yoda's spirit was always with him.

Skywalker would eventually come to feel that Yoda had chosen the moment of his passing. With the training of Luke, Yoda's work in the galaxy was done. It was entirely possible, Luke thought, that Yoda had kept himself alive for all these years through his willpower, refusing to perish until he finished training the last Jedi. This meant that Luke's training was complete, and now he faced the ultimate test: confronting his father, Lord Vader.

With his final breath, Yoda warned Luke not to underestimate the power of the Emperor, and to mind what he had learned. And then Yoda became one with the Force.

■ Yoda

Type: Jedi Master

DEXTERITY 2D+1

Dodge 7D, melee combat 5D, melee parry 7D, vehicle blasters 3D

KNOWLEDGE 4D+1

Alien species 10D, bureaucracy 5D+1, cultures 7D, languages 8D, planetary systems 6D, survival 8D, willpower 12D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 3D, beast riding 4D

PERCEPTION 4D+1

Bargain 7D, command 9D+1, con 7D, gambling 5D+1, hide 8D, persuasion 9D, search 6D+1, sneak 8D

STRENGTH 3D

Stamina 6D

TECHNICAL 2D

First aid 6D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 14D, sense 13D, alter 10D

Force Powers (these are the known powers Yoda possessed and it is believed that he had access to many other powers):

Control: Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, concentrate*, control pain, detoxify poison**, emptiness, enhance attribute**, hibernation trance, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun, short-term memory enhancement

Sense: Combat sense**, danger sense**, instinctive astrogation***, life detection, life sense, magnify senses, receptive telepathy, sense Force, sense path***

Alter: Injure/kill, telekinesis

Control and Sense: Farseeing**, lightsaber combat, projective telepathy

Control and Alter: Accelerate another's healing, control another's pain**, return another to consciousness, transfer Force

Control, Sense and Alter: Affect mind, control mind**, Force harmony****

Sense and Alter: Dim other's senses

* Described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

** Described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*.

*** Described in *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*.

**** Described in the *Dark Empire Sourcebook*.

This character is Force-sensitive.

Force Points: 35

Character Points: 50

Move: 5

Equipment: Walking stick

■ Bespin

The trail of the *Millennium Falcon*, after a hasty departure from the embattled Hoth system and the adventures within the Anoat Asteroid Belt, led to the majestic spires of Bespin's Cloud City. And to betrayal.

Stranded with only a poorly functioning backup hyperdrive, Han Solo had few choices. Oddly enough, the most viable option was to pay a visit to his old friend Lando Calrissian. Lando had taken on the job of Baron-Administrator of Cloud City, a small Tibanna gas mining colony in Bespin, one of few nearby inhabited systems.

However, Solo's fate was beyond his control. Boba Fett had already solved the capture of Solo before he had even left the *Executor*. He guessed that Solo would have jumped into hyperspace as soon as possible if the hyperdrive worked. Solo's ship was disabled, and that limited the Corellian's options. As far as Fett was concerned, this was all too easy, and he couldn't see why the blundering Corellian pirate was worth all the attention he was getting.

Fett's suspicions were confirmed by a simple glance out of the *Executor*'s observation ports at the conning tower of the nearby *Avenger*. Upon leaving the *Executor*, he placed *Slave I* near *Avenger*'s waste chutes and blended into the foul mixture when *Avenger* dumped its garbage. Sure enough, Fett noticed the *Falcon* powerlessly drifting off into the garbage flow. After the *Avenger* departed, the *Falcon* set its course, and Fett was able to determine where the *Falcon* was headed: Bespin.

Fett informed Vader, and the *Executor* and *Slave I* set course for Bespin, easily beating the *Falcon*'s aged backup hyperdrive. Fett suggested the use of the former friendship of Calrissian and Solo as an effective tool in the capture. The Dark Lord took the plan to a higher level of complexity by forcing Calrissian to betray his friend after having gained his confidence. Vader did this in order to emphasize the hopelessness of Solo's situation, and to make the betrayal more painful to him.

Meeting the Dark Lord

The following is a personal account of Lando Calrissian's meeting with Darth Vader.

It was one of those incredibly bright, beautiful days when you know something's just got to go wrong. Of course, when I'm talking about something going "wrong," I'm usually talking about a brawl down in Port Town or a Cloud Car accident or a union dispute. But when I was informed that an Imperial shuttle carrying Lord Darth Vader and a platoon of Imperial stormtroopers had arrived, "one of those days" became *the day* that I'd always feared would come.

I wasn't exactly sure how to greet him as I strode across the landing platform to meet the Dark Lord. What do you say to someone like that? "Are you here for business or pleasure?" didn't sound quite right to me. Anyway, I hoped the right words would come to me, and I hoped that this was just some kind of inconsequential visit. I knew better.

Vader stepped from the entry ramp and strode past everyone to come chest-to-face with me. Behind him, Boba Fett looked on in silence.

Vader was a giant of a man, if he even was a man. I could feel the heat issuing from his helmet as he spoke. I felt a certain tightness in my throat. "Are you Calrissian?" he asked flatly.

"I am," was my only reply.

He took a few seconds to study me, and it seemed as if he were peering directly into my thoughts. "I would speak with you," he said.

"Be my guest," was my smug answer.

I felt tightness around my esophagus once more as he responded, "In private."

The Dark Lord gestured and spoke as he began to stride across the platform. "An honor guard will not be necessary," he hissed. Somehow, he knew that I had a squad of Wing Guards hidden, ready to take

action if necessary. "I am here about a personal matter. A matter which may prove ... mutually beneficial."

I was trying my best not to be intimidated, but failing miserably. "Sounds interesting," was my all-too-cool reply. "Why don't you step into my office?" I turned to face him then, "Leave the bounty hunter behind. His kind makes me nervous."

I didn't know how Vader would react to that, and, surprisingly, he answered with, "As you wish."

Behind me, I could hear the sound of Fett's wrist lasers powering up, but I didn't even turn around. There would be another time and place for that.

It was obvious after my initial, tentative probing that Vader was prepared to make certain allowances to achieve his ends. I would try to take advantage of that fact. He had apparently done research into my background, since he mentioned my former friendship with Han Solo. I had heard that Han had a price on his head, but I didn't know the Empire was after him. The old pirate was certainly hip-deep in it now. It wouldn't do any good to deny that I knew Han, so I tried a different approach.

"That lousy, no-good swindler still owes me quite a bit," I snapped. Naturally, that gambit backfired.

"Good," the Dark Lord replied. "Then, I'm certain I will have your complete cooperation in this matter."

My heart sank when the Dark Lord hit me with the deal. It was the life of an old friend in exchange for total security. It was no deal — there was no choice in the matter. Either I could agree to Vader's offer, or his troops would occupy Cloud City and Vader would get what he wanted anyway.

I had lives to protect. I agreed.

Vader's own personal plans involving the capture of Luke Skywalker were easily served by the current situation. Luke could be imprisoned in carbonite, which would force him into hibernation, preventing him from using any of his Force powers. Vader could then present his son to Emperor Palpatine, who would then lure young Luke into embracing the dark side.

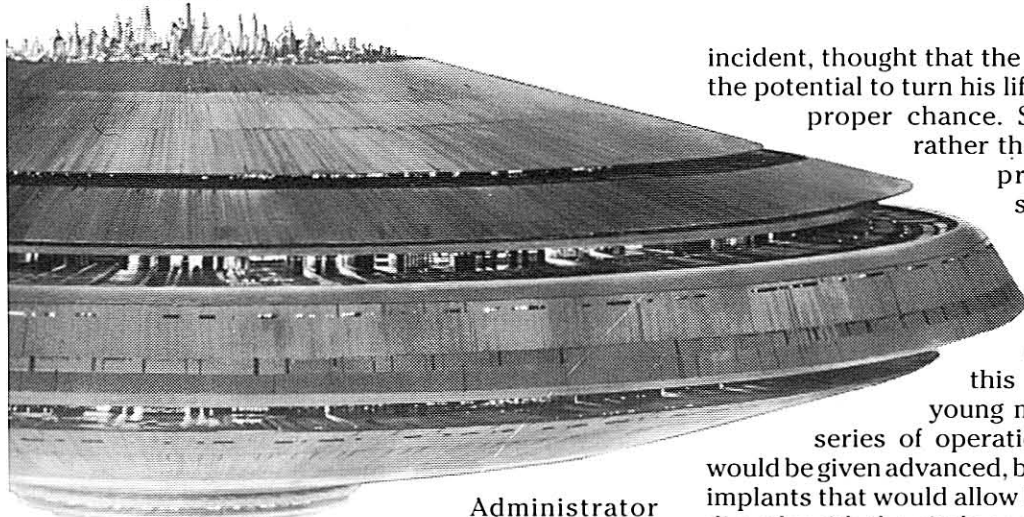
Cloud City

Cloud City was foremost a mining city. Founded by the eccentric Lord Ecclessis Figg many years ago, Cloud City's main economic asset was Bespin's naturally occurring spin-sealed Tibannagas. The gas is used as hyperdrive engine coolant and as a source of energy for blasters.

However, Cloud City was much more than a mining complex. With the arrival of Lando Calrissian, the city developed into a luxurious, if remote, vacation area. Countless casinos, luxury hotels and exotic businesses appeared in the beautiful spires of the city's top level.

Cloud City was home to a diverse population composed mostly of Humans and Ugnaughts. The thriving economy allowed for a high standard of living for most, and the almost cooperative system of government allowed businesses, trade guilds and citizens great latitude within the free enterprise system.

Cloud City was among the most beautiful metropolises in the galaxy, and beckoned to those with a desire to mix beauty and wealth. Unfortunately, the untimely arrival of the Empire forced a great change on the city. Baron-



Administrator Calrissian ordered a general evacuation of the city shortly after Lord Vader's arrival. To this day, the city is still struggling to recover from that time, as people slowly return to the beautiful "city in the clouds."

Lobot

The position of Baron-Administrator has changed hands numerous times throughout the storied history of Cloud City, but the position of Administrator's Chief Aide has not. When the city in the clouds was first built, it was designed around a central computer core, which could almost solitarily run the systems operation of the entire city. This allowed the Baron-Administrator to keep a personal watch over the various systems, rather than having to rely on the dozens of specialists that would otherwise be necessary for the operation of each system.

But bureaucrats are not usually technophiles. So, after many years of struggling to operate the city's extremely sophisticated computer systems, it was determined that a computer liaison officer was needed between the city's central computer and the Baron-Administrator. It was also decided that this liaison, with an integral link to the computer, would also take over as the city's chief administrative aide. But who could qualify for such a job? As it turns out, a young vagabond and ex-slave formerly held by a band of pirates — and just then convicted for robbery on Cloud City — was the answer.

The youth's name was Lobot, and at the time of his arrest, he had no money, no future, and no hope. However, Ellisa Shalence, the Baroness-Administrator during the

incident, thought that the young man did have the potential to turn his life around if given the proper chance. She suggested that, rather than serving a lengthy prison term, Lobot should indenture himself to the city, as a borg who would become the new computer liaison officer. Of course, this opportunity for the young man would involve a series of operations in which Lobot would be given advanced, brain-enhancing, borg implants that would allow him to communicate directly with the city's central computer.

It wasn't until Lando Calrissian took control of the city that Lobot's full potential was reached. Lando used Lobot's unique abilities in ways they had never been used before. Mostly, these new uses revolved around clandestine operations.

Working with Lando Calrissian, Lobot saw what a resourceful man might accomplish if he put his mind to it. But to Lobot, Lando seemed rather self-possessed. And when the two finally became caught in the battle between Rebellion and Empire, it was Lobot who urged his leader to help the Rebels.

It is unknown what happened to Lobot after the *Millennium Falcon's* escape from Cloud City, but it is believed that, whatever his fate, the Alliance still has an ally on the city in the clouds.

■ Lobot

Type: Cyborg Administrator

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Bureaucracy 5D+1, bureaucracy: Cloud City 9D+2, business 8D, law enforcement: Cloud City 7D, value 4D+1, willpower 6D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Beast riding 3D, repulsorlift operation: cloud car 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D, command: Wing Guard 8D, investigation: Cloud City 12D+2, search 5D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 4D

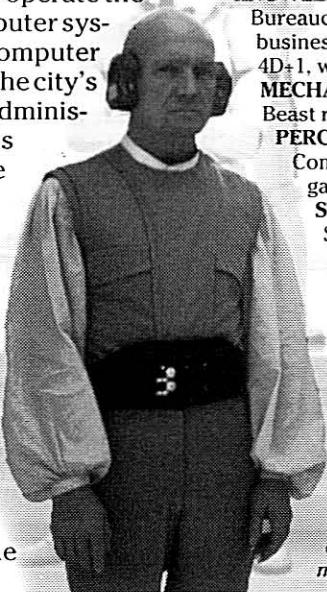
Computer programming/repair 6D, computer programming/repair: Cloud City's central computers 11D, security 6D, security: Cloud City 12D+2

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Brain-enhancing cyborg implants (allows instant access to Cloud City's central computer whenever within one kilometer of city, and gives +2D bonus to bureaucracy, law enforcement, computer programming repair, and security when pertaining to



Little Girl Lost

The following was told to Voren Na'al by young Allania Jakien, and later corroborated by several other eyewitnesses.

"Attention! This is Lando Calrissian. The Empire has taken control of the city. I advise everyone to leave before more Imperial troops arrive."

It was unfortunate for 11-year old Allania Jakien that she was off playing in the Ugnaught tunnels when this announcement was made. Her parents were both at work at the time — Dad in the Tibanna gas refinery all the way on the other side of the city, and Mom ten levels up in the Holiday Towers restaurant.

Allania was supposed to be at class, but she and her friends had decided to play hooky today, having sent in sick messages for each other as a cover. She had no idea what was going to happen — she was simply very scared.

One of Allania's companions, a fair-haired boy named Handy, turned to her as the comlink abruptly switched off:

"What do we do now, Allie?"

Handy had always looked to Allie as the leader of their little expeditions into the Ugnaught tunnels, as had the other children. This was mostly because Allie had befriended a young Ugnaught child who spent time showing her around the complex maze of passages, leaving Allie with a pretty fair knowledge of how to get around down below the city.

Allie was remarkably composed for her age, especially in moments of crisis such as this.

"Better head for the big tunnel," she ordered smoothly. Handy simply nodded and followed her on hands and knees into a cramped pipeline. When they reached the "big tunnel," a central juncture point connecting some 20 smaller tunnels, they could hear the sounds of panic and fear echoing up through the pipeline from every direction.

The sounds of clattering armored boots could be heard distinctly above the din, and from what Allie's father had told her about Imperial stormtroopers, this sounded like them.

Allie knew that if the stormtroopers were invading the city, it would be a while before they could reach the lower levels. With this in

mind, she decided not to ascend and try to find her mother, but rather to cut across the city's innards, in an attempt to reach the Tibanna gas refinery and her father.

The Ugnaught tunnels stretched across the interior of Cloud City, but they were slow going, and the young fugitives were soon forced to take to the corridors for speed's sake. Everywhere they saw the sights of pandemonium as people fled in every direction. But Allie and her frightened young friends thought it best to keep to the shadows and avoid contact with grown-ups wherever possible until they reached her father.

Allie became more and more confident as she went on, but all she managed to do in reality was get herself lost. So lost that she took a terribly wrong turn and wound up face-to-face with a squad of stormtroopers!

Allie imagined that they were probably smiling beneath their hideous masks as she darted beneath their legs and scrambled for a ventilation shaft at the far end of the corridor. As she turned to see if Handy and the others had made it past, she saw the lead trooper pick her friend up by his elbows. Handy kicked the trooper repeatedly in the face. The other children just cowered in fear.

The other troopers laughed at this, but Allie didn't wait around to see what happened next. Handy and the others were done for, and it was up to her to reach her father alone now.

Leaving the stormtroopers far behind, Allie found herself in a section of the city that she had never seen before. It was dark here, and somehow sinister, as deep shadows spilled eerie shapes out into the metallic ventilation shafts. A strange buzzing sound seemed to be emanating from somewhere nearby, something that Allie had never heard before.

As the noise grew louder, she saw bright blue and red flashes of light dancing on the metal surface of the shaft, its origin just around a bend ahead. She knew somehow that this was probably a mistake, but there was something hypnotic about the noise and the light. Something that drew her around the corner despite her better judgment.

Upon rounding the bend, the little girl was witness to a startling sight. Through a metal grating she saw two men locked in some sort of unusual combat. They carried swords of bright

colored light, and were in a battle that frightened and amazed her.

The larger man was a fearsome sight, swathed in black cloak and armor and towering above his adversary. But the smaller man was brave and determined, and he didn't let his armored assailant get the better of him. So skilled was this seemingly overmatched hero that he managed to surprise the black-clad figure with his ferocity, and the larger man lost his balance and fell over the edge of the platform upon which they had been battling.

The hero turned off his sword of light and went down after his armored enemy. Allie, awed by this titanic struggle, followed the sound of the hero's footsteps until she found the vent that led to where he had gone. He was squared off against the armored one again, but this time the black cloaked figure didn't bother to duel his opponent. Instead, he began hurling heavy objects at his enemy using some sort of evil magic.

The young hero was stunned, and he stumbled backward toward a giant viewport. Bombarded from all sides, the hero did his best to deflect the projectiles. Finally, a heavy object careened into the hero, sending him flying through the clear viewport.

Allie gasped, a lump forming in her throat. Quickly, she scrambled to find out what had become of the fallen hero. Before long she found the right shaft and came to a grating that overlooked Cloud City's massive central wind tunnel. Far below, on a gantry that led across to a wing-shaped structure, lay the hero. Miraculously, he had survived the fall. He heaved himself up onto the catwalk and moved to the entrance of the wing-shaped structure.

Only a few moments passed before both figures emerged from the structure and battled their way out onto the gantry. The armored figure had somehow managed to get out into the wing-shaped structure ahead of the hero.

The two battled fiercely, but the dark one seemed to have the upper hand. He pinned the hero down to the floor of the catwalk, but did not kill him. The hero seemed to sense this somehow, slashing out at the dark one's shoulder, which flashed a shower of sparks. Enraged by this, the evil one viciously slashed back at the hero, forcing him to the edge of the gantry, and striking a savage blow that took the hero's hand off in one, deadly slash!

The beaten hero backed away from his adversary, climbing out onto the edge of the gantry. He was sobbing now, and Allie cried with him. She heard the echoes of their words carry through the shaft.

"There is no escape," the dark one said, "Do not make me destroy you."

But then his tone changed. He was trying to reason with the hero! "You do not yet realize your importance. You have only begun to discover your power. Join me and I will complete your training. With our combined strength, we can end this destructive conflict and bring order to the galaxy."

Oh, no, Allie thought, *it's a trick!* But the hero answered, "I'll never join you!"

Allie missed portions of the exchange at this point, but her heart sank as the hero explained that the dark one killed his father.

Then another shock hit Allie and the hero at the same time. "No," said the dark one, "I am your father."

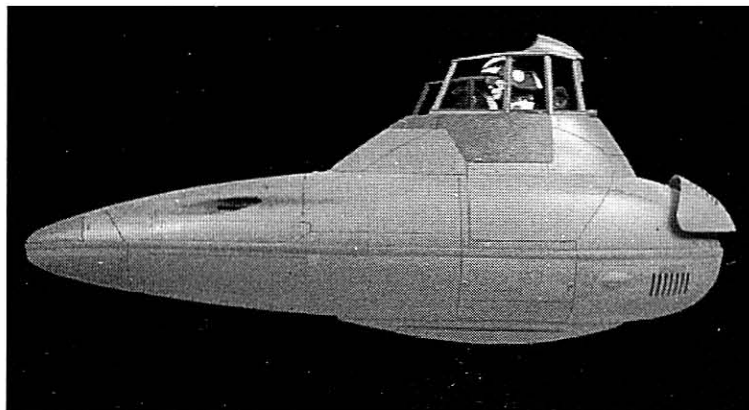
This was more than the hero could take. He leaned over the gantry and let himself drop.

Allie could not see what ultimately happened to him. The dark one watched his foe disappear into the recesses of the tunnel, and then turned, with a barely perceptible sigh.

As he began to stride from the gantry, the armored figure stopped in his tracks. Allie's heart began to race as he lifted his head and looked directly at her! Without hesitation, she bolted from the spot, running blindly, heading in a general direction of upward, regardless of the situation above. Anything was better than being caught by the dark one.

Eventually, she came to the upper plaza, running hard all the way, and never looking back for fear that the dark one would be right at her heels. Luckily, she ran directly into Bent Gavler. Bent was a friend of the family and upon seeing the tattered little girl, swept her up into his arms and calmed her sobbing.

Allie, finally reunited with her family, left Bespin in a crowded transport. A common freighter passed by the viewport where she was sitting, and the sight of it somehow stopped her shivers and calmed the strange sensation that she was feeling. The hero was alive. She knew it.



Cloud City; can use computer system to monitor movements of any individual or individuals while on Cloud City; can remotely control any of Cloud City's systems, including coms, repulsorlift control and life support), portable data storage facility (can hold up to three knowledge cartridges)

Bespin Guards

The blue-clad Bespin Guards, or "Wing Guard" as they are more commonly known, are the Baron-Administrator's "strong arm of the law." They were a symbol of the city's commitment to better living. They patrolled the sun-drenched avenues of their fair city to keep the peace in an otherwise tense situation. The kinds of people drawn to mining are rough and tumble, eager to prove their boasts and known to take out their tensions on those who cross their path. There were also many "undesirables" and fugitives who passed through the city, and some of this ilk even make their homes there. But for all the city's derelicts and criminals, there were just as many honest men and women who deserved protection and a chance at a peaceful life.

The Wing Guards were under the direct control of the Baron-Administrator, although they were a separate entity unto themselves. Cloud City Security was more than just a branch of the city's government, it was also a thriving business. The Wing Guards were paid in direct proportion to the level of success they had over a certain period of time, as determined by a poll of the city's populace. This incentive program was implemented by Baron-Administrator Lando Calrissian.

When Lando first took the post, the Wing Guard was a corrupt, disorganized unit, run by thieves and greedy bureaucrats. Private citizens of Cloud City paid for protection and efficient service. Those who could not afford to pay went without protection and service entirely.

Under the new arrangement, the Wing Guard was still under private ownership, but now it

was under the complete control of the Baron-Administrator. Along with this, the populace as a whole would pay for and receive the services of Cloud City Security. Individuals would no longer be paying for their own special treatment. To keep rates competitive and allow for the rewarding of outstanding work, Lando made the pay scale variable.

Under the personal direction of Lobot, who also served as special liaison to the Wing Guard, several important investigations were undertaken. By concentrating on several mining union leaders with questionable personal portfolios and on a few number-running organizations that operated out of the big-name hotels, these investigations threatened to expose some of the city's worst corruption.

These operations would have been impossible under the old system. But thanks to the perseverance of Lando Calrissian, the city reached a pinnacle of respectability, shedding a reputation for corruption and underhandedness. Before the incidents involving the Empire, Cloud City gained a new reputation as a reputable mining and resort colony.

Typical Wing Guard Member. *Dexterity 3D+1, blaster 4D, dodge 4D, Knowledge 2D+1, bureaucracy 3D+1, Mechanical 2D+2, repulsorlift operation: cloud car 4D+2, Perception 3D, command 3D+2, search 4D, Strength 3D+1, brawling 4D, Technical 3D+1, security 4D+2.* Move: 10. Character Points: Varies, typically 0-5. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, binders.

Typical Wing Guard Pilot. Same stats as Wing Guard Member except: *vehicle blasters 5D+2, repulsorlift operation: cloud car 6D+2.*

Citizens of Cloud City

The city in the clouds was populated by a diverse group of citizenry. But the one thing that held this mixture together was mining. Cloud City was foremost a mining operation, and everyone in the city, in one way or another, is in the mining business. Whether they are hotel managers, Wing Guards, shopkeepers or cloud car mechanics, they would not have been in business without the Tibanna gas mining which was this city's lifeblood.

The populace of the city changed drastically from its early "wild" days. When Cloud City was evacuated, legitimate business people actually outnumbered the criminal element. This was due mostly to the tourist trade, a relatively new concept on Cloud City.

When Lando Calrissian took office as the city's Administrator, he saw the tourism potential and the wealth this trade would generate.

Cloud City was a beautiful place, and in Lando's mind there had to be a way to exploit that beauty. Turning to many of his old acquaintances from his gambling days, Lando invited big-time hotel and casino owners to join him in transforming Cloud City into a fabulous resort. Before long, the tourist trade on Cloud City was thriving.

Lando's biggest job was to keep the still-numerous seedier elements living on Cloud City away from the tourist facilities. He did this by keeping the "undesirables" below the city's surface, and by situating the ritzy hotels and casinos in the spires and upper levels of the city. The division was a natural one.

Below the city's upper levels was Port Town, a haven for smalltime criminals and thugs. Lando allowed Port Town to grow and prosper, since he felt that as long as these people kept largely to themselves, Port Town was a good outlet for their aggression.

Meanwhile, the city's upper plaza and dazzling towers became a sparkling paradise of striking architecture set off by stunning sunsets. Along with this creation came many wealthy "investors" eager to get in on the action. But although the tourist trade was relatively lucrative, mining was still the city's primary source of income. The majority of the families living on Cloud City were mining families. These were no ordinary miners, however: they were union-breakers, picket-line-crossers, and idealists, who were all fugitives of the tyrannical Imperial Mining Guild.

On Bespin was the promise of a union run by the miners, for the miners, and with all the profit going to the miners. It was a fleeting dream, however, since the Empire did eventually catch

up to Cloud City, despite the efforts of Lando Calrissian to keep that confrontation from happening. The miners spread to all corners of the galaxy, with only their dreams and hopes and memories of Cloud City to drive them on.

Typical Cloud City Resident. All stats are 2D. 5D for appropriate skills. Move: 10

Ugnaughts

After Humans, Ugnaughts were the largest portion of Bespin's population. These small, pig-like aliens are natives of the planet Gentes in the remote Anoat system, where they lived in primitive colonies spread throughout a stretch of barely habitable land. Long ago, when Cloud City first began operations, the less-than-reputable leadership of the city, headed by an enterprising eccentric named Lord Figg, searched the nearby systems for a cheap source of manual labor.

Figg and the others didn't have to look far: the Ugnaughts were eager to work for next to nothing. The wonders of the city in the clouds encouraged a huge immigration of Ugnaughts, and soon the city's leadership was forced to cut-off the flow of immigrants. The aliens were turned away in droves, leaving those who had already made the city their home as a sort of Ugnaught mining elite. But these "primitives" were not quite as dimwitted as the leaders of Cloud City had thought, and they protested the turning away of their brethren, as well as their own poor treatment within the city.

Threatened with a devastating miner's strike and eager to keep the Ugnaughts appeased, the city's leadership allowed the further immigration of Ugnaughts and let the alien workers form





a miner's coalition. Secretly, however, the Baron-Administrator at that time had the mining companies make things extremely difficult for the

Ugnaughts. As more and more of the aliens arrived, their work hours decreased, as did their pay. The mining companies gave the Ugnaughts the illusion that their continued immigration had created a labor glut.

The Ugnaughts believed this, and soon the flow of immigrants dwindled to a minimum. Also, while many of the Ugnaughts who had originally come to Bespin stayed on, others left. The original Ugnaught settlers raised families on the city in the clouds and, rather peacefully, these families became part of the Cloud City community. Over the years, the city's administration became more benevolent, and the Ugnaughts gained a special place of their own in Bespin society. They still dominated the ranks of lower paying jobs, but many Ugnaughts started their own businesses or moved into other fields such as waste disposal, maintenance, and security.

Typical Ugnaught. *Dexterity 2D, dodge 2D+2, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 2D+1, mining tool operation 3D, Perception 2D+1, bargain 3D+1, Strength 3D, brawling 4D, Technical 1D+1. Move: 10. Datapad, force pick, laser spade.*

Chapter Four Return of the Jedi

Jabba's Palace

The daring rescue of General Han Solo and the death of Jabba the Hutt had quite a dramatic impact upon Tatooine and the galactic underworld. With Jabba dead, almost immediately the underworld slipped into disarray, as smugglers, slavers, and gangsters vied to take control of newly opened territory. Tatooine became a prime battleground for this turf war.

Mos Eisley, somehow, had become even more dangerous in the intervening chaos. There were few civilians on the streets; those about moved quickly and furtively. Stormtroopers were visible in force, patrolling in heavily armed squads. A full-scale gang war was in progress. Rival factions were battling to take control of Jabba's empire — jackals squabbling over a fat, juicy corpse — and things were getting messy. More than 50 people had been killed in Mos Eisley,

and several buildings, including the famous cantina, had been firebombed.

The Imperial prefect was attempting to keep order, but lacked sufficient troops to oppose the gangsters. He was getting precious little in the way of assistance from the sector's Moff, who had more immediate problems on his mind.

Out in the wilderness of the barren world, things were much the same. A few hours travel from Mos Eisley, through the Jundland Wastes, Obi-Wan Kenobi's hut lies abandoned. A violent sandstorm had broken windows and filled the main room with drifting sand — but the place had a certain majesty, as though great things had happened there. Here, nearly four years prior, Luke Skywalker had begun learning of the Force from Obi-Wan. Just before his confrontation with Jabba, Luke accomplished one of the



■ A worrut outside Jabba's Palace.

major tasks of any Jedi Knight, the construction of his own lightsaber. The entire house was filled with unseen energy vibrating at a wavelength that could be sensed at the back of one's being but never truly detected.

It was an unsettling experience, to say the least. Within the hut, one feels like an intruder, albeit a safe one, provided one's intentions are honorable. It was like being a beloved child who had wandered by accident into a king's audience chamber. One felt welcome, but the grown-ups had important things on their minds and couldn't stop to play. It was quite humbling.

Jabba's Palace

Out beyond the Dune Sea, past even the wild Jundland Wastes and the pit of Carkoon, there was an evil place. A place of corruption, of vile, contemptible goings-on the likes of which existed nowhere else on the planet Tatooine — or perhaps anywhere else in the galaxy, for that matter. This was the palace of Jabba the Hutt.

To reach it (if you are so foolish as to want to), you must first travel a perilous, ever-shifting road that leads through the scorching sands and parched canyons of Tatooine's most rugged terrain. If you survive the tender mercies of the Sand People and the krayt dragons, you will eventually get to your destination.

You had better have an invitation, however, for all approaches to the palace are watched. An extensive scanner network monitors the surrounding area to a distance of ten full kilometers in all directions. Hostile-looking visitors are greeted by a contingent of Gamorrean guards (or other appropriate "representatives") before they even catch sight of the fortress. Those not appearing dangerous are allowed to approach, but monitored closely all the way.

If you approach the palace during the night, you may have the misfortune to meet the worrt, a repulsive, toad-like creature with a lightning-fast tongue. The worrt cannot harm Human-sized visitors (though Jawas have been known to disappear mysteriously when wandering around the palace) but the worrt is too stupid to realize this, and it attacks anything it meets. If it attacks you, you had better simply endure its disgusting, sticky, drooling caress: woe betide the fool who dares strike Jabba's little friend!

The palace is built of sandrock, the outer walls reinforced by Ditanium plating and reflective shielding. The architect was Derren Flet, a respected young star in his field who met an untimely demise when he failed to include a satisfactory dungeon in the original plans of the palace. He did, however, provide Jabba with just about everything else the Bloated One

wanted, and the palace served Jabba admirably as both stately manor and fortress.

The hub of the palace, around which everything else revolved, was the throne room. From his throne, Jabba could control everything from the trap door leading to the rancor pit below, to the lighting and climate control for the entire palace. Virtually all defense, communication and security systems could be monitored by Jabba personally. The throne room also served as living quarters for most of Jabba's "employees and associates" — to keep an eye on them, he forced them to sleep right there on the cold floor of the throne room, as he was forced to do by his deteriorated physical condition.

Beneath the palace were the infamous dungeons, which through the years housed an unending stream of beings unfortunate enough to have earned the Mighty Jabba's displeasure. Most died there: Jabba rarely forgave anyone and there was little chance of escape. There was only a single entrance, guarded day and night, and the reinforced walls, ceilings and floors rendered any thoughts of tunneling out futile.

In addition to these features, the palace housed a massive garage, stable and repulsorpool area wherein a variety of vehicles and beasts of burden were kept. A huge, domed docking area for Jabba's personal sail barge was situated directly behind the throne room, so that the ponderous Hutt might easily move to and from his favorite recreational vehicle. There were no facilities for starships within the grounds, as Jabba refused to let them within 50 kilometers of his palace for security reasons. All who approached the palace were forced to brave the treacherous Tatooine wastes.

In all, Jabba's Palace was an ideal base of operations for a criminal empire. Soon after his death, the palace fell on hard times. The exterior of the palace was a shambles: scorch-marks and bloodstains marred the walls, broken bodies lay everywhere, and the stench of decay was overwhelming. Bib Fortuna's forces had control of the palace, but that control would be fleeting and the resistance determined. Whoever was strong enough to claim this valuable property would have an indispensable tool with which to start his climb to the top.

■ Worrt

Type: Voracious predator

DEXTERITY 1D

PERCEPTION +2

STRENGTH 1D

Brawling: tongue attack 4D

Special Abilities:

Tongue Attack: The worrt will attack anything that moves that is its size or smaller. The tongue does 1D damage.

Move: 3

Size: 0.5-1.5 meters tall.

Capsule: The worrt is a blindingly stupid, and harmless (to Humans) predator that inhabits the furthest wilderness areas of Tatooine. It will attack anything that even remotely appears edible, including metal, plants, large rocks that appear similar to other creatures and just about anything else that passes in front of it or that it can approach without being attacked first.

The worrt typically feeds on insects, small rodents and other tiny creatures native to Tatooine. However, it will often harass larger creatures, especially if they don't fight back. Jabba the Hutt has several as rather obnoxious pets around the palace, and they are found throughout the stretches surrounding the palace.

Bib Fortuna

The Twi'lek Bib Fortuna was Jabba the Hutt's major-domo, and with the Bloated One's death, the leader of the most prominent faction vying for control of Jabba's organization. Fortuna's association with Jabba goes back many years.

On his homeworld of Ryloth, Fortuna was an ambitious entrepreneur, one of the foremost "clandestine exporters" of the mineral known as ryll.

In other words, he was a spice smuggler.

After several years of successful, if unspectacular, freelancing, one of Jabba the Hutt's agents approached Fortuna with a proposition: Mighty Jabba wanted Bib to come work for him as his production and transport agent. Fortuna would make a healthy "commission" on each load of spice he brought in — more than he was making independently — and Jabba's organization would handle distribution of the product.

While there were dangers involved, not the least of which was incurring Jabba's anger and being fed to the Sarlacc, the money was very, very good. Fortuna agreed.

Years passed. Fortuna became an important fixture around Jabba's palace and he made a lot of money. When the Imperials intercepted several shipments, Fortuna thought it was time to actively pursue a promotion rather than be blamed for these incidents. After the gift of Oola, the Twi'lek dancing girl, Jabba made him one of his many lieutenants. So what if Fortuna had to wave his head tails and bow constantly? So what if he had to agree with every belch Jabba uttered? It was only business, after all, and Bib Fortuna wanted to make the most of it.

With his organizational skills, management experience, and head for business, Fortuna quickly became one of Jabba's chosen few. His main competition was the Corellian pirate, Bidlo Kwerve, and both were looking to unseat that bumbling fool Naroon Cuthus as major-domo.

Fortuna was always able to keep the edge by

fawning over Jabba, but Kwerve nearly got the prestigious position through sheer luck. One day, a group of excited Jawas told Kwerve of a ship that crashed out in the desert. It turned out that the ship contained the fearsome rancor. Kwerve nearly got full credit for retrieving the beast, but Fortuna knew enough to watch the Corellian closely. Fortuna arrived on the scene just as Kwerve subdued the beast with a case of grenades, and was able to extort Kwerve into sharing the credit with him.

Three days later, Kwerve and Fortuna gave Jabba the creature for his birthday. Jabba showed both men the full measure of his gratitude. Bib Fortuna finally received the promotion he desired, as Jabba announced that the Twi'lek would now serve as his chief lieutenant and major-domo. He was given responsibility for the day-to-day operations of the palace and Jabba's townhouse in Mos Eisley.

Bidlo Kwerve, however, made history. He was given the honor of becoming the rancor's first meal in Jabba's presence. Fortuna was glad that the "greater" reward went to his honored opponent.

Fortuna was aboard Jabba's sail barge when the Mighty Hutt was killed by Leia Organa. Somehow, these upstart Rebels were making a mockery of Jabba's henchmen. The wily Twi'lek reasoned that it was time to head for safer ground, and made his way down to the small patrol craft compartment, barely escaping before the sail barge exploded.

■ Bib Fortuna

Type: Twi'lek

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster: hold-out blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy 5D, business 7D, languages 4D, streetwise 5D, streetwise: Jabba's organization 8D+2, value: ryll 6D+2, value: spice 7D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

PERCEPTION 4D+1

Bargain 5D, command: Jabba's minions 6D+2, con 5D+1,



forgery 5D, hide 5D, investigation 6D+2, persuasion 5D+1, sneak 5D

STRENGTH 3D**TECHNICAL 2D**

Security 3D

Special Abilities:

Tentacles: Twi'leks can use their head tails to communicate in secret with each other, even in a room full of individuals. The complex movement of the tentacles is, in a sense, a "secret" language that all Twi'leks are fluent in.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 9

Move: 10

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (3D), datapad, ryll spice snifter (ryll spice gives +1D to *Perception* and related actions for one hour, but reduces *Dexterity* and related actions by -2D for three hours; requires an Easy *will-power* roll, which, if failed, means the user is addicted)

Gamorrean Guards

Jabba employed nine Gamorreans as palace guards, in addition to several others who worked at his townhouse or were out "on assignment." Gamorreans are fierce and determined, if somewhat slow, warriors, completely loyal to their employer (as long as they are paid on time and they get to hurt things on a regular basis). Occasionally Jabba would send them out into Tatooine to handle very simple assignments, such as strong-arming moisture farmers who were reluctant to pay protection, but mostly they remained within the walls of Jabba's Palace, at their bloated master's side.

The leader of this band of thugs was Ortugg, who Jabba put in charge after seeing him put up

an impressive fight during the "employment test." The toughest and most intelligent of the lot, he and his right-hand man, Rogua, were assigned the very important position of front entrance sentry.

Ortugg was also given the private task of keeping an eye on Tessek, who Jabba suspected didn't always have the crimelord's best interests at heart. Ortugg had clashed with Tessek several

times, though the clever Quarren always backed down before risking the ire of the fierce Gamorrean or, worse yet, Jabba himself.

The other Gamorreans served as sentries throughout the palace. Jabba particularly liked to put them in charge of guarding uppity prisoners who, knowing to expect little mercy from the Hutt, would invariably try to escape. The resulting butchery gave His Eminence almost as much pleasure as watching his beloved rancor swallow someone whole. Jabba had often toyed with the idea of dropping a Gamorrean or two into the rancor pit — just to see what would happen.

Typical Gamorrean Guard. *Dexterity 3D, melee combat: vibro-axe 4D+2, Knowledge 1D, survival 2D, Mechanical 1D, Perception 2D, Strength 4D, brawling 5D, stamina 5D+1, Technical 1D.* **Move:** 9. Vibro-axe (STR+3D+1, Moderate difficulty), force pike (STR+3D, can reach up to two meters, Moderate difficulty).

■ Ortugg

Type: Gamorrean Guard

DEXTERITY 3D

Melee combat: vibro-axe 5D+1, thrown weapons 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 1D

Intimidation 5D, survival 3D, survival: desert 4D

MECHANICAL 1D**PERCEPTION 2D****STRENGTH 4D**

Brawling 6D, stamina 6D+2

TECHNICAL 1D**Special Abilities:**

Voice Box: Gamorreans cannot speak Basic.

Stamina: Gamorreans can make a second *stamina* check if they fail an initial one.

Story Factors:

Droid Hate: Most Gamorreans hate droids and delight in needlessly destroying them.

Character Points: 4

Move: 8

Equipment: Vibro-axe (STR+3D+1), force pike (STR+3D)

Oola

Twi'lek women are known the galaxy over for their exotic dancing. It seemed to Bib Fortuna that this would be the perfect gift with which to appease his employer, Jabba the Hutt. It might also convince the Hutt to overlook the recent difficulties Fortuna had been having with intercepted spice shipments.

However, it was difficult to find just the right girl for Jabba. Most of the popular dancers were too common and ordinary to captivate Jabba the way that Fortuna wanted his "gift" to. He traveled out to the "place of twilight" on his half-light, half-dark homeworld of Ryloth, where there still existed many quaint, primitive clans, living in ignorance and peace. It took him two weeks to find the perfect woman.

He knew from the moment he saw Oola that she was the one. The daughter of the clan chief, Oola



The Employment Test

The following story was related by Ephant Mon, who participated in the event.

Jabba's organization is always in need of cheap muscle for protection: goons who would break heads without thinking twice about it, and who would not betray their employer. Jabba needed creatures who were strong, vicious, loyal, and stupid. In short, he needed Gamorreans.

But needing Gamorreans and getting them to work for you are two entirely different things. These brutish mercenaries live by a strict code of "honor" that states that a Gamorrean will only serve someone who is a better warrior than he. Anyone who wishes to hire a Gamorrean must first defeat him in battle.

Now, Mighty Jabba knew that he would have no problem defeating a Gamorrean in single combat, but, considering the amount of Gamorreans that he wanted to hire, the fighting could soon become tedious. And besides, it is so very easy to trick them.

Jabba had a group of 12 likely candidates brought to his palace throne room to receive their "employment test." The Hutt's thugs ringed the room, the Gamorreans were herded into the center, and Mighty Jabba heaved himself off of his throne and faced his guests. His massive tail rose high in the air, casting a shadow over the Gamorreans. With great fanfare, Jabba's interpreter announced that the Mighty Hutt would take them on all at once!

But as the first of the brutes advanced, Jabba signalled him to stop. He clapped his pudgy hands, and a henchman brought out a handful of blindfolds. The Gamorreans bristled and made threatening noises at the henchmen.

The crimelord's interpreter then explained that this was the traditional Huttish way of

doing personal combat — fighting by smell and touch and blind instinct. Among the Hutts, the interpreter explained, fighting with eyes uncovered was dishonorable and cowardly. Seeing Jabba allow himself to be blindfolded first, the Gamorreans accepted at face value Jabba's proposition to fight them all at once. The none-too-bright Gamorreans accepted the condition.

After all the Gamorreans were blindfolded, the gong signalling the commencement of combat was chimed, and the Gamorreans advanced clumsily, swinging wildly with their vibro-axes and force pikes. Of course, by then Jabba had slipped back onto his throne and twenty of his henchmen, brandishing gaffi sticks and clubs, moved in to replace him. Jabba's henchmen, who were of course not blindfolded, had little trouble pummeling the brutes into submission.

A cacophony of strange alien laughter surrounded the bewildered Gamorreans as they flailed wildly in every direction. Jabba's henchmen darted between the blind thrusts and slashes to deliver savage blows to the helpless Gamorreans. Most of the Gamorreans were easily dispatched, but a few of them, particularly the axeman, Ortugg, displayed remarkable endurance and determination, and by luck managed to down one of their tormentors. This was unfortunate, but Jabba reasoned that "that is the price you pay for good help these days."

When the combat was over, Jabba moved back into place, with a few cosmetic cuts and bruises added for effect. The blindfolds were removed, and the stunned and beaten Gamorreans gaped in awe at the giant slug-like creature who had single-handedly defeated 12 Gamorrean warrior clansmen blindfolded. All nine of the surviving Gamorreans swore fealty to the greatest warrior they had ever known.

moved like a serpent and possessed the finest, most delicate head tails Fortuna had ever seen.

During the night, Bib kidnapped the innocent girl and brought her to his smuggling complex. There, he hired several famous Twi'lek dancers to tutor the young Oola in the ways of seduction and dance. Four months later, he presented Oola to Jabba.

Jabba was instantly smitten with the young Twi'lek. To show his appreciation, he chained her to his throne, an honor he reserved for only his

most prized possessions. Fortuna had done well.

It became evident before long, however, that Oola did not share the sentiment of her new master. Dancing for the court was bad enough, but when the grotesque Hutt began to make his obscene advances toward her, she fiercely resisted. She was punished, and punished again, but still she held firm. Eventually Jabba tired of the game, and the young Twi'lek became food for his other "most prized possession," the rancor.



■ Oola

Type: Twi'lek Dancing Girl

DEXTERITY 2D

Dancing 6D, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Survival 3D+2

MECHANICAL 1D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Hide 4D+1, sneak 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 1D

Special Abilities:

Tentacles: Twi'leks can use their head tails to communicate in secret.

Move: 10

Jabba the Hutt

There are many, many stories about Jabba the Hutt: who he really was, where he came from, and how he became one of the most powerful underworld figures in the galaxy. Jabba is said to have been behind every single unsolved crime committed in the past 20 standard years. Countless cheap hoods give themselves airs by claiming to have done a job with the Bloated One. Politicians across space have gotten themselves elected promising to “bring down the Hutt and all like him.” The Hutt has even achieved the status of galactic boogeyman: mothers everywhere use him to keep ornery children in line — “You’d better go right to sleep or Jabba will get you.”

It was not that Jabba was the most vile or evil or hideous gangster in the galaxy (although he was certainly in the running). It was sim-

ply that Jabba, as perhaps the most visible member of the notorious Hutt crime families, was an exceptionally well known criminal. Most other crimelords sought to keep their identities secret so that they could conduct their business in private. Jabba flouted his influence and wealth, virtually daring the authorities to bring him down — if they could. Jabba was more than a successful gangster; he was proud of what he’d done and how he’d done it. Perhaps it was inevitable that he would gain so much notoriety, and that his death would be so widely celebrated.

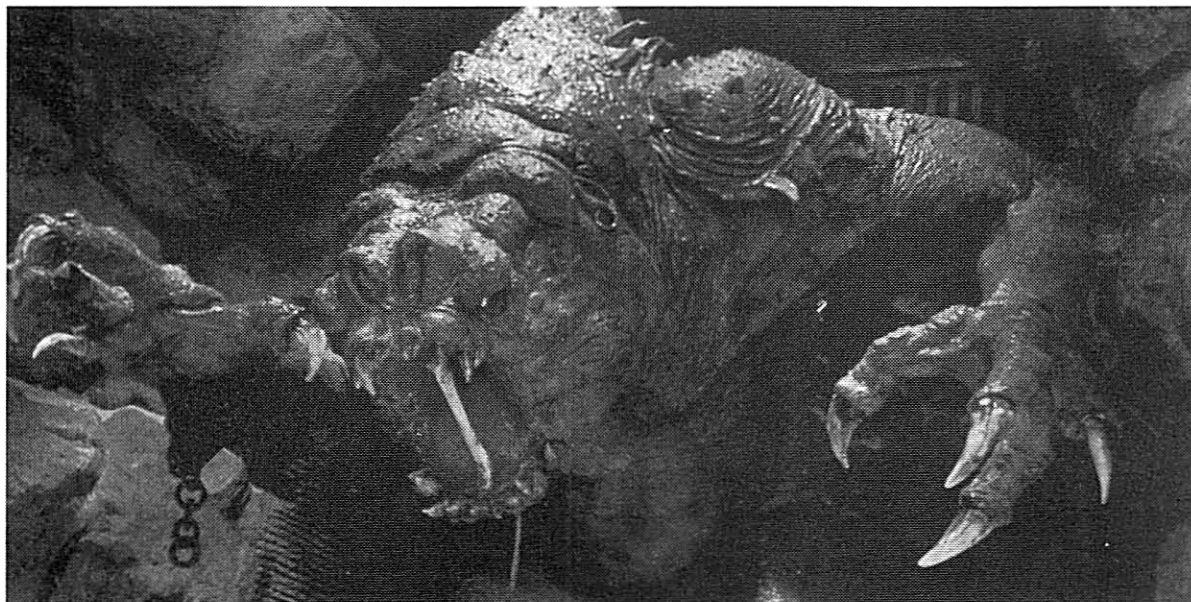
To dig through this muddled information to find “the truth” is impossible. One can only pick out the choicest bits and string them together to form some sort of reasonable narrative.

Jabba was a Hutt, a race of slug-like creatures said to originate on a planet called Varl, though that name does not appear on any Imperial star charts. Space lore has it that the Hutts all but destroyed themselves in civil war, but then managed to relocate to the world of Nal Hutta, from which they built their criminal empire. Nal Hutta sits at the center of “Hutt space,” and is a safe haven for the galaxy’s most ruthless criminals, provided they haven’t offended any of the powerful Hutt families of that world.

Jabba, in particular, was known for his crude wit and dominating force of personality. His great physically intimidating presence no doubt had an important bearing on his meteoric rise to power, but ultimately it was his ruthless, scheming mind which brought him to the top of his chosen profession. Later on, when the excesses of his appetites for food, females and spice had taken their toll, leaving him a hairless, bloated slug, all but unable to move, the mind of the illustrious Jabba remained as nimble, sharp and evil as ever.

Over the years, his underworld empire had grown to an almost unfathomable size. He had his pudgy hands in everything from spice running, to extortion, to a protection racket which





alone could have supported the governments of an entire sector of space. Jabba amassed a virtual army of beings from across the galaxy to do his bidding. His agents were everywhere.

Why then did Jabba choose the remote planet of Tatooine as a base of operations? No one is truly sure. Speculation ranges from the idea that Jabba thought he would draw less Imperial attention in such a remote location, to a supposed deal Jabba had with the sector governor, to the story that Jabba actually owned the entire planet. For whatever reason, Jabba made his palace in the remote deserts of Tatooine the hub of his criminal empire. Unfortunately for the Hutt, he picked the homeworld of a young man who would become the last of the Jedi, and who would spell his eventual doom.

■ Jabba The Hutt

Type: Hutt

DEXTERITY 2D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 7D, bureaucracy: Tatooine government 9D+1, business 6D+1, cultures 4D+2, intimidation 7D, languages 4D, law enforcement 4D+1, law enforcement: Tatooine 9D, streetwise 9D, streetwise: Jabba's organization 11D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 8D, command 8D, con 7D+1, gambling 7D+2, persuasion 7D+2

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 6D, lifting 6D, stamina 7D

TECHNICAL 3D

Special Abilities:

Force Resistance: Hutt's have an innate defense against Force-based mind manipulation techniques; they roll double their *Perception* dice to resist such attacks. Hutt's cannot learn Force skills.

Force Points: 5

Dark Side Points: 6

Character Points: 26

Move: 2

The Rancor

Much has been said and written about the rancor owned by Jabba the Hutt. It was the only known creature of its kind, and, since its arrival on Tatooine, had spawned some controversy concerning its origin. The rancor was given to Jabba as a gift by Bib Fortuna and the late Bidlo Kwerve, both then lieutenants of the crimelord. Being little interested in historical or xenobiological research, neither had bothered to examine the vessel for clues as to the beast's planet of origin.

Fortunately, others were more curious. Certain biologists who had seen the famous rancor footage (since banned in most reputable areas of the galaxy), came to Tatooine to probe into the background of this unique specimen. They were of necessity quite circumspect when questioning Jabba's men, but, after several months, they were able to learn the location of the downed ship. Though Jawas and Tatooine's vicious sandstorms had not been kind to the battered ship, the xenobiologists were able to read the ship's registration number and begin a back-trace of the vessel.

It seems that the ship, registered to a Captain Grizzid, had last docked in the Tarsunt system, where a man by the name of Grendu, a dealer in "rare antiquities," had commissioned passage for himself and a special cargo. To carry the cargo, Grendu had ordered a special heavily reinforced cage to be installed in the hold. Just where this Grendu found the creature remains unclear. While Grendu is believed to have spent many years in the Anoat system, it is highly unlikely the creatures originated there. Unfortunately, Grendu did not live long enough to an-

swer questions. He and the ship's crew were all killed shortly after the craft crash-landed on Tatooine.

The rancor quickly became the crimelord's favorite pet. One of his favorite recreational activities involved feeding his favorite pet. It was most satisfying to Jabba and his collected throng when the rancor swallowed its meal whole, and a good deal of betting took place on whether the meal would be a "one-biter," "two-biter," or, very rarely, a "three-biter."

To keep the rancor happy and healthy at all times, Jabba hired Malakili, an expert beast keeper. He and his partner Lorindan (a reputed relative of Mos Eisley's Garindan, or "Long Snoot") supplied the beast with food whenever Jabba didn't send it a meal through the trap door. They were also responsible for maintaining the pit, not the most enviable of tasks.

After many standard months of taking care of the beast, Malakili and his partner became quite attached to it. They, along with the mighty Jabba himself, were devastated when their beloved rancor fell victim to the "Jedi tricks" of Luke Skywalker.

■ The Rancor

Type: Gigantic predator

DEXTERITY 4D

PERCEPTION 1D

Search: tracking 3D

STRENGTH 7D

Special Abilities:

Ambush: Adds +3D

Claws: Do STR+3D damage

Teeth: Do STR+5D damage

Move: 20 (restricted to Move 10 in pit because of cramped conditions)

Size: 5 meters tall

Salacious Crumb

If there was a jester in the court of Jabba the Hutt, it was the Kowakian Lizard-Monkey Salacious Crumb. Crumb sat at the base of Jabba's throne, mimicking and cackling at all who addressed the illustrious Hutt. It seems clear that

these creatures are sentient, although they build nothing and have no art, no science, and no literature. In their natural habitat, they are mere gatherers and foragers, but in the presence of larger sentients, they will allow others to care for them.

Crumb was one of the only beings to ever cross Jabba and live to tell about it. While on one of his jour-

neys off Tatooine, Jabba stopped at Kwenn Space Station to settle an important debt. Salacious Crumb, an unwanted parasite on the station, scampered aboard Jabba's vessel while evading the Mantilorrian rat-catchers who were hot on its trail. With an unerring instinct for getting into the most trouble possible in any situation, Crumb decided to hide in Jabba's chambers.

When Jabba returned to the ship, he found Crumb hiding in, of all places, his feeding bowl! The enraged Hutt almost swallowed the Lizard-Monkey on the spot. But Crumb was too fast for him and darted up into the rafters, the bowl sitting on his head like a huge blast-helmet.

Just then, Bib Fortuna and his rival Bidlo Kwerve bumped into the room, in the midst of a heated argument. Crumb dropped the bowl on their heads, spreading green ooze all over the surprised creatures. Bidlo was angered and pulled his blaster, but the green ooze had gotten into his equipment, and all he accomplished was to squirt a blob of green liquid directly into Fortuna's face.

By this time, Jabba was nearly delirious with laughter, and barely had enough of his wits about him to stop his lieutenants from killing each other. Since that day, Salacious Crumb was constantly at his side, annoying court regulars and guests alike.

■ Salacious Crumb

Type: Kowakian Monkey-Lizard

DEXTERITY 4D

Dodge 6D, pick pocket 7D, running 6D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D

Languages 2D+2, streetwise 1D+2

MECHANICAL 1D

PERCEPTION 1D

Con 1D+2, hide 6D+2, sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 1D

Climb/jump 4D+2

TECHNICAL 1D

Character Points: 4

Move: 11

EV-9D9

In general, a droid's basic programming requires it to be friendly and subservient to most sentient beings. EV-9D9 is a noted exception; in fact, EV-9D9 actively dislikes most beings, and seems to have a pathological hatred of other droids.

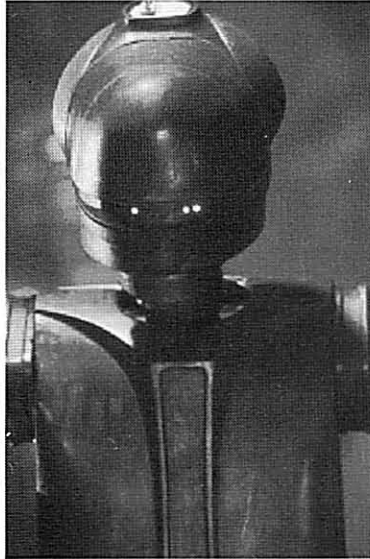
In the normal course of events, Ninedenine would be judged deranged and subject to memory-wipe and reprogramming. Unfortunately for dozens of worker droids, Ninedenine found employment where its derangement was appreciated and encouraged.

Jabba's agents discovered Ninedenine supervising at the now-defunct GoCorp repulsor plant, while the Hutt was commissioning sev-



eral sand skiffs. The droid laborers at GoCorp were unbelievably overworked. The attrition rate was high, but production was well beyond what droids are normally able to accomplish.

Impressed by this, Jabba's agents bought the supervisor-droid and put it to work in the palace. Ninedenine was a meticulous taskmaster who believed that it was its job to work the other droids until they dropped. Those who disobeyed orders or failed to perform up to expectations were severely "disciplined" with a twisted array of mechanical tortures. Some say that Ninedenine actually enjoyed torturing its mechanical brothers (as much as a droid can "enjoy" anything). Whichever was true, the droid made existence for the other droids at the palace a mechanical analog of hell. During his tenure, only two droids ever escaped from EV-9D9 — a certain golden protocol droid and his feisty astromech companion.



■ EV-9D9

Type: Merendata EV Supervisor Droid

DEXTERITY 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Intimidation: droids 6D, value 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D+2

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 4D

Droid programming 7D, droid repair 7D

Equipped With:

- Humanoid body (two arms, two legs, head)
- Two visual and audial sensors — Human range
- Vocabulator speech/sound system

Move: 10

Size: 1.6 meters

Cost: 4,500

Equipment: Arc welder (6D), datapad

Ephant Mon

When asked, Ephant Mon described his profession as "freelance," though he never said what he freelanced in. Despite his constant presence at the court of the crimelord, Mon was not a member of Jabba's staff, but was one of the only non-employees the Hutt would tolerate. Exactly why Ephant was so privileged is open to speculation.

Though it's hard to imagine, the Hutt may have considered Mon a friend. The two shared certain unsavory appetites. It is possible that the Hutt simply enjoyed having one person around who was not a yes-man or toady, who

might dare offer a dissenting opinion now and then. Or perhaps not.

It is also possible that the Hutt tolerated the Chevin because of the many successful business ventures the two had combined upon. Ephant Mon was expert at the acquisition of certain special commodities, and Jabba had the necessary distribution network to sell them.

Ephant Mon was a gunrunner. Mon supplied arms to all manner of military organizations, from petty planetary guerrilla groups to the Rebel Alliance itself. No one is sure exactly where the Chevin acquired his merchandise, but the weapons were usually of Imperial manufacture, outdated, but still quite serviceable. Apparently, certain high-ranking Imperial military officers were willing to supply their own enemies to make a fast credit.

Ephant Mon had come far from his rather humble origins. The Chevin are hunter-gatherers, following the wild backshin across the huge plains of their planet Vinsoth. They are most noted for their enslavement of a humanoid race also apparently native to their world, who also bear the name Chevins. Mon had been recruited by mercenaries when an adolescent; after serving with the mercs for several years, he concluded that it would be much more profitable (and a good deal safer) to sell arms than to use them.

Even though he had been out of the mercenary business for several years when he met Jabba, he was still a formidable warrior. But although he rather enjoyed a good fight, he





■ Ree-Yees (right) confers with one of the many galactic cut-throats in Jabba's employ.

enjoyed making money more. His basic credo was, "I will sell anything to anyone at any time — if there's a profit in it."

■ Ephant Mon

Type: Chevin Gunrunner

DEXTERITY 2D+1

Melee combat: vibroblade 4D, melee parry 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D+2

Alien species 2D+2, languages 3D, value: weapons 7D+2

MECHANICAL 1D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 4D+2, bargain: weapons 6D+1, con 4D, investigation: weapons dealers 7D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 3D+1

TECHNICAL 1D

Character Points: 5

Move: 9

Equipment: Vibroblade (STR+3D), large number of used weapons (for sale)

Ree-Yees

The three-eyed alien known as Ree-Yees was without a doubt one of the more repulsive of Jabba's courtiers, both in visage and in temperament. This sleazy crook spent more time under the influence of Sullustan gin than he did sober, and he was an ugly, mean, nasty, slobbering drunk. He did not appear to serve any useful purpose in Jabba's organization; perhaps Jabba kept him around for his entertainment value.

Ree-Yees was a credit-ante thief who spent his time scamming credits off relatively easy marks such as Barada and Ortug the

Gamorrean. His primary competition in this pursuit was the Chevin, Ephant Mon. The two were constantly bickering about one thing or another, and they had come to blows on more than one occasion. Though Ree-Yees invariably came out the worse, Mon was growing tired of the feud, and Ree-Yees might have shortly found himself in the rancor pit.

Even if he had avoided that unpleasant fate, Ree-Yees did not have long to live under any circumstances. Gran are highly social creatures; most never leave their home planet of Kinyen. Having committed the crime of murder — almost unknown on Kinyen — Ree-Yees had been outcast from his people.

To Gran, this is a fate worse than death: most go mad or die of loneliness after a remarkably short period of time. Through a combination of insensitivity, self-centeredness, and excessive alcohol consumption, Ree-Yees had managed to keep himself alive and relatively sane, but the strain was beginning to tell. He had even attacked other members of Jabba's court in recent weeks. Why Jabba kept him around is unclear, but it was a practice of the crimelord to retain those people and items which amused him.

The troubled Ree-Yees finally chewed off more than he could handle when he tried to stop Luke Skywalker and his companions from escaping Jabba's sail barge. He, and a host of other scum and villainy, lost his life because Jabba would not relent and let the Rebels go in peace.

■ Ree-Yees

Type: Gran Petty Swindler

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 3D, brawling parry 3D+1, dodge 2D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D+2

Alien species 2D, cultures 2D, intimidation 3D, languages 2D+1, streetwise 4D+2

MECHANICAL 1D+1

Repulsorlift operation 2D+2

PERCEPTION 2D

Bargain 3D+1, con 3D, forgery 3D+1, gambling 3D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 3D+2, lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 3D+2

Special Abilities:

Vision: Grans' unique combination of eyestalks gives them a larger spectrum of vision than other species. They can see well into the infrared range (no penalties in darkness), and gain a bonus of +1D to notice sudden movements.

Story Factors:

Madness: Ree-Yees's crime of murder and subsequent expulsion from his world has driven him mad. His behavior is self-destructive, and he engages in excessive drink and is far too eager to fight even those who could clearly kill him.

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Portable Sullustan gin tankard, lockpick

Tessek

This Quarren is one of the few members of Jabba's court to survive the sail barge disaster. This is not particularly surprising; Tessek was one of the most clever of Jabba's employees, and one of the few who didn't scramble his wits through overindulgence in drugs, liquor, and the other vices enjoyed at the palace.

Tessek has only one vice: an all-consuming lust for power. He was too busy plotting the overthrow of Jabba to waste his time on lesser diversions. He might have done it, too, if certain Rebel heroes hadn't beaten him to it.

Several weeks before the Hutt's untimely demise, Tessek, along with a few, carefully chosen allies (who all happen to be conveniently dead at this moment) planned the murder of the illustrious Jabba and the overthrow of his criminal empire.

The plan involved a raid by the Empire on the Hutt's organization's main warehouses, hideouts, and legitimate business establishments, carefully timed to coincide with Jabba's assassination by Tessek and his associates. It was a complex deal that would rid the galaxy of Jabba and leave Tessek in control of the remainder of his operation. In return for the help of the Empire, Tessek would provide intelligence on Alliance activities and limit his illegal operations to worlds unfriendly to the Empire.

Tessek was one of the few who took the young Human claiming to be a Jedi Knight seri-

ously. He knew from the start that there was something special about this mysterious young rogue. While others laughed at the man's boasts that he would destroy Jabba, Tessek wondered how he might use him to his advantage.

It seemed odd to Tessek that the Jedi and his companions, who appeared to be of reasonably sound mind and body (though you never can be too sure about Humans), would be so foolhardy as to allow themselves to be captured the way they had. Either they were completely crazy, or they were extremely well prepared. The Jedi didn't appear to be crazy; there had to be more to this than was readily apparent.

With a bit of discreet research, he discovered the identities of the prisoners: they were Rebels — and high-ranking ones, at that! Tessek began to get nervous. This was something more than a bungled rescue attempt. The same people who destroyed the infamous Death Star do not bumble into the palace of Jabba the Hutt and allow themselves to be captured without a fight. And those two droids — how did they fit into the plan?

Tessek didn't know what was going on, but it was obvious that something big was going to happen. Perhaps an Alliance strike force was lurking just outside the palace's scanning range, awaiting a signal to sweep in, rescue the prisoners and wipe them all out. Or perhaps something even more devious was in the works. In any case, there were too many variables in the game; Tessek postponed his move against Jabba until the picture cleared.

Though clever enough to foresee the upcoming unpleasantness, the actual course of events took Tessek quite by surprise. When Jabba announced that the prisoners were to be executed at the Sarlacc's pit, Tessek expected the "Rebel



■ Tessek and Boba Fett lay odds on Skywalker's survival.

strike force” to make their move, hitting Jabba when he was vulnerable, outside the walls of his palace. Tessek didn’t want to be around when the firing started; he arranged for an escape swoop to be hidden upon the sail barge. Once the Rebels hit, he would slip onto the swoop and let the strike force do his work for him.

Tessek was completely bewildered when the prisoners attacked on their own. The prisoners were doomed, that was obvious. Should he help finish them off to enhance his reputation with Jabba, or should he use the diversion to kill Jabba, claiming that the prisoners had done it? By the time he made up his mind — kill Jabba, kill the prisoners and blame Jabba’s death on them — events had preceded him. To his shock, the prisoners destroyed Jabba before he could. In fact, they seemed to be destroying everybody in sight!

Tessek quickly decided upon a different course of action: escape! He slipped aboard his escape swoop and fled to the palace, where he locked all doors, activated all defensive measures, and hoped the prisoners wouldn’t come back. If they did, he somehow didn’t think the castle’s walls would even slow them down.

After several very tense hours, Tessek began to relax. Apparently, the Rebels were going to postpone vengeance — for the moment, anyway. While the palace was in an uproar, with prisoners escaping and the few remaining staff members panicking at the thought of their boss dead, Tessek was safely locked in one of the guest suites. He managed to safely and comfortably sit out the initial carnage.

Still, he began to make rapid preparations to leave the palace permanently, for parts unknown. Things were getting just a little too hot. The Empire was probably annoyed at him for canceling their deal and the Rebels were probably annoyed with anyone from Jabba’s organization. At the moment, he didn’t have a lot of friends.

Tessek has not yet reappeared, although it is quite possible that he has taken on a false identity. One expects that the galaxy will hear more from this character in the future.

■ Tessek

Type: Quarren Conspirator

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+1, dodge 4D, grenade 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Bureaucracy 4D+2, cultures 4D, intimidation 5D, languages 4D+2, streetwise 5D+2, willpower 4D+1

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 5D+2, command 4D+2, command: conspirators 6D+1, con 5D, investigation 5D, persuasion 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D+1

Swimming 5D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Security 3D+2

Special Abilities:

Aquatic: Quarren can breathe both air and water and can withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (4D), vibroblade (STR+3D), sonic grenade (5D), datapad, comlink

Barada

Although they believed they were extremely important, Jabba rarely entrusted his officers at the court with any real power. Mostly, they sat

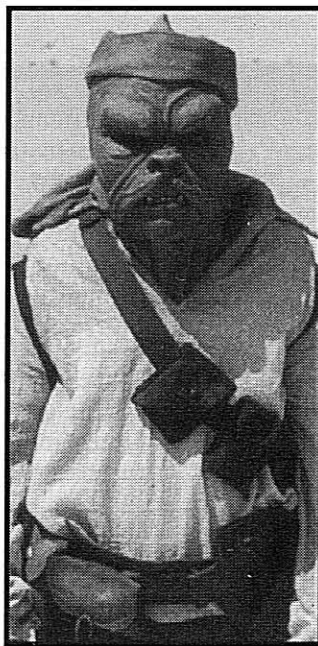
around and “advised” His Eminence — basically, they kept him amused. One of the few members of Jabba entourage with actual responsibility was Barada, the Klatooine in charge of the gang lord’s repulsorpool.

Jabba’s fleet of vehicles was primarily made up of skiffs, specially adapted to the arid climate and modified with superior hull plating and weapons emplacements. Barada was responsible for the procurement, modification, crew and care of these vehicles. He also captained the craft when they engaged in battle or when Jabba was aboard.

Barada “joined on” with Jabba after the crimelord won his contract in a crooked game of sabacc. Barada was an indentured worker, having been sold into servitude by

his family, as is Klatooine custom with disrespectful youth. When Jabba won his contract from Barada’s previous employer, a foolish garage owner who also lost his business to the Hutt, Barada became indentured to the Hutt.

According to the terms of his contract, Barada was bound to work for the owner of the contract for a set, very low wage, until he repaid the owner the amount the owner paid his family for him. Before Jabba, Barada had lived frugally and spent most of his wages paying off a good deal of the contract, and he was only two thousand galactic credits short when Jabba picked it up. By rights, Barada should have been able to pay the rest off in a year or less.



The Pit of Carkoon

From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.

After my brief but enlightening stay at the castle of Jabba the Hutt, I moved on to the next important locale in the heroes' story.

The Pit of Carkoon lay far into the heart of the Dune Sea, in the middle of one of the most remote stretches of terrain on the planet. I was surprised and a little alarmed to note that there was a large vehicle of some kind, possibly military, surrounded by many beings. Proceeding with some caution, I moved closer to get a better look. The vehicle was a sandcrawler and the beings were Jawas, busily stripping the twisted wreckage of Jabba's sail barge of anything of value. Several months after Jabba's death, the site was hardly recognizable.

Jawas are harmless, unless you happen to be a droid or are carrying valuable metal equipment. I hid my repulsorcraft, and walked up openly. When they saw me approach, work temporarily stopped, and stubby blasters were drawn from beneath dusty Jawa robes. When they saw I was unarmed, the Jawas returned to their salvage work (except for the two who insistently kept trying to sell me a beat-up-looking blaster).

Several sets of older tracks indicated that the Jawas had been at the site for some time. Portions of the sail barge had clearly been blown apart, while others remained relatively unscathed, indicating that someone had attempted to destroy the barge far beyond the explosion reported by Luke and the others. Slightly higher than normal radiation readings were also detected.

Despite the carnage, there was a good deal of salvageable stuff among the wreckage, including the remains of Jabba's Kiliad marble throne, and the Jawas bickered constantly over who saw the choice bits first.

This very quickly became tiresome to listen to, and my attention soon diverted to the dread Pit of Carkoon itself. There the horrible Sarlacc stretched its pinkish tentacles out in the hope of snaring a tasty Jawa tidbit. It was a fascinating but horrid sight, and I could only bear to look at it for a moment.

Just as I turned away, a bit of metal lying near the edge of the pit caught my eye. My curiosity aroused, I paid the Jawas to use their electromagnet to pull it from the pit. (The Jawas overcharged me hideously, of course, but I was not about to go anywhere near that slaving maw to get it myself.)

The piece of metal was flat and black, about 20 centimeters by 35 centimeters in size. One side of it was smooth, the other pitted as if from blaster-fire. I couldn't identify it, but later, when I showed it to General Solo, he recognized the object as a piece of the Mandalorian battle armor worn by the notorious Boba Fett.

The Jawas related to me that they had noticed several smaller pieces of the metal near a large hole in the ground about twenty to thirty meters from the Sarlacc's mouth. The hole had since been blown over with sand, although they warned me not to go near the area since several of their kind had been swallowed up by the sinkhole.

However, while scrupulously keeping to the letter of the contract, Jabba cheated Barada mercilessly. He paid Barada the amount specified in the contract, but then charged Barada exactly that amount for room and board. With no way to earn extra money, Barada continued in servitude until freed — in death — by the Heroes of Yavin.

Barada

Template: Klatooinan Manservant

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster: heavy blaster pistol 4D, brawling parry 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Survival 3D

MECHANICAL 3D+1

Repulsorlift operation 5D

PERCEPTION 2D

Hide 3D, sneak 3D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 5D, lifting 4D+2, stamina 5D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Armor repair 6D, blaster repair 6D+1, droid repair 5D+1, ground vehicle repair 5D+1, hover vehicle repair 4D+1, repulsorlift repair 6D

Character Points: 5

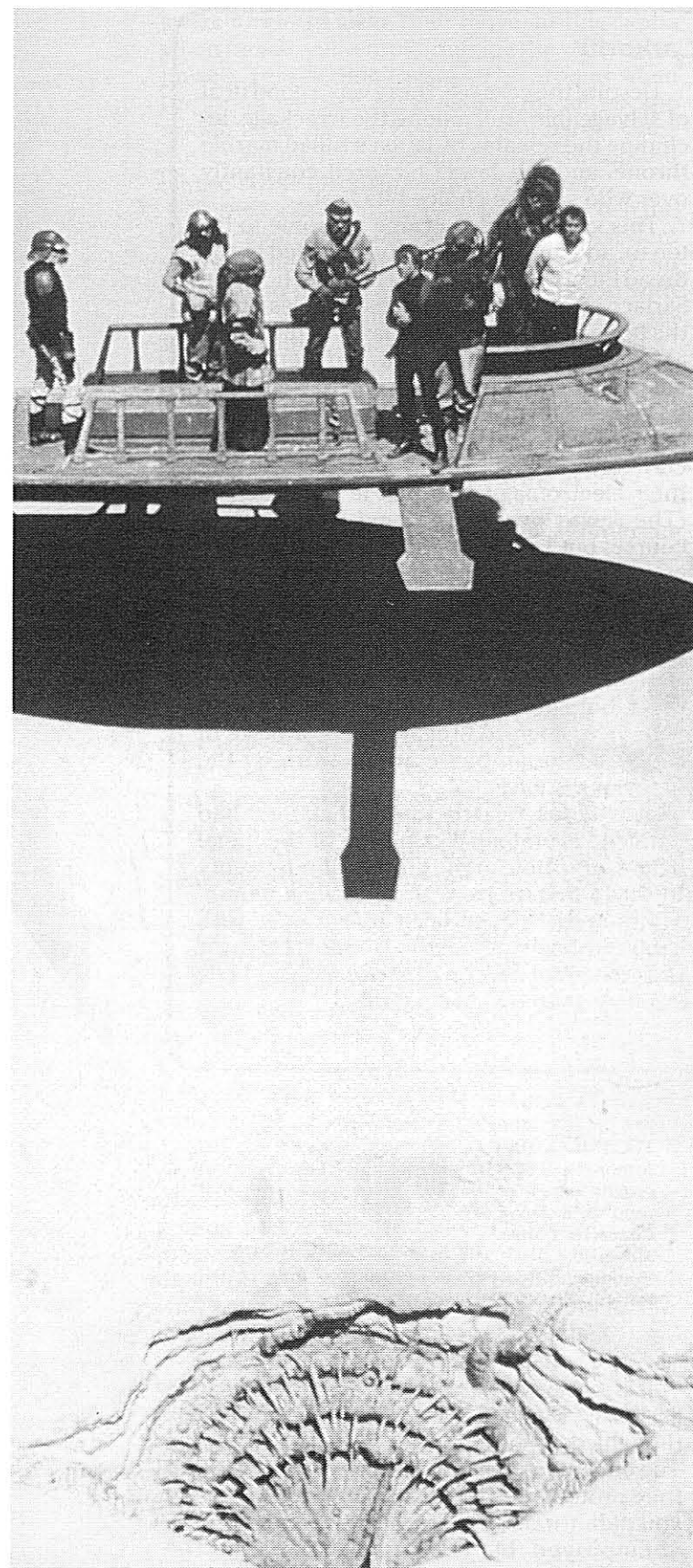
Move: 10

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol (5D), thermal detonator (10D/8D/5D/2D), mechanic tool kit

Weequays

It is believed that the two beings who called themselves Weequays were close relatives: it is thought that their species is called Weequay. The only thing that anyone knew for sure is that they protected each other like brothers — and you didn't want to mess with either of them.

Employed by Jabba as enforcers, the Weequays were among the most feared of the



The following story is a tale of Luke Skywalker's youth, told to Voren Na'al by the Jedi himself.

Sandsurfing was one of the more exciting, but foolhardy recreational activities enjoyed by the wild youths of Anchorhead. It was created by a young man by the name of Fixer. Bested once too often at skyhopper racing and womp rat hunting by young Luke Skywalker and his daredevil friend Biggs Darklighter, Fixer came up with a sport of his own — something at which he could be better than anyone — even if he killed himself in the process.

The "sport" involved being dragged behind a sand skiff that was traveling at tremendous speeds. The surfer was connected to the skiff by a slim cord attached to a set of handles, and was supported by a pair of repulsor disks attached to his feet. When the skiff moved, the surfer would skim over the surface of the desert behind it, skipping on the sand and performing wild flips, twists and other fancy maneuvers on the sloping dunes.

Naturally, the best place for sandsurfing was the Dune Sea. Its great expanses of unobstructed sand and countless dunes provided the most challenging venue for the serious sandsurfer. Fixer, being as serious as they come, would only surf in the Dune Sea. Never ones to back down from a challenge, Biggs and Luke took up surfing those slopes as well. The Dune Sea had the added virtue of being remote and virtually uninhabitable, seriously lessening the chances of being spotted by nosy adults.

Much to Fixer's dismay, Luke and Biggs were good at sandsurfing. It seemed that Fixer's plan to create something he could embarrass "those two lucksters" with had backfired severely. After Biggs performed three consecutive double-flips even Camie was impressed, and she hung on Biggs's arm at the victory celebration back at the station. This was more than Fixer could take. Camie was his girl, and no showoff was going to steal her.

The next morning, Fixer made everyone pile into their skyhoppers and follow him out to the Dune Sea. He told them he was about to attempt the "greatest stunt of all time." By the

The Pit

time they realized what he was up to, it was too late.

Fixer didn't use a driver; instead he pre-programmed the skiff's autopilot to drive itself. This was unusual, but not particularly so: if the programmer was good, he could get the skiff to perform maneuvers with accuracy and timing that few Humans could match. Of course, the programmer could also program the skiff to perform maneuvers that few Humans would be crazy enough to match ...

Fixer's great run started out well. He hit the half-moon just right, and performed as neat a twisting half-gainer as you would ever like to see. He followed with several loops, and finally did a double backwards loop — something no one had ever done before.

His friends, watching from repulsorcraft high above, thought that this was the big finish to his run, and moved down to congratulate him. "That guy's crazy, but boy can he surf," Biggs said admiringly, and Camie's eyes were shining. Everybody was quite taken aback when the skiff suddenly sped up, took a sharp 45 degree turn, and headed straight for the Pit of Carkoon! There was no time for anyone to stop him. As the skiff brought Fixer parallel to the infamous pit, the group could only watch in horror as the young fool angled himself for the jump.

It was obvious that Fixer had planned this from the beginning. A makeshift ramp of sand was hastily formed at the edge of the pit, providing Fixer with the lift he would need to clear the perilous expanse, and a similar ramp at the other end gave him a safe place to land. Fixer hit the takeoff ramp perfectly, sailed through the air ... everybody held their breath ... and he fell half a meter short, slamming into the side of the Pit, disappearing in a giant explosion of sand.

The crash itself didn't particularly worry his friends — they had all survived worse with little more than cuts and bruises, and the sand in the pit was notoriously soft. It was what lay at the bottom of that infamous hole that had everyone swooping down on the crash site in a millisecond.

Camie was there first, tears streaked across her worried face, and Luke had to stop her from diving headfirst into the pit after Fixer. Biggs approached the pit more cautiously, flying directly above it, a good four meters in the air.

After seeing to Camie, Luke joined him in his skiff. Biggs pointed down grimly.

It was bad. Fixer was unconscious. He lay face-down in the sloping sand, and he was steadily slipping into the mouth of the Sarlacc. He was sliding very slowly; perhaps there was still time to save him.

Suddenly, a disgusting pink tentacle emerged from the Sarlacc's mouth and began probing blindly at the sand! It was only a matter of seconds before it found Fixer's body.

Biggs acted without hesitation. Tying a cord around his waist, he tossed the other end to Luke, and began to rappel down the pit. The footing was just about non-existent as the shifting sand gave way beneath his feet, and he had to move with care to avoid pushing his unconscious friend in deeper.

Just as he reached Fixer, the tentacle reached the boy's body and wrapped tightly around his chest! Holding desperately onto the rope with one hand, Biggs drew his vibroblade and began slashing at the tentacle with all his might.

As Biggs worked, another one of those evil appendages began snaking its way up toward Biggs. Another one followed it. And another. And another. Sweating with fear for his friends, Luke tied the rope to his skiff and drew his punch gun. The angle was lousy, the range was too long, but they were just about out of options. He shut one eye, held his breath, and fired off one shot, neatly severing the tentacle around Fixer.

Shouting "Grab Fixer, Biggs!" Luke shot his skiff straight up into the air, dragging the two young men from the pit, milliseconds before the tentacles got there.

All things considered, Fixer got off easily. He suffered a mild concussion and a broken nose — the mild concussion from the crash, the broken nose from Camie after he healed up from the concussion. He spent two weeks at home recuperating and another month home grounded for his recklessness.

Luke and Biggs readily admitted that they could not duplicate his stunt — he was the king of the sandsurfers, and welcome to it. Somehow, that didn't make him feel as good as he thought it would.



great Hutt's servants. In battle, they worked together with an uncanny efficiency, as if they could read each other's thoughts (which, given the infinite variety of life in the galaxy, is not impossible). The Weequays never spoke to anyone, not even each other. These two killers preferred to let their force pikes do their talking for them, and over the years, their weapons spoke volumes.

Their ceremonial topknots were a source of great pride to the Weequays. To most, this was the only way of telling the two apart. Not that anyone ever needed to tell them apart: there was no other visible difference between them and both were always referred to as "Weequay."

During their tenure with Jabba, the Weequays were responsible for countless atrocities, including a bizarre spree of bantha killings. Apparently, they killed the banthas as part of some grotesque religious ritual.

Jabba was forced to put an end to the rituals when the Sand People began to get suspicious about the bantha deaths. The Tusken Raiders were by nature divided and solitary hunters, and usually no threat to Jabba. But Jabba feared that the deaths of their beloved mounts might unite the Raiders in a holy war against him, and even Jabba didn't care to face an army of infuriated Raiders.

Just to be on the safe side, Jabba's men killed a moisture farmer and planted his body by the corpses of several mutilated banthas, to turn the Raiders' anger against those innocents.

In as fine a bit of poetic justice as one is ever likely to see in this galaxy, Luke Skywalker, hero of the Rebellion, nascent Jedi — and ex-moisture farmer from Tatooine — fought and killed the Weequays at Carkoon. It is doubtful whether the Weequays would have appreciated the irony.

■ Weequays

Type: Weequay Mercenaries
DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 5D, dodge 4D+2, melee combat: force pike 6D,

melee parry 5D
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2
MECHANICAL 2D+2
PERCEPTION 2D+1
Search 4D
STRENGTH 3D+2
Brawling 5D, stamina 4D+2
TECHNICAL 3D
Weapons repair 4D

Special Abilities:

Short Range Communication: Weequays of the same clan can communicate through complex pheromones. Aside from Jedi sensing abilities, no species are reputed to be able to notice this communication form. This form seems to be as complex and clear (to them) as speech is to other species.

Character Points: 1

Move: 10

Equipment: Force pike (STR+3D), battle vests (+1D+1 physical, +2 energy)

Sarlacc

In addition to its burning temperatures, biting sandstorms and bantha-swallowing dunes, there are several indigenous creatures which make the dread Dune Sea the most perilous place on the face of Tatooine. Most feared among these creatures is the great Sarlacc.

Resting at the bottom of the infamous Pit of Carkoon, the Sarlacc is a massive, omnivorous creature. It appears on the surface to be a gaping, pink hole, three meters in diameter, lined with three rows of inward-pointing, razor-sharp teeth. This is only the mouth of the creature. The body of Sarlacc, which scientists suspect may be as large as 100 meters in length, is buried deep beneath the sand.

A natural predator, the Sarlacc uses tongue-like tentacles to grab prey from the surface and drag them down into its gaping maw. These tentacles have been known to reach a full four meters beyond the Pit, snagging those who thought they were completely safe.

However, the Pit of Carkoon supplies most of the Sarlacc's prey. Highly unstable and shifting constantly, a creature that slips into the pit is rarely able to escape without help from the outside. Its frenzied struggles serve only to send it deeper, dislodging sand and alerting the Sarlacc to its presence. Once one of the Sarlacc's tentacles wraps around the creature, it is almost surely doomed.

Immobile, living in the center of the parched and barren Dune Sea, the Sarlacc's prey comes few and far between. To compensate, the creature is equipped with a highly efficient digestive system. This system preserves the food for incredibly long periods of time, digesting it slowly, and storing it until needed for sustenance. The victim remains alive for much of this time. Local legend states that the Sarlacc takes

“a thousand years” to digest its prey, but reputable scientists find this quite difficult to — er — swallow.

■ The Sarlacc

Type: Solitary, stationary carnivore

DEXTERITY 2D

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 6D

Move: 2

Special Abilities:

Tentacles: Have a *Strength* of 6D damage, reach up to four meters outside pit. Do not cause damage, but victims grasped by tentacles must make a successful opposed *Strength* roll to escape.

Bite: Does 5D damage.

Acid Digestion: Any creature dragged into the Sarlacc’s maw suffers 5D damage from digestive acids until the being is knocked unconscious, at which point it is dragged into the creature’s digestive tract. At that point, the creature normally wakes up, but by then it is normally incapacitated by the Sarlacc’s paralyzing digestive enzymes (7D stun damage).

Size: 3 meters across (mouth), 100 meters long (underground)

Boba Fett

Boba Fett had long been among the most legendary bounty hunters of the galaxy. The capture of Han Solo was yet another outstanding achievement in his career. In addition to the glory, which meant less than nothing to him anyway, Fett was amply rewarded in more concrete terms for Solo’s capture. Jabba paid him very well, indeed.

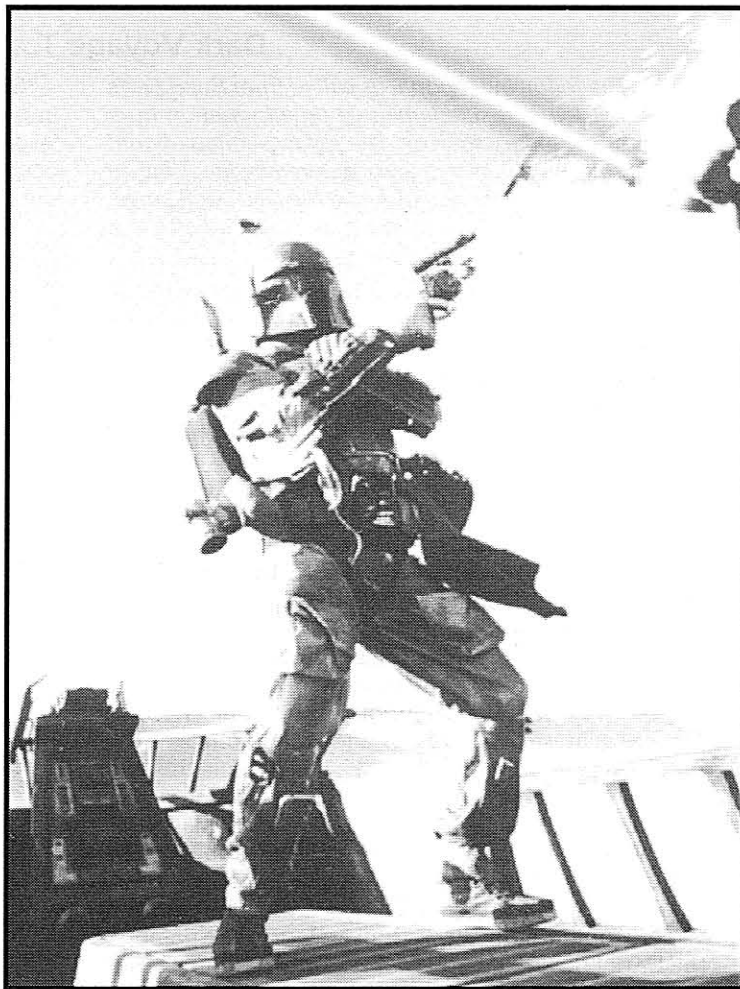
When he returned with Solo, Jabba offered Fett a huge amount of money to stay at the palace and work for Jabba full-time. After a good deal of bargaining, Fett accepted the offer on a month-by-month basis, employment to be terminated by either party at any time, without notice.

After negotiations were concluded, Fett went right to work. Jabba put him on a few “local” assassinations — trivial, really, for a hunter of Fett’s talents — but Jabba wanted to keep Fett near by until he was sure of his loyalty.

Fett knew what Jabba was up to, but as that fit in with his plans, he didn’t object. He knew that Solo’s impetuous friends would eventually attempt a rescue, and he wanted a shot at them. He didn’t need the money, true, but he had seen them in operation, and wanted to test his skills against them — particularly that dangerous young man who had tangled with Lord Vader and survived.

He got his chance at the Pit of Carkoon.

Until the moment Skywalker attacked, Fett had been disappointed with his quarries’ performance. Though he had been taken in by the Princess’s disguise as the bounty hunter Boushh, the ease with which she subsequently allowed



herself to be captured had not improved his impression of the Rebels. And then the fool Skywalker marched right into Jabba’s flabby arms!

He was a bit more impressed at the pit, once Luke gained his lightsaber and began making chopped meat out of Jabba’s guards. Now this was more like it. That boy fought like a master — perhaps there was a challenge here after all. He activated his jet pack and moved to a better position. Skywalker, engaged with other guards, would be unable to parry Fett’s shots.

Boba landed on the deck of the skiff, barely a few meters away from the young Jedi. Before he could open fire with his blaster, a quick stroke of Skywalker’s lightsaber cut the weapon in half. Without hesitation, Fett fired his grappling hook and the fibercord immediately entangled Luke. Before Fett could finish his work, Skywalker somehow managed to deflect an incoming blaster bolt into the deck of the sand skiff. Unexpectedly, the skiff tumbled to one side and the infamous bounty hunter found himself face down on the deck.

Dark Voyage To Tatooine

The following report was culled from Boba Fett's personal log and supplemented by information from several secondary sources. The log was found aboard Fett's ship *Slave I*, which was captured by the Alliance following the destruction of Jabba the Hutt's sail barge. Voren Na'al deciphered the log and turned Fett's dry, factual entries into the following narrative story.

The Cloud City landing platform was bathed in the golden light of a Bespin sunset as Boba Fett strapped himself into the control seat of his starship, the *Slave I*. However, the feared bounty hunter took no interest in the beauty around him as he prepared for launch: his attention was absorbed by several other things, all far more important to him.

Foremost on his mind was his cargo. The carbon-frozen Han Solo would soon bring him great wealth from the coffers of Jabba the Hutt. This, in addition to the considerable fee already paid him by Darth Vader and the Empire, would give Fett more money than he had ever made on a single job. This was truly a catch worth celebrating. But in his hard life of cold violence, Fett had long since lost the capacity to feel triumph or elation — or any other emotion for that matter. All he felt was grim satisfaction for a job well done.

He quickly suppressed that satisfaction; this job wasn't over yet. For a professional hunter, no job is over until the client has his body and the hunter his fee.

Fett went methodically through his liftoff checklist, keeping one eye on the Imperial stormtroopers guarding the platform at all times. It was unlikely that Vader would double-cross him so late in the game — the Dark Lord had much better opportunities earlier — but trust was a concept alien to Boba Fett.

Therefore, he was quite ready when the launch platform doors opened. Fett immediately ignited his lift thrusters and activated his weapon systems. He didn't like to be rushed, but he was even less fond of being caught unprepared. His farsightedness was proven out, as blaster bolts lashed from the door and Imperial troops fell dead.

"Calrissian's double-crossed Vader," he thought calmly. "Interesting."

He carefully thumbed a control. Within seconds he was airborne.

As he fled into space, he saw the diminutive figure of a woman firing at his departing craft. Princess Leia Organa had somehow escaped Vader and a squad of stormtroopers to rescue Solo. This earned her Boba Fett's respect — few have ever escaped from Vader, and the woman had done it twice.

Fett had declined to hunt the Princess when the Empire had first posted a reward for her capture. At the time, Fett assumed that tracking and subduing one former ambassador in her early twenties would not be a challenge worthy of his skill. Now he would have to reevaluate that opinion.

Once in space, the *Slave I* glided effortlessly through the Imperial Fleet. One of the great advantages of working with Vader had been guaranteed protection from Imperial prosecution, though, even now, Fett did not trust Vader to carry out his part of the bargain.

As he approached the Star Destroyer *Avenger*, one hand fingered the hyperdrive control while another focused the blasters on the tractor beam generators of the Destroyer. He couldn't really harm a Star Destroyer, but his weapons were strong — far stronger than the Imperials imagined — and, if they tried anything, they would pay.

Fett did not enjoy passing under Imperial guns, no matter what the occasion. However, he had to clear the fleet before he could make the hyperspace jump to Tatooine. As four TIE fighters fell into formation around him, he increased speed to maximum. He was well aware that they were probably just a formal escort, a typical Imperial "courtesy," but he didn't allow ships to fly this close to him under any circumstances.

As the TIEs accelerated to match his speed, he thumbed a comlink tuned to the "secret" Imperial fighter emergency frequency. "Back off. Now," Fett intoned, his dead machine-like voice striking the same chilling chord the Imperial pilots were used to hearing from the Lord Vader.

The fighter escort slowed down and let *Slave I* streak on ahead. They still followed him, but from maximum range. Fett forgot them and went into hyperspace.

As the bounty hunter's ship disappeared, four very relieved TIE fighter pilots turned back to their normal patrol routes. Their relief was short-lived, however, as they received new orders. They were ordered to head off the *Millennium Falcon*, coming up fast from planetside.

"Isn't that the ship that wiped out Arnod's flight back in the asteroid field? The one from the Battle of Yavin?" asked Flight Lieutenant Rignik nervously as they formed for pursuit.

"Shaddup!" roared Flight Commander Mallop on the general comm line. "I mean, maintain radio silence!" In private transmission to Rignik, he hissed, "You're on report the moment we land!"

In hyperspace, Boba Fett slept. Since he was incapable of relaxing his guard, Boba Fett only slept soundly while aboard *Slave I*, and in hyperspace.

How soundly may a man with the blood of hundreds, perhaps thousands, on his hands sleep? We can only guess. While Fett was as free of conscience as any man who ever lived, it must be remembered that, in the end, even Darth Vader felt regret. Perhaps the ghosts couldn't find him in hyperspace.

As his ship emerged from hyperspace near Tatooine, a warning klaxon roared through the ship's cabin. Snapping awake instantly, he discovered that a homing beacon had been inserted into his navigation system — whenever the ship reached Tatooine system, the beacon would go off. *Slave I*, so carefully designed to be invisible to all electronic detection, was now sending a signal to some unknown

enemy.

As he silenced the alarm and jammed the homing device, he wondered who could have done it. Vader? Jabba? Solo? Had Solo known all along that Fett would capture him and bring him here, setting Fett up for an ambush by his friends? Highly improbable. Must be someone new.

Speculation was futile. In any event, Fett expected he would learn soon enough. He activated the deflector shields and brought all weapons up to full, scanning space visually and electronically for approaching enemies.

He did not wait long.

He saw the starship rising out of planetary orbit at the same time his ship's systems did. The slim needle shape was instantly recognizable. It was a custom job, probably, Fett reflected, the only vessel in the galaxy whose only life-support system was in the small cargo hold. It was the *IG-2000*, the starfighter of IG-88, the assassin droid.

Its droid pilot was *perhaps* as famous and feared as Fett. A military experiment gone wrong, IG-88 was programmed to kill. That was just what it had done, starting with its inventors. After they were destroyed, it killed for whoever could pay. There was certainly an extremely healthy rivalry between the man and the machine. And here, the stakes were immense.

Hired, along with Fett, by Darth Vader to capture Solo, IG-88 had taken the precaution of installing a homing device on Fett's craft. Fett wondered how the droid had gotten the chance to place the beacon. The clever droid had reasoned that the odds of catching the Corellian were in Fett's favor. If the droid didn't find Solo first, perhaps it could steal him from Fett.

Unfortunately for IG-88, Vader had arrived before it could strike. Therefore, the next step was to go to Tatooine and await Fett's arrival there. If the bounty could not be collected from Vader, IG-88 would surely get the one offered by Jabba the Hutt.

"Interesting," thought Boba Fett as he watched the *IG-2000* streak toward him. "IG-88 must have some secret weapon or he wouldn't dare engage me out in the open like this."

Experimentally, Fett fired his blasters and performed an evasive maneuver that brought him out of *IG-2000*'s path. His shots destroyed the oncoming craft. A decoy of some kind. He scanned for another craft but found nothing.

Suddenly, another *IG-2000*, obviously the real one, appeared out of hyperspace, roaring at full speed, its blasters peppering Fett's craft. His ship rocking with the blasts, Fett admired the daring and skill of the attack. Not many ships or pilots could plan a jump with that much precision so close to a planetary body. He wondered if it would work.

Fett turned *Slave I* into a steep dive for Tatooine, *IG-2000* close on his tail. The droid's blasts began to take their toll on *Slave I*'s deflector shields.

"Surrender your prisoner and you have a 30 percent probability of surviving this encounter," IG-88 declared calmly over the comlink. Fett did not deign to answer.

He was busy diving his ship into the powerful gravity well of the planet below. *IG-2000* followed.

"I am far more capable of withstanding the gravometric pressures than you," IG-88 continued. "This tactic has a zero probability curve for success."

At that moment, Fett activated *Slave I*'s unique inertial dampening system, abruptly halting the craft's speedy descent, though at the cost of destroying the ship's hyperdrive engines through a power surge. The sublight engines were nearly destroyed, and wouldn't work properly again without a complete overhaul. Fett would only be able to limp in for a landing on Tatooine. But he would probably survive. *IG-2000* swept past in an instant and directly into the path of *Slave I*'s weaponry.

If IG-88 was ever surprised in its long bounty hunter career, that was the moment. *IG-2000*'s forward shields were disabled by Fett's ion cannon; by the way the ship was listing, part of the blast had gotten through to partially neutralize the drive controls as well. Attempting an evasive maneuver, IG-88 found his craft immobilized by the combined forces of a powerful tractor beam from *Slave I* and the strong gravitational pull of Tatooine.

His victim completely helpless, Fett dragged *IG-2000* closer to him. He wondered if IG-88 could see the concussion missile tube pointed at his craft. He wondered if IG-88 could feel fear. He fired his missile, and the ruthless assassin droid became a shower of microscopic fragments burning up as they entered Tatooine's atmosphere.

Fett regarded the spectacle a moment, and then took his ship up to a more stable orbit, programming Mos Eisley spaceport as his final destination. He wondered if anyone would be willing to pay him for destroying IG-88. It was worth looking into once he landed.

Before he could land, however, an Imperial Patrol Frigate hailed him. As the larger ship came into view, Fett once again activated his defenses and weapon systems. This time, however, he was sure they would not be needed.

"This is Imperial Patrol Frigate *Guardstar*. Please step down from defensive posture and transmit identification and authorization beams."

Fett did not bother with a personal reply. He merely activated a hologram transmitter that had been a gift from a recent business associate.

On the bridge of the *Guardstar*, the hologram of Lord Darth Vader suddenly appeared and spoke. "This craft travels under my personal protection. No Imperial agency or agent shall detain it or its pilot under any condition."

Slave I continued unchallenged, on its way.

By the time he'd shaken off the stun, Luke had moved to the other skiff. The crew had no hope of survival. Fett decided that it was time to end the charade. Raising his arm, he fired off a snap burst of his wrist laser. Still shaken, the shot missed. As he aimed a second shot, he felt something hit the back of his armor. Fett's armor had stood up to direct hits from heavy blasters before, and this shot had felt nowhere near that powerful.

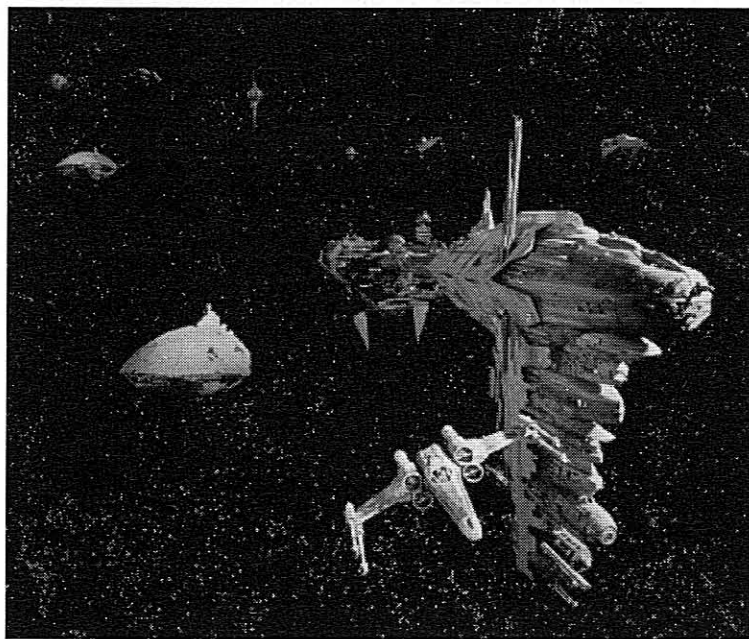
It was then that his jet pack kicked on by itself. Fett only had time to panic as he flew uncontrolled across the Pit of Carkoon. Smashing into the sail barge, Fett tumbled into the sand ... and down into the Sarlacc, never to be seen again.

In the painful time that followed, Fett had plenty of time to review the battle and to figure out what had gone wrong. He concluded that he had made all the smart moves; if he had it to do all over again, he would do exactly the same thing. It was just bad luck that he had failed: pure, blind, stupid bad luck.

He remembered his earlier thoughts on courage and brains, and ruefully decided that perhaps he would have been better off in the long run if he *had* been born stupid.

Now, there was the matter of getting free. Going back out the creature's mouth was out. He wondered how sturdy the creature's body was under all that sand. Would it be as well armored? There would be only one way to find out ...

The Rebel Fleet



It was a time that few in the Rebellion would ever forget. The Rebel fleet was massed off Sullust, in preparation for what only Alliance High Command knew. Nonetheless, it was a time of eagerness, mixed with dread. After the devastating defeat at Hoth, many of the Alliance's soldiers were beginning to have serious doubts.

Then, the *Millennium Falcon* appeared on the sensors of the fleet's perimeter patrols. When Han Solo's voice first came over the comm on the headquarters frigate, there was an overwhelming sense of joy ... and hope. A few dedicated Rebels — Leia, Chewbacca, R2 and 3PO, and their newfound ally Lando — had braved

Jabba's palace and rescued Han Solo against incredible odds. Solo quickly reassured High Command that Luke would join the fleet shortly, but he had other business to attend to.

It was one of the most inspiring moments of my life. As news spread throughout the fleet of the rescue of Han Solo, a wave of cheers swept from corridor to corridor, ship to ship, seeming to echo even across the vacuum of space. The men, women, and aliens of the Rebel Fleet had been given hope. The Heroes of Yavin were the heart and soul of the Rebellion, and Captain Solo's tenacity, daring, skill and devil-may-care grin had come to mean much to us all. His tragic capture at Bespin had demoralized us far more than any liked to admit. But he was back now, and we needed him, for we were about to embark on the most important and dangerous mission of our lives.

Admiral Ackbar worked his fleet crews hard in complex drills. From the type of maneuvers being conducted, everyone suspected the fleet was going to be involved in a major engagement against a massive target, yet no one knew what.

When Mon Mothma called for a general meeting of all Alliance commanders, everyone knew the time to act had come. She was calm, steady, and deadly serious. She represented all that was right in the galaxy, and within her you could see the dedication, the years of hard work, the legacy of tireless, selfless sacrifice. A smile and a quiet word from the Supreme Commander of the Alliance would rouse an exhausted crewman back to peak efficiency.

When she announced what the Alliance was up against, her resolve and dedication were all that saved morale. The Empire was building a second

Death Star. It was bigger and stronger than the first one, and the Imperials were ready. It was the worst possible nightmare for the Alliance and the galaxy. If the space station were to be completed, the Empire would be invincible. Technical analysis showed that the Empire had fixed that single weakness that had been detected on the first Death Star. For the Alliance to survive, its people had to be smarter and quicker. The Alliance had to strike immediately.

The mood throughout the fleet was of very guarded optimism. The Alliance had the best warriors in the galaxy at its disposal. As Han, Luke and so many other people showed, the Alliance has a penchant for accomplishing the "impossible." Nonetheless, defeat seemed quite likely. Defeat and death for the Alliance, and tyranny for the galaxy.

Then Commander Skywalker returned. He was changed. He was bigger, somehow, than when we had last seen him, and he had an aura of confidence and strength. He had the aura of a man who knew, accepted, and yes, embraced, his destiny. Everywhere that Luke went, people stopped what they were doing and stared at him. The whisper spread throughout the fleet. "He has returned to us. The last of the Jedi has come home." Suddenly the impossible seemed quite possible.

Mon Mothma

This extraordinary woman was one of the original architects of the Rebellion, and, to this day, remains its leader and guide.

As a respected member of the Imperial Senate, Mon Mothma fought to retain whatever basic freedoms the beings of the galaxy had left, as the corrupt and evil Palpatine stripped them away, one by one. His methods were subtle, at first, hiding the true meanings of his mandates behind the facade of law and order. Mon Mothma and a few others saw through him, but they were unable to convince the other senators of the quiet, mild Palpatine's evil intentions. The Senate was torn, divided, and corrupt, easy prey to Palpatine's manipulations, and unwilling to listen to "prophets of doom" like Mothma.

And so it was that this visionary leader was forced to take her fight underground. Under Mon Mothma's leadership, the Rebellion grew from a ragtag group of part-time activists into a viable and efficient fighting force. She designed the extensive communications network that kept the Alliance one step ahead of the sluggish Empire. At the same time she used her talents as a diplomat and negotiator to recruit individuals,



corporations and outlying worlds into the Rebellion.

Above all, however, Mon Mothma's most important duty was to keep the Alliance focused. She was fully aware that, while more powerful every day, it was still extremely vulnerable. At this point, even a single, decisive loss could have destroyed the Rebellion. Thanks to Mothma's guidance, the Rebellion fought only when the chances of victory far outweighed the great dangers of defeat.

■ Mon Mothma

Type: Senator

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 5D, melee parry 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 8D+2, bureaucracy 10D+1, cultures 10D+1, intimidation 5D, languages 8D, planetary systems 8D, survival 7D, value 5D+2, willpower 6D+1

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, beast riding 3D+2, communications 3D+1, repulsorlift operations 4D+1, space transports 4D, starfighter piloting 4D

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 10D, command 10D, con 8D+1, gambling 6D, hide 6D+2, persuasion 6D+1, persuasion: debate 8D+2, persuasion: oration 9D, search 7D, sneak 4D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Stamina 6D, swimming 4D+1

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid programming 4D, droid repair 4D, first aid 6D, security 5D, starfighter repair 2D+1

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 20

Move: 10



Crix Madine

Some call him cocky, even arrogant. Others call him aggressive and confident. But regardless of how they perceive this controversial Corellian general, all admit that his record speaks for itself.

Crix Madine was an Imperial officer in charge of an elite army commando unit. With a bright future within the Imperial Army and at the height of his career, he decided to defect and join the Rebellion. The exact circumstances behind his defection are unclear, and his motivations remain unspoken. But that is the nature of the man, and those who know him respect his privacy.

Though it is often difficult for a high-ranking officer to defect — there is always the fear that he is acting as a double agent — Madine was readily accepted by the Alliance. Many of his friends and fellow officers from the Imperial Army were members of the Alliance, and they, without exception, vouched for his character as well as his brilliance.

Among Madine's friends was General Rieekan, commander of the ill-fated Hoth base. The two had served together for some time, and it was Rieekan's backing, primarily, which convinced Mon Mothma that Madine was not a security risk.

Immediately upon joining the Alliance, Madine was assigned to the High Command Advisory Council of the Alliance as Mon Mothma's Chief Military Advisor. This was an unorthodox move, as there were several candidates for the job with a far greater knowledge of the inner work-

ings of the Rebellion than the brand-new recruit. But this was exactly why Mon Mothma chose him for the post. She wanted a fresh perspective, and Madine had no preconceived notions concerning the Rebel forces, how they worked, or what they were capable of.

In addition, his experience as a military commander who had himself faced Alliance troops several times in the past proved invaluable when the Alliance was devising new and innovative battle strategies.

Among his better known plans was, of course, the commando raid that knocked out the massive deflector shield generator of the new Death Star — the cornerstone of the fleet's attack. The assault was daring, almost reckless, but planned with the meticulous attention to detail that is General Madine's signature. It was also successful — another of Madine's signatures.

■ Crix Madine

Type: Alliance General

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 5D, blaster artillery 4D, blaster artillery: anti-infantry 6D+2, blaster artillery: anti-vehicle 6D, dodge 4D+2, grenade 4D, melee combat 3D, melee combat: force pike 4D+1, melee parry 3D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy 4D, military history 7D+2, planetary systems 5D+2, streetwise 4D, survival 4D, tactics: ground assault 6D+2, tactics: squads 9D+2, willpower 5D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Beast riding 4D, beast riding: cracian thumper 5D, capital ship gunnery 4D, ground vehicle operation 4D+2, powersuit operation 5D, repulsorlift operation 4D, starship gunnery 4D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D, command 7D, search 4D, sneak 4D, sneak: forest 5D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+2, stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Demolitions 4D, first aid 4D+2, security 5D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 9

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink

Admiral Ackbar

As commander of the Rebel Fleet, Ackbar had one of the most important and demanding jobs in the Alliance. The fleet was the Rebellion's most valuable asset, and its most important tool to challenge the overwhelming might of the Empire. Admiral Ackbar was the natural choice for fleet commander.

His skills and character are above question. But even beyond that, Ackbar was a symbol to the rest of the galaxy: a symbol that the Alliance was fighting for everyone, no matter what their sex, race, color, creed, or planet of origin. All are welcome; all have a chance to help.

The Empire has made discrimination against

aliens a long-standing policy. This was but one of the deplorable policies that the Rebellion fought against. Admiral Ackbar and the Mon Calamari proved that assertion.

Ackbar proved his competence while commanding the Shantipole project, which brought the valuable B-wing fighter to the Alliance. He was also extremely influential upon his home planet and was largely responsible for that planet's decision to supply their precious Mon Calamari Cruisers, the cornerstones of the Rebel Fleet.

Although widely recognized as a fine tactician, it was more his organizational and administrative abilities that make Ackbar an outstanding leader. He is known for being rather conservative in battle strategy. But this aspect of his personality was nicely counterbalanced within the fleet's command structure by the innovative impetuosity of his young officers.

A case in point was the Battle of Endor. When the Death Star surprisingly went operational and began systematically destroying the Rebel Fleet's most powerful vessels, Ackbar's first instinct was to call off the attack. But General Calrissian pleaded with him to continue by engaging the Imperial Star Destroyers, in the hope that the Death Star wouldn't be able to open up on them without hitting Imperial ships.



For all of his conservatism, Ackbar was open to, and saw the logic in, General Calrissian's radical plan. The gamble paid off.

The battle over Endor proved to everyone that Mon Mothma's choice for command of the fleet was perfect. It was the Alliance's shining moment, and Ackbar deserves much of the credit.

■ Admiral Ackbar

Type: Mon Calamari Admiral

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D+1, blaster artillery 4D+1, dodge 4D, melee combat 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 7D, bureaucracy 7D+1, planetary systems 5D+1, survival 4D, survival: ocean/undersea 6D, tactics: capital ships 7D, tactics: fleets 6D, tactics: starfighters 5D+1, willpower 4D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+1

Astrogation 6D, capital ship piloting 5D+2, capital ship piloting: Mon Calamari battle cruiser 6D+1, capital ship shields 4D+1, sensors 5D+1, space transports 4D+2, starfighter piloting 4D+2

PERCEPTION 2D+1

Bargain 4D, command 8D, command: Mon Calamari crewmen 10D

STRENGTH 3D

Stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Capital ship repair 5D+1, computer programming/repair 4D+1, security 4D+2

Special Abilities:

Moist Environment: When in moist environments, Mon Calamari receive a +1D bonus to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

Dry Environments: When in very dry environments, Mon Calamari seem depressed and withdrawn. They suffer a -1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

Aquatic: Mon Calamari can breathe both air and water and can withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 17

Move: 10

Equipment: Comlink, datapad

Rebel Crewmen

The Rebel fleet was a motley assemblage of vessels of all types, sizes and configurations. Its crew was similarly varied in race, creed and experience — and some would say, equally motley. They would be quite wrong indeed.

The cornerstones of the Rebel fleet were the intrepid Mon Cal crewmen manning the Mon Calamari Cruisers. These highly skilled aliens were hand-picked and extensively trained by Admiral Ackbar. This consistency of crew was necessary because the controls aboard these cruisers were designed specifically for the Mon Calamari. Vital information, displayed in wavelengths beyond Human vision, would be missed by any non-Calamari crewmen, and there wasn't time to redesign the controls. This was

Gambler's Run

"We've got a problem here," Lando stated, as calmly as his thumping heart would allow, "We've got a big problem."

The *Falcon* was chasing a pair of TIE Interceptors up toward the underside of an inconceivably massive Super Star Destroyer. His co-pilot, the Sullustan, Nien Nunb, had just polished off the last of the two when Lando realized what he had gotten himself, and everyone else aboard the *Millennium Falcon*, into.

In his eagerness to chase down the two retreating TIEs, Lando had brought the *Falcon* in close to the massive Imperial vessel. Too close. The laser fire was so heavy now that Lando could barely make out the cavernous hangar bay of the cruiser that loomed above him. If he didn't do something fast, they were going to be cut to pieces.

It was too late to swing the ship around and gun it out of danger — all that would accomplish would be to bring them into the fire arcs of more weapons — they'd be scragged before they made two kilometers. And they couldn't stay where they were for much longer: eventually somebody would get lucky with a laser cannon or tractor beam, and that would be the end of his career as an Alliance soldier, or anything else for that matter.

They couldn't stay where they were, and they couldn't leave. What other choices did they have? Only one, really. Acting quickly, before he would have a chance to realize just how crazy he was, Lando pulled back on the controls and sent the *Falcon* straight up — into the Super Star Destroyer's hangar bay.

There was no time for discussion, and Lando ignored the cockpit crew's gasps of shock and terror as he nosed the *Falcon* up into the mammoth hole that was the Star Destroyer's main hangar bay. There was a stunned silence as Lando's expertly timed firing of the braking thrusters brought the ship to a halt. The *Falcon* hung suspended inside the hangar opening, with countless small docking bays ahead and behind.

As he had hoped, the laser fire ended and they were safe for the moment, but what now? It wouldn't be long before the command crew of the giant Imperial vessel figured out what happened and ... he didn't want to think about it.

Keep moving, Lando thought. Just keep moving and you'll think of something.

While the rest of the cockpit crew threw switches, turned dials and adjusted scopes to compensate for the tight quarters Lando had just gotten them into, he concentrated on the task at hand. Gunning the throttle, Lando shot the *Falcon* down a tight access corridor running through the ship's countless hangar bays.

This is insane, he thought. Of course, Han has done worse to the Falcon. Why did I ever put her up in that game?

The ship flew through the opening into what looked like a staging area of some sort. Lando could barely

make out the blurred images of a ground crew leaping for cover as he rocketed overhead. Another opening lay ahead, but a repair gantry was partially obscuring the entrance. There was virtually no time to react, but Lando managed to dip the *Falcon* slightly, avoiding the worst of the collision.

A stunned Nien Nunb mumbled something in his peculiar language as the wrenching sound of the gantry scraping on the ship's upper hull reverberated through the cockpit. But the *Falcon* was only superficially damaged by the accident, which is more than could be said of the poor techs who were working on the gantry.

This was certainly enjoyable, Lando thought. Now, how do we get out?

They needed some kind of cover, some kind of diversion. The clock was running, and soon the TIEs would be here to smoke them out ...

Hmmm. Smoke.

Again, Lando no sooner thought of a solution than he proceeded to act upon it. Until now, he had avoided blasting away at the innards of the giant Imperial ship for fear of bringing something crashing down upon them. But the only way he saw to provide the *Falcon* with enough cover to escape out from beneath the Star Destroyer's guns was to create a fireball. A *big* fireball.

"Open up with everything we've got," Lando ordered, "blast anything that looks important. Blast anything that doesn't, too."

Nien Nunb shot a quick glance at his partner. He had silently run the idea of blasting away inside the hangar through his mind when they first entered the Star Destroyer, but he too had realized that it was entirely too risky. What was Lando up to?

The alien finally decided that Lando, figuring them for dead, wanted to make as much damage as possible before they went. Not having any better ideas, with silent apologies to his ancestors, he complied.

The alien immediately began raking the hangar ahead with the *Falcon*'s concussion missiles, and Lando could feel the distinctive vibrations in the *Falcon*'s hull that meant that the two quad gunners were doing the same. The space around them became a chaotic inferno, as the ship's blaster cannons tore into the unarmored innards of the mighty Star Destroyer.

The gambler's grin on Lando's face revealed nothing of his own inner panic as he banked the *Falcon* over, back through the access corridor, and out of the giant hangar complex and into space, closely followed by the fireball the ship's guns had created. As he hoped, the fireball obscured the fleeing target from the Imperial gunners' sights for the crucial seconds it took to get the *Falcon* out of range.

The gamble had paid off, this time. But there would be a few more hands to play before this day was through, and Lando knew what a fickle mistress Lady Luck could be.

especially true of the holographic displays, which are designed to match the Cals' unusual eye configuration. To a Human, the images would seem warped and distorted, somewhat out of phase, but to a Mon Calamari they are crystal clear.

Further, many of the ships' controls were keyed to respond to subtle body motions of the bridge crews. To run a Calamari vessel, the crewmen make certain body movements with the legs, feet, and waist, which are picked up by sensors in the special swivel chairs upon which they sit. This leaves the hands free to operate other controls. Naturally, these chairs are designed for Mon Calamari crewmen, and other species find the necessary movements difficult, if not impossible, to recreate.

Beyond the technical reasons, the Mon Cals were given these high-pressure, maximum concentration jobs because of their discipline and notoriously even tempers. Mon Cals are able to focus completely upon the task at hand, rarely becoming affected by pressure or distracted by emotion.

The most sterling example of the Cals' ability was displayed in the battle over Endor. There, in the face of overwhelming odds, and with the distinct possibility of being trapped and cut to pieces by the mighty Imperial fleet hanging over their heads, the Rebel crewmen kept their composure and performed brilliantly. Quite a few Imperial Star Destroyers met their match that day, including the Super Star Destroyer *Executor*.

Typical Mon Cal Crewman. *Dexterity 2D, Knowledge 2D, planetary systems 3D, value 3D+2, Mechanical 2D+1, astrogation 4D, capital ship gunnery 3D+2, capital ship piloting 3D+2, capital ship shields 3D+1, Perception 1D+1, command 3D+1, Strength 2D, Technical 2D+1, capital ship repair 4D, computer programming/repair 3D+2.* Move: 10. *Moist environments:* +1D to *Dexterity, Perception* and *Strength* aboard Mon Cal cruisers, which are configured to achieve a moist environment for the comfort and morale of the crew. Character Points: Varies, typically 0-5. Comlink, datapad.



Nien Nunb

Lando Calrissian had many fine pilots to choose from when picking a co-pilot for the *Millennium Falcon* before the Battle of Endor. The choice was made for him when he learned that Nien Nunb was eligible.

Nunb was an old friend of a former associate of Lando's, and the Sullustan came highly recommended. Nien Nunb was quite a pilot, and he and his old light freighter, the *Sublight Queen*, had become quite well known in and around Sullust.

At one time, Nien Nunb was a top trade runner for the SoroSuub Corporation, carrying minerals and other raw materials to the outlying systems. His ship was

fast, and he was good at his job, which earned him a great deal of money and praise from SoroSuub.

But when the company decided to devote itself to fully supplying the Empire, and subsequently took control of the Sullust system from its people, Nunb left. "Quit" doesn't quite sum it up considering that Nunb had to leave amidst blaster fire and company starfighters gunning for his hide. After a bit of soul-searching, he decided to turn his talents toward undermining his former employers.

Using skills learned through years of smuggling, Nien began snatching SoroSuub consignments out from under the company's nose and shipping them to the Rebellion. He did it publicly, and with a certain bravado, in the hope of inspiring his people, and rousing them into action. Soon others began to join him in this venture, and SoroSuub was unable to stop them.

Nunb had quite a band of smugglers and outlaws, and SoroSuub had quite a public relations problem since these "criminals" were folk-heroes to the downtrodden Sullustan people. Others, like the famous political agitator Sian Tevv, quietly supported Nunb and tried to push SoroSuub to consider ally-

ing with the Rebel Alliance.



The Briefing of Red Group

The following is a firsthand account of the Red Group mission briefing just before the attack on the second Death Star. It was told to Voren Na'al by Commander Antilles.

The room was an odd mixture of excited buzzing and calm discussion, as was usually the case when Red Group's unusual combination of rookie and veteran pilots were receiving a briefing. The noise quickly died down as I entered, carrying a holo-disc and an electro-lite pointer.

I popped the disc into the projector, and a bright red holographic image of the new Death Star appeared in the center of the room. It was obviously still under construction, framed by structural girders and supports and with many large gaps in its superstructure. But that did nothing to reduce its awesome stature in the eyes of these young pilots.

However, that a surviving veteran of the attack on the first Death Star was commanding their squadron seemed to soothe their fear and apprehension. Knowing what little I actually had to do with Luke's miracle shot, I wasn't quite as confident of my own abilities as they seemed to be.

Regardless, I spoke with the self-assurance that I knew they needed. "Most of you have studied the Battle of Yavin in your training programs. Forget it." I moved to face the holo image.

"This is an entirely different story."

Using the pointer, I highlighted the trench that contained the telltale exhaust port. "In that battle, we ran down this trench in order to reach the small thermal exhaust port here," I flicked the pointer at a barely perceptible highlighted dot, "but the Empire has solved that little design flaw.

"This time, we are not entering the trench, but

rather the superstructure itself." A nervous muttering began among the pilots.

"We'll enter here," I continued, pointing to a circular opening in the station's surface structure, "and continue along this path until we reach the reactor core."

Hobbie, the traditional group skeptic, broke in. "It looks pretty tight to me, boss."

I raised my eyebrows quizzically. Hobbie always hates that. "I've seen you fly a snowspeeder between the legs of a moving AT-AT walker, and you're telling me it's too tight?" The rest of the group chuckled.

Janson turned to Hobbie, "Just stick close to me and I'll nursemaid you through it, hotshot." More laughter. I continued the briefing.

"On the plus side, we expect that their turbolaser batteries won't be active, and we're not sure what kind of fighter force they'll be able to muster if we catch them by surprise."

I flicked a few switches on the transmitter and the Death Star image shrank to a third of its previous size, as a holo-image of a large, green world sprang up beside it.

"On the negative side, the entire battle station is protected by an energy shield which is projected from the forest moon of Endor." A bright holo-image of the energy shield spouted out from the moon to surround the Death Star.

"A strike team led by General Solo and Commander Skywalker is responsible for knocking out the shield generator."

Randi, the youngest, greenest pilot in the group spoke up then. "What if we get there and the shield is still up? We'll be hung out to dry."

I simply smiled as I flicked off the holo-transmitter, "You don't know Han and Luke too well, do you?"

couldn't handle the situation, the beleaguered company called on the Empire to solve the problem. And solve it they did — by sending a fleet of Star Destroyers to seek out and destroy the outlaws. This was a disaster for SoroSuub, and many people who had blindly supported SoroSuub's decisions began to seriously consider Nunb and Tevv's beliefs. The Imperial contingent left after a brief show of force and SoroSuub established the Home Guard fleet to protect Sullust and try to stop Nunb. While the Home Guard managed to virtually eliminate pirate attacks from outsiders, it had "trouble" stopping fellow Sullustans like Nunb's gang.

Nunb realized that the only way to change things was to join the Rebel Alliance and fight the Empire directly. Soon his gang was affiliated with the Alliance, although their ships were

destroyed by an Imperial blockade while they were attempting to establish contact with the Alliance. Meanwhile, at home, rumors began to spread that SoroSuub was considering a change in policy. It was rumored that SoroSuub was going to quietly support the Alliance, while still swearing support to the Empire (to avoid an Imperial invasion).

When SoroSuub did finally ally with the Alliance, offering the Sullust system as a clandestine staging area for the Rebel fleet, Nunb was hailed as a hero of his people. His reputation has grown even more since his actions during the Battle of Endor.

■ Nien Nunb

Type: Sullustan Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 3D+1


KNOWLEDGE 2D+2
MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 6D, communications 7D, sensors 7D+1, space transports 5D+1, starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 5D

PERCEPTION 3D
STRENGTH 3D
TECHNICAL 2D+1

Space transports repair 3D+2

Special Abilities:

Enhanced Senses: +2D to *search* and *Perception* in low-light conditions.

Location Sense: +1D to *astrogation* when jumping to a location the Sullustan has visited before. A Sullustan can always remember how to get back to someplace he has visited.

Character Points: 8

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink

Wedge Antilles

After the evacuation from Hoth, Wedge Antilles took command of Rogue Squadron at the request of Luke Skywalker. Since that time, he has formed them into the Rebel Fleet's elite starfighter squadron. As leader of the new squadron, Wedge was promoted to the rank of commander. As a testament to their skill, his squadron was directly attached to the Headquarters Frigate.

Although given an opportunity to equip his flight with the Alliance's top new fighters, the B- and A-wings, Wedge chose to stick with the X-wing. He felt that the X-wing was still a match for the new Imperial TIE Interceptor, even though the Interceptor had been designed specifically to defeat the X-wing. He also reasoned that it made more sense to let the newer pilots fly the more sophisticated Rebel fighters, giving them a better chance against the new TIEs.

In remembrance of his old squadron that had fought so bravely over the surface of the original Death Star, Wedge temporarily christened the squadron "Red Group" for this second Death Star assault. He and Luke were the only survivors of the original Red Group, and though Luke wouldn't be with them this time, Wedge felt that this squadron had the same fire and determination as the original. There were some new faces, as well as old Rogue Group veterans like Hobbie and Janson, making an effective combination of enthusiasm and experience.

During the Battle of Endor, Red Group lived up to their billing as the Alliance's elite squadron. Many of the B- and A-wing squadrons were devastated by the tremendous onslaught of

Imperial fighters, but Red Group, under Wedge's nimble command, piled up an impressive number of Imperial kills, while at the same time keeping themselves largely intact.

The survival of Red Group was crucial to the Rebel attack strategy. They, along with Gold Group, were scheduled to make the attack run at the partially constructed battle station's power generator. Wedge Antilles personally dealt the final, crucial blow that destroyed the massive station, and ushered in a new era for the galaxy.

■ Wedge Antilles

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Blaster 5D, brawling parry 3D+1, dodge 5D+2, melee combat 3D+1, vehicle blasters 3D+2
 Alien species 4D+1, bureaucracy 5D+2, cultures 2D+2, languages 3D, survival 2D+1
 Astrogation 6D+2, starfighter piloting: X-wing 6D, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship shields 5D
 Command 4D+2, hide 3D+1
 Stamina 4D+2
 Computer programming/repair 5D+1, space transports repair 5D, starfighter repair: X-wing 5D
Force Points: 1
Character Points: 8

■ The Second Death Star

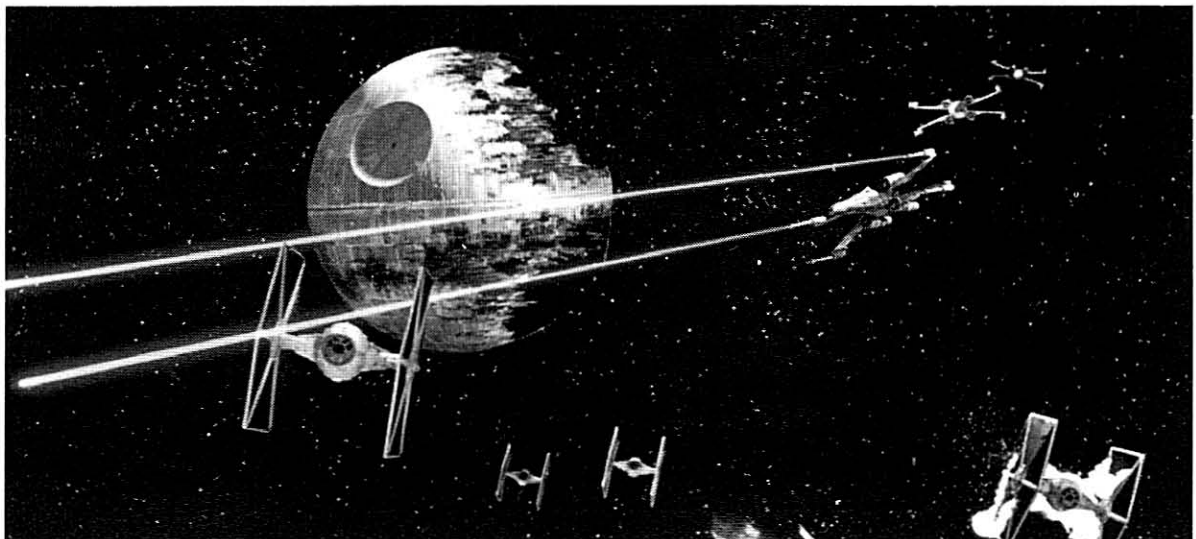
Typically, researching Imperial officials is not the easiest or safest of tasks. To be done properly, it often requires a good deal of dangerous undercover work — gaining access to restricted data files, impersonating Imperial personnel, and the like.

Fortunately, the chaos following the death of Emperor Palpatine, combined with the Alliance's magnificent intelligence network, made the process of gathering such information much easier. With the death of Palpatine, the Empire began to unravel almost immediately. The chain of command disintegrated, as commanders, generals, grand admirals and advisors scrambled for power, and lower level officers had to choose which Imperial faction to support. Standard security procedures were almost completely ignored. Open warfare was an inevitability, and this continuing conflict allowed the undermanned and underequipped Rebel Alliance, newly christened as the New Republic, to

make impressive gains in a short time.

In the uproar, it was possible to gain access to information that would normally be near impossible to get. To illustrate the kind of confusion created by Palpatine's death, consider my infiltration of the Imperial data storage net on Halowan. I took the cover of a special agent for the Moff of Fakir Sector. The Halowan security officers were suspicious — my security code, pirated away from the Empire by Alliance operatives, was outdated and I had no authority to the data I requested. But they were afraid to challenge me: Moff Lorin of Fakir had a lot of clout, and looked like a good bet to retain his prestige and influence. The security officers hated to do it, but they gave me the red carpet treatment. I got everything I was looking for.

The information I uncovered concerning the Emperor's advisors (which included a series of equally amusing and frightening holo-memos passed between them) helped paint a clear



portrait of the utter paranoia of those surrounding the late Emperor. Though I turned up very little hard data about the Emperor himself, I did get some slight glimpses of the way he operated. We should be thankful that that malign creature is erased from the face of the galaxy ...

The Second Death Star

There were many differences between the original Death Star battle station and its newer, more sophisticated cousin. The new Death Star was bigger, more powerful, better shielded and more mobile. Perhaps the most important difference, however, was the redesign of a minuscule thermal exhaust port leading directly to the reactor core. It was this nearly imperceptible flaw that allowed the Rebel Alliance a one-in-a-million chance to destroy the original Death Star — a chance that they exploited brilliantly. They would not have that opportunity with the new Death Star.

The designer of both projects was Bevel Lemelisk, a well-respected architect and designer of many of the Empire's most sophisticated space stations. The original concept for the Death Star came from Grand Moff Tarkin, a man of brilliant vision, but with almost no grasp of engineering. Lemelisk, along with a virtual army of subordinate architects and engineers, transformed Tarkin's vision into reality.

The Death Star project was one of the best-kept secrets in the Empire. Even the Imperial Senate did not know it was being built. To finance the project, the Emperor secretly and illegally diverted money from other sources, mainly space exploration and public works. The first Death Star was built almost entirely by prison labor. No one knows exactly how many died during the Death Star's construction.

After the first Death Star was destroyed, Lemelisk went into hiding, fearing for his life. When Imperial Intelligence agents tracked him down at his remote retreat on Hefi, he thought he was doomed. He was quite surprised to discover that the Emperor did not want his head.

Instead, the Emperor wanted him to design a new, more powerful Death Star battle station, this time without even the most minute design flaw. Amazed at his good fortune, Lemelisk went to work. He would not disappoint the Emperor a second time.

The solution to the thermal exhaust port problem was rather simple. In place of one large port, Lemelisk included millions of millimeter-wide heat dispersion ducts. These ducts would serve the same function as the exhaust port: to carry the excess heat from the reactor core to the station's surface. But these ducts were entirely too small to

be hit by even the most accurate blaster shot. Even if they were hit, the ducts were equipped with emergency baffles, designed to muffle any high pulse of energy before it reached the core.

With that problem solved, Lemelisk set out to improve the main weapon of the Death Star, or "superlaser" as Lemelisk called it. The laser was powerful enough, but there was room for improvement in the weapon's targeting systems and rate of fire. At this, Lemelisk was highly successful. The powerful beam could now be focused much more finely and quickly, allowing it to fire at a moving target, such as a capital ship. Lemelisk also increased the overall size of the station to accommodate the larger power generators necessary for the increased power of the improved superlaser and drive systems.

To handle the possibility of attack by small, fast starfighters, Lemelisk added many anti-starfighter batteries, creating a nearly impenetrable blanket of anti-starship fire. Added to the already incredible complement of TIE fighters, this new Death Star would be invulnerable from snubfighter attack.

Lemelisk didn't believe that anything could defeat the new Death Star. When presenting the new design to the Emperor, Lemelisk boldly claimed that the only way the new Death Star could be destroyed would be if it were attacked while still under construction — once completed, it would be invulnerable.

Apparently, the Emperor believed him. So did Mon Mothma and Alliance Command. This, as we know, set the stage for the great battle of Endor and the destruction of the Death Star, the Emperor, and the New Order.

■ The Death Star

Craft: Custom Deep Space Battle Station

Type: Deep-space mobile battle station

Scale: Death Star

Length: 160 kilometers (diameter)

Skill: Battle station piloting: Death Star

Crew: 485,560, gunners: 152,276, skeleton 127,850/+15

Crew Skill: Astrogation 5D+1, battle station piloting 6D, capital ship gunnery 5D, starship gunnery 4D+2

Passengers: 1,295,950 (troops), 127,570 (stormtroopers), 75,860 (starship support staff), 334,432 (support ship pilots and crew)

Cargo Capacity: Over one million kilotons

Consumables: 3 years

Cost: Not available for sale

Hyperdrive Multiplier: x3

Hyperdrive Backup: x20

Nav Computer: Yes

Space: 2

Hull: 18D

Shields: 3D

Sensors:

Passive: 350/1D

Scan: 1,500/2D

Search: 7,500/3D

Focus: 60/4D+2



■ Flanked by Imperial Gunners and TIE Fighter Pilots, Moff Jerjerrod and Darth Vader await the Emperor's shuttle.

Weapons:

Superlaser

Fire Arc: Forward
Crew: 168, skeleton 48/+10
Scale: Death Star
Skill: Capital ship gunnery: superlaser
Body: 12D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-20/40/100
Damage: 2D-16D*

15,000 Turbolaser Batteries

Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 3
Scale: Starfighter
Skill: Starship gunnery
Body: 3D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-5/10/15
Damage: 5D

15,000 Heavy Turbolasers

Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 4
Scale: Starfighter
Skill: Starship gunnery
Body: 4D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-7/15/30
Damage: 7D

7,500 Laser Cannons

Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 3
Scale: Capital
Skill: Capital ship gunnery
Body: 4D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-5/10/15
Damage: 7D

5,000 Ion Cannons

Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 4
Scale: Capital
Skill: Capital ship gunnery
Body: 4D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 1D
Space Range: 1-3/7/10
Damage: 4D

768 Tractor Beam Emplacements

Fire Arc: Turret**
Crew: 6
Scale: Capital
Skill: Capital ship gunnery
Body: 5D (capital scale)
Fire Control: 3D
Space Range: 1-5/10/25
Damage: 5D

* The second Death Star's power systems can generate

2D of damage per minute, up to a maximum of 16D damage. However, the energy cells in the design can produce 48D per day without severely straining the energy reactors.

** Due to the immense size of the Death Star, it is divided into 24 distinct zones, each equally equipped with weapons. Only weapons within the specific zone adjacent to an attacking ship can be brought to bear at any given time; often, the actual number of weapons that can be brought to bear is significantly lower.

Moff Jerjerrod

When choosing a commander for his new Death Star, the Emperor vowed he would not make the same mistakes he did with the first one. There would be no power-wielding Grand Moff, no command triumvirate of governor, general and admiral.

With the first Death Star, the Emperor had entrusted his most important weapon to three men who each had their own private agendas for the battle station. They were entirely too willful, entirely too independent to blindly carry out their monarch's will. They constantly bickered amongst themselves and did not follow orders properly, with the result that the Death Star was destroyed and the hated Rebellion given a vital respite.

This time, there would be no mistake. The Death Star would have a single commander. He would be a weak man, made to think he was rather important, but in truth only a puppet. Jerjerrod was the perfect choice.

A competent administrator, yet possessing little creativity or drive, Jerjerrod was no threat to act against the Emperor's plans. He had ambition, like all good Imperial officers, but he lacked the vision and courage to act on it. Before this assignment, Jerjerrod was a desk general, who had risen through the ranks in Logistics and Supply. He was well-versed in administrative details, yet had little actual military experience.

This was exactly the kind of man the Emperor wanted. He needed someone who could build the new battle station quickly and efficiently, but who would have no idea how to use the station when it became operational. Jerjerrod would follow the Emperor's wishes to the letter, leaving the Emperor in true command of the Death Star.

With the help of a little added incentive from Lord Vader, Jerjerrod got the battle station operational a good deal ahead of schedule. Although Jerjerrod never understood the Emperor's reasons for stepping up the deadline, they were integral to the Emperor's plan. Jerjerrod served his Emperor well — and paid for it with his life.

■ Moff Jerjerrod

Type: Imperial Moff

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Bureaucracy 8D, law enforcement 5D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Command 6D, command: Death Star crew 9D+1

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 4D

Character Points: 2

Move: 10

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (3D)

Admiral Piett

Many wonder how Admiral Piett survived the Bespin debacle. He had clearly failed to capture the *Millennium Falcon* before she entered hyperspace, and few have failed Lord Vader and lived.

During his tenure as commander of the fleet assembled to find the new Rebel base, Vader had left a series of dead officers in his wake. Each had "failed" the Dark Lord one way or another. Why then did Admiral Piett survive his failure?

Perhaps, the confrontation with Skywalker had changed the Dark Lord somehow. Vader had returned to the Star Destroyer unusually silent, his normal aura of menace somewhat lessened.

After the Bespin incident, Vader pursued his own interests and Piett was in true command of the fleet. Piett was able to relax and hope that perhaps he would survive his promotion, unlike so many of his predecessors.

His fleet's orders were to keep moving from system to system, using an unpredictable route, in the hope of finding the Rebel fleet. The odds of this tactic succeeding were unimaginably low and Piett suspected that the Emperor had something else in mind.

Months passed. Eventually, the fleet was called to Endor and ordered to hide on the far side of the forest moon. The Rebels attacked. When Piett's fleet moved out from behind the moon, the Rebels' surprise was complete. And when the Death Star went operational, the Rebel fleet was clearly doomed.

Or so Piett thought, anyway.

Admiral Piett did not shine in this command. The Rebels fought with skill and determination. Even with the added strength of the Death Star's superlaser behind it, the Imperial fleet was driven back. When the Rebel capital ships actually closed with the Imperial fleet, to limit the usefulness of the Death Star, Piett was already a beaten man.

At the climax of the battle, Piett's flagship, the mighty Super Star Destroyer *Executor*, was destroyed by a ferocious Rebel fighter attack. Piett was lost along with his ship.

■ Admiral Piett

■ (As of the Battle of Endor)

Tactics: capital ships 6D+1, tactics: fleets 4D+1
Security 5D

The Imperial Royal Guard

These dynamically outfitted troopers were the hand-picked personal guard of the Emperor. Chosen from the best stormtrooper units in the Empire, the Royal Guard accompanied the Emperor wherever he went, and at least two of them were within earshot of his majesty at all times. Troopers selected as potential Guards were screened for intelligence, strength, dexterity, and, in particular, loyalty. Once accepted into the Guard, a trooper was exhaustively trained in many forms of combat.

The striking red armor of a Royal Guardsman was both ceremonial and fully functional in battle. The armor's design was derived from both the uniforms of the Mandalorian Death Watch and the Thyrsus Sun Guards, both units famous for their ferocity in battle.

Few knew exactly how many of these special troops existed because they never fought together as a unit. Individual Guardsmen, as a matter of practice, were rotated among various stormtrooper units to stay in proper battle readiness. However, their truest tests were as guardians of the Emperor. From stopping assassins, to performing covert assaults and assassinations themselves, the Royal Guardsmen were always on guard and ready to die for the glory of Palpatine.

While Royal Guardsmen were fully trained with blasters, their primary weapon is the force pike. Although a modest weapon by most standards, in the hands of a Guardsman it is quite deadly.

■ Imperial Royal Guard

Type: Royal Guard

DEXTERITY 5D

Blaster 7D, blaster artillery 6D, brawling parry 6D, dodge 7D, melee combat 6D, melee combat: force pike 8D+2, melee parry 5D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Streetwise 3D+1, survival 6D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Bargain 3D+2, command 5D+2, hide 6D+2, search 6D+2, sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 6D, climbing/jumping 6D, lifting 5D, stamina 6D

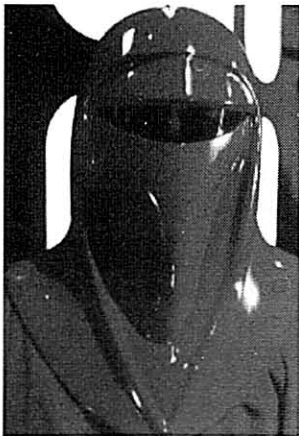
TECHNICAL 2D+1

Demolition 5D+1, first aid 3D, security 4D+1

Character Points: Varies, typically 1-5

Move: 10

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol (5D), armor (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D Dexterity), force pike (STR+3D)



ity), force pike (STR+3D)

Imperial Advisors

Dressed in lavish costumes derived from the histories of their homeworlds, the Emperor's advisors were a vain and politically divided lot. They were ever at each other's throats, but always ready to do his majesty's bidding. It is no coincidence that each of these men was politically insecure. In fact, the Emperor insisted upon it.

Each advisor was assigned to keep tabs on the administration of a rival advisor's home system. This naturally cut down on alliances between advisors, and actually served to fuel the fires of competition and deceit between these high officials.

When not busy with administrative duties, the advisors were purposely kept isolated from one another. The Emperor sent them off on supposedly "important" missions to the ends of the galaxy. As there were hundreds of these top bureaucrats to help the Emperor govern his vast Empire, he created a great deal of these "information-gathering," "fact-finding" and "overseeing" missions for his advisors.

Another way that the Emperor kept his advisors at odds with each other was by never seeing more than a dozen of them at a time. He doted over a select few while the others waited



and watched nervously, bringing new advisors into his circle and casting old ones out — or killing them — at whim. The Emperor felt that keeping these men insecure was far stronger a bond than simple loyalty. There is a lot that a man will do to survive.

The Emperor's policy of absolute rule through absolute terror worked to perfection where his advisors were concerned. Because of this, he never needed to fear those with the greatest amount of power beneath him. He has managed to control the lives of all who surround him.

■ Kren Blista-Vanee

Type: Imperial Advisor

DEXTERITY 2D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 3D+2, bureaucracy 4D+2, intimidation 5D, languages 4D

MECHANICAL 1D+1

PERCEPTION 2D

Bargain 3D+2, command 4D, con 3D+1

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 1D+2

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (3D), traditional planetary garb

■ Endor

Following the trail of General Solo's strike team through the forests of Endor was perhaps the most enjoyable part of the research for this project. The lush greenery of the forest moon is a feast for the senses.

The celebrations following the destruction of the Death Star and the death of the Emperor were, to say the least, overwhelming. With a startling realization, we began to hope and dream that the war was over. No longer was the Rebellion the underdog. Instead, the Rebellion had won. Freedom, for so long a distant dream, was within the grasp of the galaxy. While the battles continue even five years later, it is the New Republic that holds the advantage.

The native Ewoks immediately set about making their world whole again. The ruins of the Imperial base housing the Death Star's shield generator was transformed by Wicket into a living area. Vehicles, armor and equipment were put to uses far removed from their intended function, while the ruins were covered with vines and logs. Within a short time, Endor had returned to its natural splendor, the remains of the Imperial presence hidden and seemingly forgotten.

Wicket

It was Wicket who first found Princess Leia and brought her to safety in the Ewok village.



The Ewok Defenses

Voren Na'al interviewed Wicket following the Battle of Endor. This report is compiled from those stories, as translated by See-Threepio.

When the first Imperials came, the tribe heard the roaring of their ship. Wishing to see what could make such a frightful noise, they sent warriors, including young Wicket, to investigate. The shuttle gave off an incredible stench unlike anything any Ewok had ever smelled. Chief Chirpa said it smelled like fire, only worse. The warriors had no trouble deciding which direction to go. They merely followed the smell.

Before they were halfway to the ship, they smelled something else. Something animal, mixed with something not-animal. Something that crashed loudly through the forest like a kurnbeast drunk on mattberries.

The Ewoks were afraid. Only a mad or wounded thing makes that much noise, fighting the jungle instead of passing through it. The first sight of the creatures dressed in hard white shells merely confirmed their fear.

Compounding their fears, these particular Ewoks had never encountered machinery before. Anything so brutally inorganic as stormtrooper armor or an Imperial shuttle aroused the deepest distrust and ill feelings among them.

This is why they initially reacted to General Solo's team with hostility.

Historian's Note: As to their reverence for See-Threepio, we are still investigating this phenomenon. There seems to be an ancient legend of a golden god that leads them in a holy war. However, it is difficult to tell if this is genuine, or if they are applying current events to old mythology. Ewoks have a difficult time separating fact from myth. This may be the great strength of their society.

The Ewoks quietly observed the passage of the Imperial scouting party. There was something very disquieting in the way they walked through the forest: not afraid of being heard, not afraid of being followed. Their obvious contempt for their surroundings spoke of power and fearlessness.

Such fearlessness was frightening to the Ewoks. They decided that the Imperials must be prevented from reaching the Ewok villages.

Following their successful redirection of the survey party, the Ewoks never thought they would see the strange creatures again. They were shocked and overwhelmed when, some weeks later, hundreds of the creatures arrived, accompanied by huge, foul-smelling beasts. Forests were razed, the earth

scorched, and huge not-animal creatures filled the skies.

The monsters' arrival caused much discussion around the council-fires. Until that time, the Imperials had paid the Ewoks no attention. Some felt it was best to keep it that way. Maybe if they left the new creatures alone, the Ewoks would continue to be left in peace. Maybe the creatures meant no real harm.

They make war on the forest itself, others cried. Surely they are creatures of evil to fight the very trees that give life and shade! How can we trust such creatures to leave us alone?

Whenever this argument came up, Chief Chirpa would remind the tribe of the invaders' power. "They soar through the air, burn the forest with their staves, build fortresses no spear can pierce. We will not make war with them." Silence would fall around the fires. Talk would turn to other matters.

One night, Wicket brought the tribe important news.

"The other day in the forest, I saw something that may interest the Elders," he said. He was frightened — he had never addressed the Elders before — and to his shame, his voice quavered.

Chief Chirpa said, "Go on, young Wicket."

Wicket gulped and began. "It was one of the large, walking not-animals of the Invaders. It was walking near the base of the Yawari cliffs. There were many rocks and I thought that there had been a slide. The not-animal thing stepped carelessly on one of the larger rocks. It seemed for a moment that it had lost its mind, or was drunk. It jerked around, almost like dancing, and hit its head against the face of the cliff.

"Then it fell over sideways and its hard skin cracked and there were flames under the belly and inside its head. I could see the fires through its open eyes. And then it screamed, and its voice was an echo, like two voices screaming."

Chief Chirpa leaned forward. "What does this story say to you, young Wicket?"

"They can be hurt. Even the big not-animals die and feel pain. I think we could build traps for them, like any other thing we hunt. I do not say that we could attack their fortresses, but we could build defenses for our village. We could build many traps, traps to make them fall and crack. We could practice building them in preparation for the day when we must fight. We would no longer need to fear them so."

Chief Chirpa smiled. "You have done well, Wicket. It shall be so. We shall forget the shame of fear. Now tell us, brave one, which of our traps to use."

When Leia's friends arrived, Wicket argued vehemently to have them released from captivity and spared Logray's barbaric ritual; he sensed that they were good and gentle beings like the Princess. But his cries were not heeded by Chief Chirpa, or any of the tribesmen. It took a clever trick by an amused Luke Skywalker to free the Rebels.

During the Battle of Endor, Wicket proved himself to be a clever and resourceful warrior. His time in the forest gave Wicket detailed knowledge of its every hill and gully. This was of tremendous help to the village warriors as they prepared numerous, well-hidden traps to stop the "walking beasts."

Wicket is a bit of a loner. He spends a great deal of time off on his own, exploring the forest world that is his home. Wicket's favorite spot is a glade just south of the Ewok village: There he has constructed his own tree house from the ruins of the Imperial base. He spends much time there, communing with the animals and building carved trinkets for the village children.

After the battle, Wicket was "promoted" to the rank of "lead warrior." Princess Leia personally presided over the ceremony, at the request of Chief Chirpa and the rest of the tribe. It was the happiest day in Wicket's life.

Wicket's people have recognized his many talents and achievements. He is a prime candidate for the position of tribal leader when Chief Chirpa retires. Several female Ewoks of the village have begun leaving small gifts — food, clothing, weaponry and the like — at his hut, a sure sign of romantic interest. A confirmed bachelor, Wicket is not sure he likes all the attention, but Ewok women are notoriously tenacious — once they've set their sights on a male, his days of freedom are almost surely numbered.

■ **Wicket W. Warrick**

Type: Ewok

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 4D+2, melee combat 5D, thrown weapons 7D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Survival 3D, survival: forest 6D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Glider 4D

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 5D, con 4D+2, hide 5D+1, search: tracking 6D, sneak 5D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Climbing/jumping 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Primitive construction 4D+2

Special Abilities:

Smell: Ewoks get +1D to search when tracking by scent.

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 11

Move: 9

Equipment: Spear (STR+1D), medicinal herbs



Chief Chirpa

Although very old and a bit senile, Chief Chirpa is revered by the tribe. He has been the chief for 42 seasons, and during his reign, the Ewoks have known only tranquillity and prosperity — that is, until the Imperials came.

The war between the Rebel Alliance and the Empire presented Chirpa with the most difficult decisions he, or any previous village chief, had ever had to make. Chirpa's tribe was strong in the hunt, but not warlike, and it was very much out of character for them to become involved in a conflict such as this. But the Ewoks are also, for the most part, passionate and honorable, and they will fight on the side of what they believed in. It was up to the chief to decide what that was.

When Wicket first brought Princess Leia to the village, and then her friends were brought in, Logray convinced Chirpa to use them in a sacrificial ceremony in honor of the "golden god." But when the strangers displayed their powerful magic, Chirpa realized his mistake. He decided it was in the interests of the tribe to listen to the story of the newcomers.

As told by See-Threepio, the story was perhaps the most exciting and tragic tale that the chief had ever heard. Soon after hearing it, Chirpa convinced the village elders to make the newcomers honorary members of the tribe. It was apparent that they were on the side of good, and by joining them to the tribe, the Rebels' fight became theirs.

The Imperials had killed many trees, and disturbed the hunting cycle with the building of their giant ground-sitting buildings. It was for these reasons, along with the plight of their new tribe members, that Chirpa decided to commit the Ewoks to the fight against the Empire. Al-



■ Logray and Chief Chirpa decide the fate of their captives.

though the Imperials had far superior weaponry, Chirpa and the Ewoks did not fear them. They approached the Battle of Endor as they would a difficult hunt. In the Chief's own words, "It might be a long and dangerous chase, but in the end we will triumph."

■ Chief Chirpa

Type: Ewok Chieftain

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 4D+2, thrown weapons 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Bureaucracy 3D, scholar: Ewok lore 3D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 4D+2, command 5D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Special Abilities:

Smell: Ewoks get +1D to *search* when tracking by scent.

Character Points: 7

Move: 7

Equipment: Pipe, ceremonial headdress

Logray

As medicine man ("shaman") of the Ewok tribe, Logray was both feared and admired by the Ewoks. The medicine man is called "guardian of the ancient rites," and a large part of his job is to keep the tradition of the oldest Ewok rituals alive. Many of these rituals have been

passed down, unchanged, for countless generations. Because of this, some of them seem barbaric and silly to the members of the tribe today.

There is a certain amount of controversy surrounding the worst of these rituals, some involving the sacrifice of other living beings. But Logray had the backing of Chief Chirpa and the tribal elders, and the rituals were performed, regardless of the protests of the tribe's youth.

One of Logray's opponents was the loner, Wicket. But Wicket held very little sway with the tribe, and because of the constant abuse he took from Logray, the diminutive warrior generally stayed away from the village. Because of his refusal to take part in the Dark Rituals, he was banished from *all* rituals, including the more pleasant festivals of the rains and sun.

Very few Ewoks had the courage to stand up to Logray, and those who did were chastised and ostracized by the tribe. Chief Chirpa allowed these ceremonies to continue until after the battle with the Imperials.

During the battle, the Ewoks saw Logray for what he truly was — a coward and a bully. After the battle, he was removed as medicine man, and Paploo was appointed to the post. Since that time, many of the ancient Ewok rituals have been "softened up." The traditions are kept alive, but the

Night Attack

The following tale was told to Voren Na'al by Major Derlin.

"Take the squad ahead. We'll rendezvous at the shield generator at 0-30." They were simple orders. Because they were given by General Solo, I was confident that he, at least, would be able to handle his end. My end was a different story.

Between our current position and the shield generator there would likely be a series of Imperial perimeter posts, not to mention patrolling biker scouts and who knew what else. But it was my job to see that we made it there alive, intact, and without tipping off the Imperials. No mean task, but one I knew that these men could handle.

The first afternoon passed without incident. We ran into several Imperial scouts, but were able to duck out of sight before compromising our position. Delevar, the only rookie in the squad, almost blew it by taking a pot shot at a passing speeder bike, but I managed to stop him in time. Chewed him out pretty good, too. I'd have to do something to boost his confidence later.

We made camp in a shallow ravine, which was well covered by underbrush, and would make us difficult to spot from a speeder bike. I posted two sentries, one at either end of the ravine, and set up a blanket grid using our scanning equipment. It was a good thing I did.

Before we had barely started our first sleeping shift, the scanners picked up something. It was about three clicks southwest of our position, and moving on an angle that might bring us within range of its sensors, depending on what it was. For all we could tell from the readings, it might have been a large animal of some sort, but I was afraid it was something else: something I had met on Hoth.

My suspicions were correct. It was an AT-ST. As soon as we saw the probing search lights in the distance, I knew for sure. It didn't seem to make much sense, though. What kind of an operation was this? All of the indigenous woodland creatures on this forest world combined couldn't pose a threat to a single biker squad. What were they afraid of? I knew we hadn't given our position away, and there was very little chance that General Solo and the command crew had been captured. So what was an AT-ST doing patrolling at night this far from its home base?

Answers would have to wait. There was a more immediate problem to deal with, and it was moving rapidly in our direction. Without breaking camp, I had the squad fan out and take cover, in the hope that the giant machine would pass right by us without noticing anything. No such luck.

The AT-ST moved directly into the ravine, entering from the south end. It would be mere moments before it trampled our camp, so I decided that the time for action was now. The first thing I did was have Beezer jam its transmissions, so that it couldn't summon help. I considered using one of the artillery pieces, but there wasn't enough time to set them up. I was also afraid that the resulting pyrotechnics might bring some more Imperials down on us.

With two quick blaster shots, Greeve, the squad sharpshooter, took the walker's searchlights out. With its visuals gone, the walker pilot began rotating the cockpit, trying to use his sensors to find the source of the attack. To counter this, I kept us moving, circling around the walker like buzz-bugs. What I was afraid of was that he might just open up whether he saw anything or not.

My fears were realized as the walker's blaster cannons began blazing away at random. If it wasn't stopped soon, someone was going to hear this racket. Something had to be done, and quickly.

As I pondered the solution, I caught a glimpse of a figure moving into the trench, just ahead of the AT-ST. It was Delevar, the rookie, and he was aiming the projectile launcher. My heart jumped, and I screamed at the kid to stop, but he didn't seem to care. Didn't he realize what a light show that thing would set off?

Before he could be stopped, Delevar fired the Caspel directly at the face of the walker. It was an amazing shot, directly into one of the walker's viewports. I braced for an explosion, but none came. Instead, billowing gray smoke began to pour from the walker's viewports. I could hear the sound of the two Imperial pilots coughing and wheezing. The next thing I knew they were climbing out of the top hatch with their hands raised, tears streaming from their eyes.

He had used a smoke canister to gas them out. It was a brilliant plan, and fearlessly executed. The rookie had done it. When the smoke had cleared, and a gunpoint check-in call was made by the walker pilot, I approached Delevar. He smiled as he saw me walk toward him. I was wearing my best top-sergeant growl, staring the youngster straight in the eye. His smile faded. "If you *ever* do anything like that again ..." I barked, as he swallowed hard, "make sure you *tell* me first." I winked at him and slapped his shoulder. "Nice going, kid."

With a few more forced call-ins by the walker pilot, we were able to explain its absence to the Imperials back at home base. The next morning's movements passed without incident, and we rendezvoused with General Solo at the shield generator as planned. The rest, as they say, is history.

torture and pain have been removed.

Infuriated by the "blasphemy," Logray cursed the village, prophesying doom and destruction for "those who dare mock the Dark Rituals." The villagers were frightened and upset for several days, until, in a brilliant stroke, Paploo convinced C-3P0, the "golden god," to exorcise Logray's curse. The bewildered and embarrassed droid went through a complex ritual of dance and song (much to the amusement of the Rebels present). Following the cleansing ritual, Paploo announced that Logray's power was vanquished forever.

Logray was banished, his name stricken from the village's "songs of remembrance." To the villagers, he never even existed.

■ Logray

Type: Ewok Shaman

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 4D, melee combat 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Scholar: Ewok lore 6D, scholar: healing potions 5D+2,

Scholar: traditional Ewok rituals 7D+1

MECHANICAL 2D+2

PERCEPTION 4D

Con 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Climbing/jumping 3D+1

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Special Abilities:

Smell: Ewoks get +1D to *search* when tracking by scent.

Character Points: 6

Move: 8

Equipment: Bone club (STR+1D), secret potions, "telling beads"

The Battle of Endor

The Battle of Endor was the most decisive battle of the Galactic Civil War. Fought near the moon of Endor where the Empire had located its construction site for the new Death Star battle station, the conflict started as a trap for the Rebel Alliance.

By supplying incomplete and false information to Rebel spies, the Emperor lured the Alliance fleet to the system to destroy it. Unaware of the trap, the Alliance planned an all-out assault against this second Death Star.

The Rebel plans depended on a strike force making its way to the forest moon to destroy the shield generator that was protecting the uncompleted battle station orbiting overhead. The strike team, led by Han Solo, was to disable the generator in time for the arrival of the Alliance fleet from hyperspace. When the fleet arrived from its staging area around Sullust, it was to attack the unfinished Death Star.

Unknown to the Alliance, an Imperial legion awaited the strike team on the moon, and an Imperial fleet awaited the Rebel ships. Hiding on the far side of the moon, the Imperial fleet remained in waiting, to hold the Rebel fleet close to the Death Star.

Unfortunately, Imperial strategists had counted on stealth and intelligence to win the battle. Too conspicuous a presence would frighten off the Rebels, and the Emperor made it clear that he would accept no less than the



Alliance's utter destruction. The Imperial defense centered on protecting the shield bunker. Strategists knew that they would be facing a small Rebel force since there was no way the Alliance would be able to land large numbers of troops. Accordingly, the military presence was centered on a large number of simple ground troops for the one-on-one combat with Rebel ground soldiers. Heavy combat vehicles, such as walkers, were kept to a minimum. The speeder bikes were an integral part of the battle plan, as the scouts would be expected to detect any incoming assaults in advance so that the ground soldiers could redeploy in advance.

The Empire didn't count on the alliance of Rebels and the Ewoks. This considerably evened the odds in terms of sheer manpower. However, the Ewoks were fighting on their homeground, giving them a decisive advantage. The Ewoks knew that to attack, and then fight for the shield bunker, would be suicide. However, if the Ewoks attacked, and then retreated, drawing the Imperial forces from the shield bunker, there was a chance for victory. The stormtrooper armor was ill-suited for forest combat, with limited visibility and mobility. The Ewoks, with their combination of chants, screams, trumpets, and drum rhythms, and knowledge of how sound carries in the forests, could match the Imperials for communication and coordination. More importantly, by separating the Imperials, they would be more likely to become disoriented and confused. The Ewoks could set countless ambushes, which the Imperials were ill-equipped to deal with (after all, Imperial soldiers are used to facing panicked retreat or straightforward combat; this kind of guerrilla assault was uncommon to them).

The Ewok battle plan worked. The Empire's soldiers fell for the elaborate trap and were soon defeated by diminutive soldiers equipped with no more than slingshots and spears.

Above the forest moon, the Rebel fleet engaged the Death Star. With the defense shield still operational, the Rebel fighters couldn't make the final assault on the Death Star's reactor core. Suddenly, the Rebels learned how deadly a trap the Emperor had set. The Death Star's superlaser opened fire on the Rebel fleet. Engaging the Imperial Star Destroyers in ship-to-ship combat was the only way for the Rebels to escape the deadly Death Star blasts.

With the aid of the Ewoks, the strike team knocked out the shield generator. Then, through the heroism of Lando Calrissian and Wedge Antilles, the Rebels destroyed the Death Star. The Imperial fleet scattered and the Galactic Civil War, while not finished, was won ...

Rebel Commandos

When General Solo volunteered to assemble a strike team for the highly dangerous Endor mission, he went with a known quantity — the men of Hoth base. Solo had worked beside these exceptional men on the frozen ice world. He had seen their loyalty and dedication in action. He knew they had what it took to get the difficult job done.

Luckily these same men had been stationed with the fleet since their evacuation from Echo Base on Hoth. A quick call to Major Derlin and Solo had his team assembled in no time.

They were all volunteers, eager to strike a blow against the Empire. The events that unfolded during the assault on Hoth had hardened them into a solid veteran unit, and they were itching for revenge. Solo told them that this was going to be an extremely dangerous mission and they willingly, even eagerly, accepted the risks.

The planet-level unit leader was Bren Derlin. A grizzled veteran, and the officer in charge of security and operations on Hoth, Derlin was ready for the challenge. Finalizing the formation of this "special tactics" unit, there were eleven men under Derlin, including a young and eager Lieutenant Page.

That Solo was to lead them on this particular mission was of some consolation to the squad. Almost everyone in the Alliance considered him one of those "charmed" people, who could and would survive at all costs, and be successful with any mission.

The strike team was equipped with basic commando gear, including standard comlinks, low-feedback scanners, sensor scramblers, heavily muffled blasters, and full forest camouflage fatigues. There were two pieces of artillery, carried disassembled in the packs of four men. These were an E-Web heavy repeating blaster and a Caspel projectile launcher with dye, smoke and Cryo-Ban canisters.

An added element of danger to the mission was the large amount of explosives needed to blow up the shield generator. These were mostly thermal detonators, highly volatile stuff, carried by the two demolition experts, Junkin and Squalls. They were sealed in ray-shielded cases and stored in thermal-resist packs to prevent unpleasant surprises during a firefight. Despite capture by the Imperial forces, the assault of the Ewoks was all the commandos needed. They were able to turn a sure defeat into a stunning victory.

Typical Rebel Commando. *Dexterity 3D+2, blaster 4D, blaster artillery 3D+2, dodge 4D+1, Knowledge 3D, survival: forest 4D, Mechanical 1D+1, Perception 4D, search 4D, sneak 4D+2,*

Imperial Scouting Party

The following was reported by Imperial Survey Team IX3244-B, Second in Command, Lt. Kiviett, during his post-capture debriefing following the Battle of Endor. Voren Na'al recorded his comments and set them down in the official data-journal.

Whatever happens to me, they can't say I didn't warn them. This whole Ewok thing ... I saw it coming from the very beginning. It's not *my* fault.

When the Emperor decreed that there would be a new Death Star, thousands of survey teams were sent all over the galaxy to find a location for its construction. My team, under the command of Captain Toss, visited several other worlds before our survey frigate arrived at Endor's moon, far out on the fringes. Endor had been selected for its extreme remoteness, not only from the core systems, but from any Imperial outposts. Lord Vader felt that the Rebellion would not expect us to hide a new base so far from the seat of power.

Establishing orbit, we began Imperial Survey Team Standard Procedure. First, the entire surface was visually recorded, as our scanners took readings for lifeforms and geological data. All data indicated a diverse geosphere, though dominated by forests, that could very comfortably sustain Human life. This was precisely what Lord Vader was looking for.

Personally, I thought it would be more prudent to build the shield generator on some barren rock with low gravity and a poisonous atmosphere. No indigenous life to interfere with the work, a dangerous environment and no cover for a Rebel commando operation. However, Vader was of the opinion that it would consume much-needed time and energy to construct life-support systems and domes for a simple shield generator outpost. He was confident that no indigenous lifeform could pose a threat to vastly superior Imperial Forces. My commanding officer, Captain Toss, agreed.

Neither asked for my opinion.

Well, anyway, our scans revealed thousands of lifeforms. The life seemed to be primarily of lower orders, with a primitive civilization. They were little more than savages. Scans showed nothing more advanced villages of tree houses deep in the forests, inhabited by a species averaging roughly one meter in height.

In keeping with standard procedures, this required closer investigation. Captain Toss, being burdened with important duties on the ship, ordered my team to the moon's surface via shuttle. Before we left I listened to the captain's holoreport. "IX3244-B reporting. Mission successful. Suitable previously unexplored system discovered. This forested moon fits Lord Vader's requirements perfectly. Only conceivable threat is presented by furred, dwarf bipeds. Their technology is laughably primitive. The spears, bows and slings of these pathetic savages pose no threat to disciplined Imperial stormtroopers. We can safely ignore these contemptible little fur-balls."

We landed in a small clearing that was later to be the site of the "back door" to the shield generator complex. Disembarking, we began the hike to the Ewok village.

Looking back, I find it amusing that we crept quietly through the forest to avoid spooking the natives. It didn't occur to us that the landing of our shuttle was probably the loudest sound heard on Endor since its prehistoric volcanic period. They knew we were there, all right.

So there we were, three men in light armor and two stormtroopers, all armed with blasters, creeping toward an encampment of creatures who barely had the hang of fire. We didn't make it to within a kilometer of the tree house city.

Somehow, the best scouts in the business kept losing their way. We went down one path, only to have it stop in a dead end. We traced our way back, but found ourselves in a clearing we hadn't entered before. We took readings and made map adjustments, then plunged down another path. It turned us right around and we wound up back by the shuttle.

It was as though the forest itself was conspiring against us. We were intruders here, aliens, and the forest was letting us know that we didn't belong. I don't know how they did it, but the Ewoks kept us moving in circles for over two hours.

When the sounds began in the dark woods around us, my team became spooked. We began firing our blasters randomly, in all directions, hoping to stop the pounding drums.

In my defense, I would like to note that I may be an Imperial officer, but I am also a scientist. My blaster was set for stun. I had required the troopers to do the same. There were no visible targets, only the dense forest and the beating drums. One could dimly perceive shapes moving, but they were poor targets. I fired stun-bursts in a ragged circle around my besieged group.

As suddenly as it began, the noise stopped. Somehow, in some way, we were back at the clearing. There was our shuttle, safe and waiting for us. With a quick look at each other, we decided on our next course of action.

We swiftly retreated to the shuttle and the safety of our orbiting ship.

Once back aboard, I made my report to Captain Toss. His laughter only added to my own embarrassment.

The blind fool was pleased. Endor's moon would be perfect. Surely I wasn't put off by a few natives with drums? If they became a problem, he assured me that a swift genocide could be arranged. My report stated that the forest creatures of Endor's moon were a potential problem, deserving further study. He was in such a rush to get the credit for discovering the site for the new Death Star that he ignored it. Even my suggestion that forest camouflage be applied to all vehicles and armor was summarily dismissed.

Now, of course, events have proven me correct. You have won, and I think the Empire is doomed. Still, the Empire is big, and still powerful. I guess you've got a lot more work to do before your victory is complete. If you'll have me, I offer my humble services to the Alliance as a planetologist.

Just keep me away from those Ewoks, okay? They make me very nervous.

Strength 3D+2, brawling 4D, Technical 2D+1. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, macrobinoculars (+1D to search over 50 meters), low-feedback scanner (uses sensors, detects movement at ranges of 0-1/3/5KM), sensor scramblers (+2D to difficulty to detect with sensors), camouflage fatigues (+2D to sneak in forest at ranges of 35+ meters).

■ **Bren Derlin**

■ **(As of the Battle of Endor)**

Blaster 5D, dodge 4D+2, vehicle blasters 5D

Survival 5D+2

Command 5D+2

Stamina 5D+2

Character Points: 9

Move: 11

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, macrobinoculars (+1D to search over 50 meters), low-feedback scanner (uses sensors, detects movement at ranges of 0-1/3/5KM), sensor scramblers (+2D to difficulty to detect with sensors), camouflage fatigues (+2D to sneak in forest at ranges of 35+ meters)

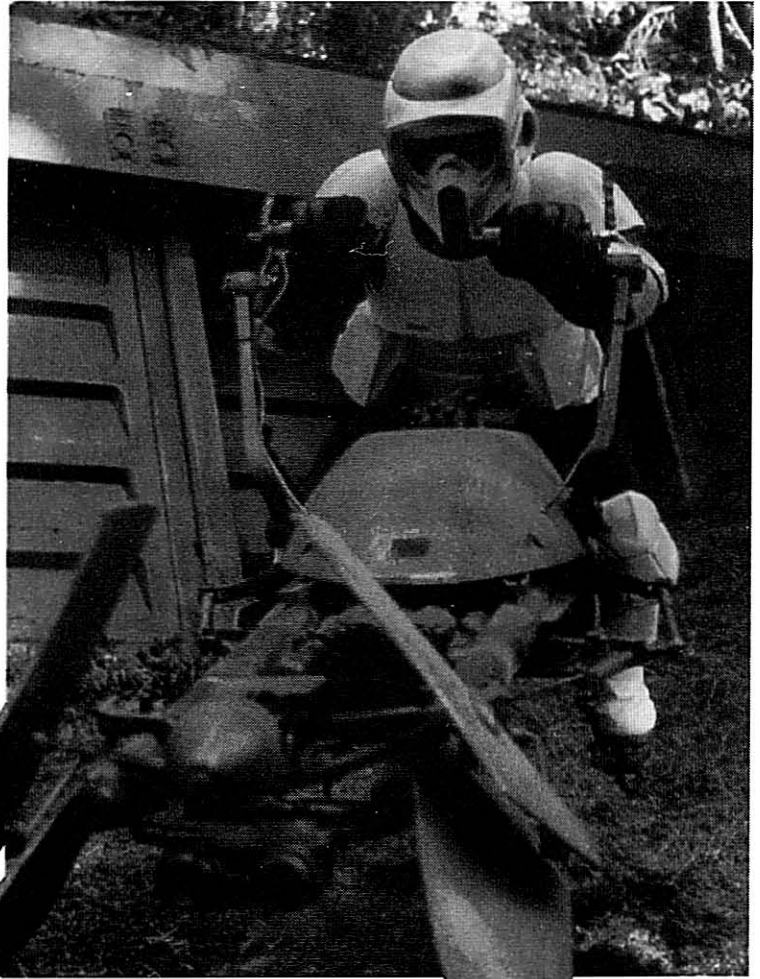
Biker Scouts

Scout troopers were undoubtedly the best-suited type of unit for the scouting and reconnaissance of the dense forest terrain of Endor. The thick underbrush of the forest moon made most vehicles impractical on Endor, although AT-STs and even AT-ATs were utilized in the cleared areas surrounding the shield generator.

The bulk of the vehicular patrol duty was handled by biker scouts. Although the tall Endor trees presented a definite hazard, the forest was crisscrossed by numerous trails that the speeder bikes could traverse safely. For additional protection, speeder bikes on Endor were equipped with modified guidance systems. An extra sensor plate was added to the front control vanes of each bike, giving the driver a much clearer idea of what was beyond the trees directly ahead of him, so that a better course might be planned.

Endor lances (four soldiers and their sergeant) were split into groups of two bikes each, with the sergeant for back patrol and coordination. Each lance covered an assigned area that fanned out from the shield generator in all directions. A standard "weaving" patrol pattern was used so that more ground could be covered. In addition, the bikes kept as high off the ground as possible for better long-range visibility.

Each scout was ordered to make continuous sensor scans and report in every 30 minutes. In the event of contact with an intruder, each scout was ordered to avoid conflict at all costs. They



were ordered to get clear of the area so that a complete report could be made, even if it meant abandoning a partner.

The speeder bikes themselves were far more practical as scouting and recon vehicles than attack craft. The bikes were armed with minimal weaponry, more suited for use on ground troops than other vehicles. Instead, the bikes counted on speed and maneuverability to effect a quick escape. Even the primitive Ewoks were able to exploit the ineffectiveness of the speeder bikes as attack craft during the Battle of Endor: simple tripwires and slings felled countless bikes.

Typical Biker Scout. *Dexterity 2D, blaster 4D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 4D, Knowledge 2D, Mechanical 3D, repulsorlift operation: speeder bike 3D+2, Perception 2D, Strength 2D, brawling 3D, Technical 2D. Move: 10. Character Points: Varies, typically 0-3. Hold-out blaster (3D+2), scout armor (+2 physical and energy)*

Afterword

Dear reader, now you know the story of how it all happened.

Many years ago, when I first left my homeworld, I was a wide-eyed young man, eager to see what the galaxy had to offer me. I knew little of the galaxy and little of life. After coming face to face with the harsh brutalities of the Empire, I realized that it was my duty to follow my conscience. I joined the Rebel Alliance. In that time, I went from boy to man, and the Alliance went from childhood to adulthood.

Now that you have read our story, the story of the Alliance to Restore the Republic, I ask you to judge for yourself.

We have waged a hard-fought war, one that continues even now, over five years after the death of the Emperor. However, never have the people of the Alliance, now the Republic, doubted their purpose.

The men and women and aliens and droids of the Alliance knew in their hearts that they were fighting a war that had to be fought. A war to bring about a galaxy that was worth living in. A galaxy where all beings would be welcomed as equals, where all civilizations would be free to live in harmony and peace, where all would recognize the value of intelligence and diversity. It was a war well worth fighting.

It is my sincerest hope that people never forget this war and why it was fought. It is my hope that people never forget the malaise that brought about the Empire, and choose to resist the greed and selfishness that allowed that evil entity to rise.

In a galaxy where it seems the day-to-day struggles of conflicting interests seem insurmountable, remember that *we* are all in this *together*. We must work together, or we are doomed to suffer together. *We* can never afford to let up our guard, for if we do, we invite the abuse of power and the rise of tyranny.

Long live the Republic, and long live the memories of the struggle to restore it.

May The Force Be With You,
Always,

Voren Na'al

■ Voren Na'al

Type: Armchair Historian

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 4D+2, cultures 4D+2, scholar: history 7D+1

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Repulsorlift operation 3D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Bargain 4D+2, investigation 6D+2

STRENGTH 2D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 2D+2, repulsorlift repair 3D

Force Points: 1

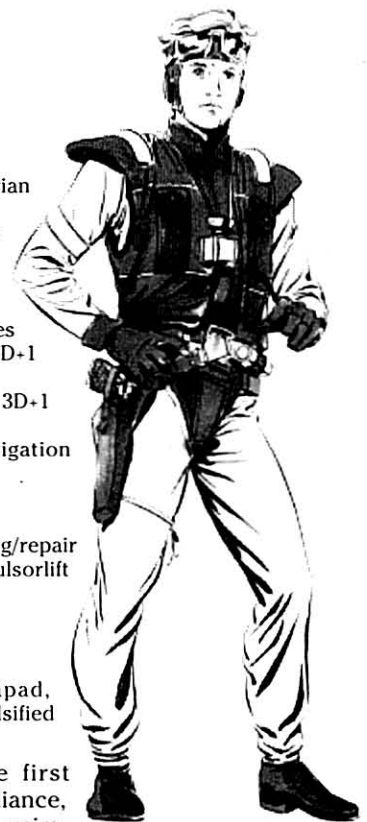
Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), falsified ID, 700 credits

Capsule: When he first joined the Rebel Alliance, Voren Na'al was an unimposing young man. His years of work on behalf of the Alliance have seen him grow wise with experience. Placed in the Historian Corp, an arm of the Rebel Alliance, Na'al was charged with documenting the people, places, and events of the Galactic Civil War.

Na'al came from an ordinary background. Working as a stringer for the Galactic News Service, Na'al was covering the prestigious swoop races on Corsin, in the Greater Plooriod Cluster. His life changed when a platoon of Imperial stormtroopers entered the press area, and without explanation, placed everyone under arrest. In the intervening weeks, Na'al learned that the Empire had forcibly deposed the planetary government in favor of one far more sympathetic to the "ideals" of the New Order. For the people of Corsin, civil rights were eliminated, and a once-beautiful world known for its love of life became a world forced into submitting to a military police presence. This event drove him to join the Rebel Alliance, where his skills have helped preserve a record of the war. While Voren Na'al has never played a pivotal role in the any of the battles of the Galactic Civil War, his contributions are memorable and valued.



Rules Appendix

New Force Powers

Control

Concentration

Control Difficulty: Easy if the Jedi is relaxed and at peace; Difficult if the Jedi is filled with aggression, fear or other negative emotions; Very Difficult if the Jedi is acting on those negative emotions.

Effect: When using this power, Jedi clear all negative thoughts from their minds, feeling the Force flowing through the universe and their own being.

The individual Jedi concentrates on one specific task at hand. If the skill roll is successful, the Jedi may add +4D to any *one* action in that round. The Jedi may do nothing other than using the *concentration* power and using that one skill for one action. The Jedi receives no bonus if anything else is done in that round, including duplicate uses of the same skill or dodges or parries.

This power *may* be used in conjunction with Force Points and Character Points. This power

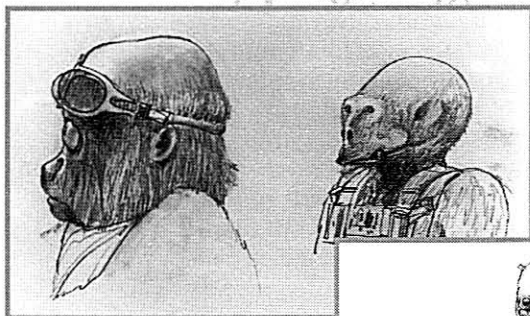
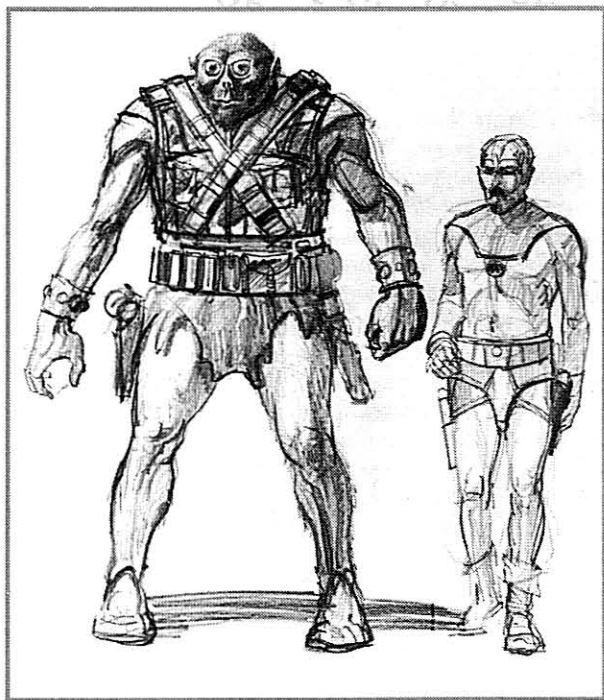
is only in effect for one round and may not be kept "up."

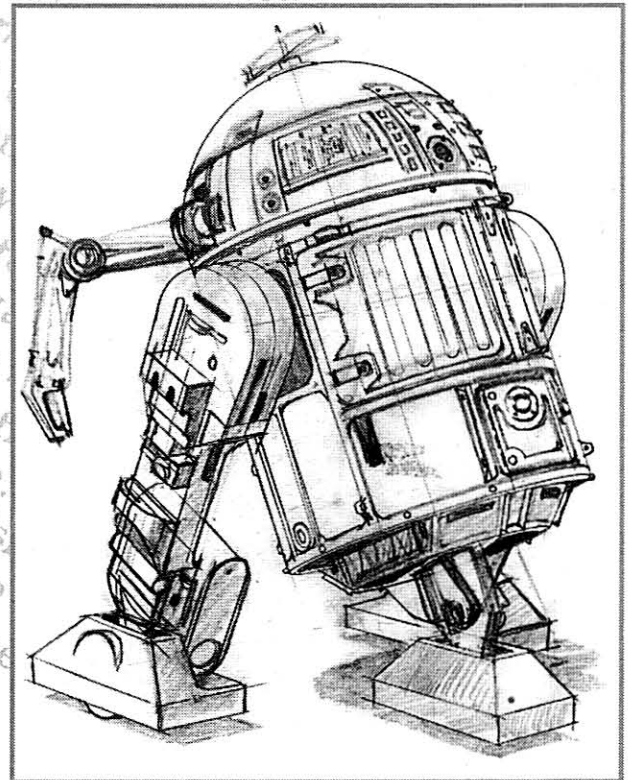
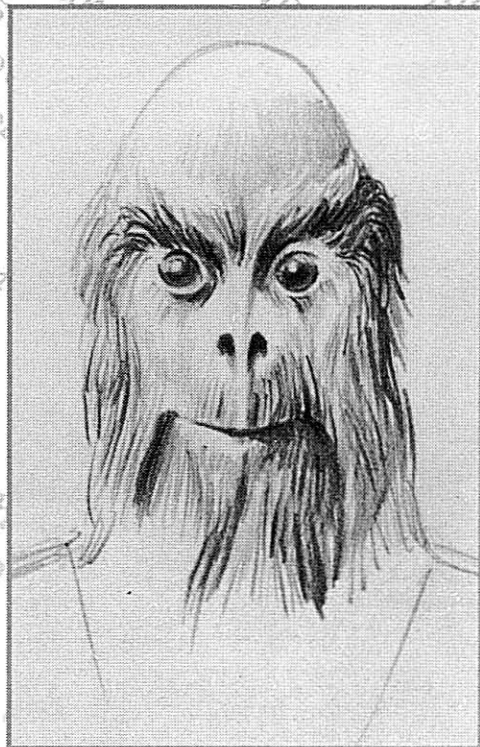
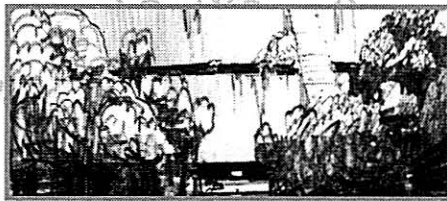
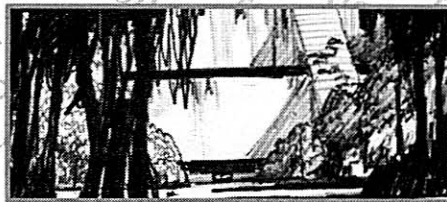
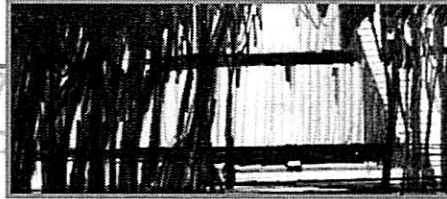
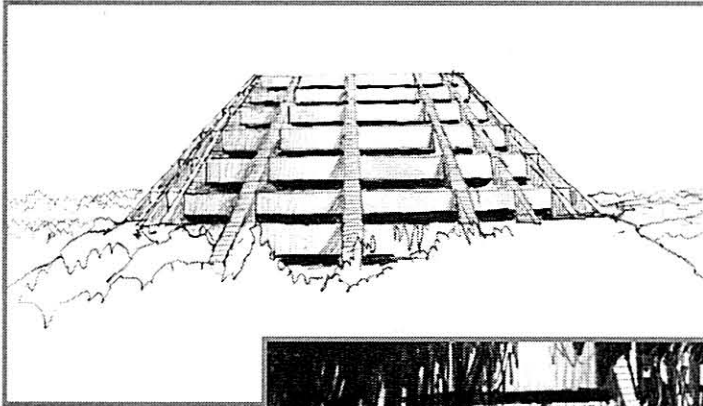
Example: *Luke is flying down the trench of the Death Star. With Ben's urging, he clears his mind of negative thoughts, and feels the Force flowing through him. Using the Force, he concentrates on the task of firing a proton torpedo into the unshielded exhaust port. Since he has cleared his mind, the control difficulty is Easy.*

Luke's player declares that Luke is also spending a Force Point to accomplish the task this round. Luke's starship gunnery skill is 6D. He loses -1D for doing one other thing in the round (using the Force counts as an action), reducing his starship gunnery skill to 5D. Because he rolls successfully for his control, he receives the bonus of +4D, making his effective skill for that round 9D. Because he is spending a Force Point, his skill level is doubled to 18D!

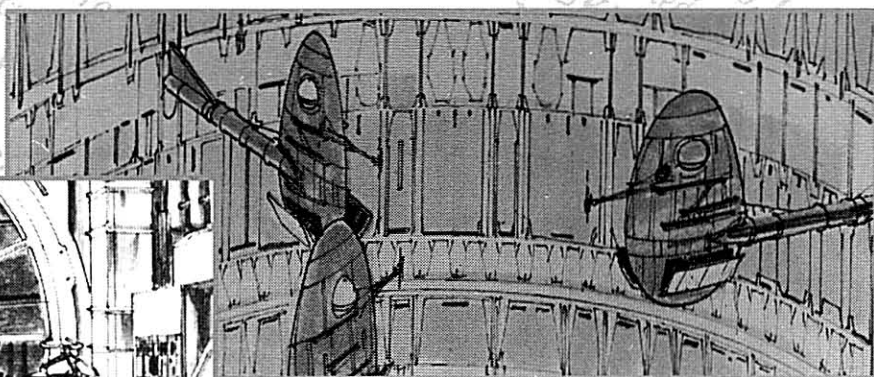
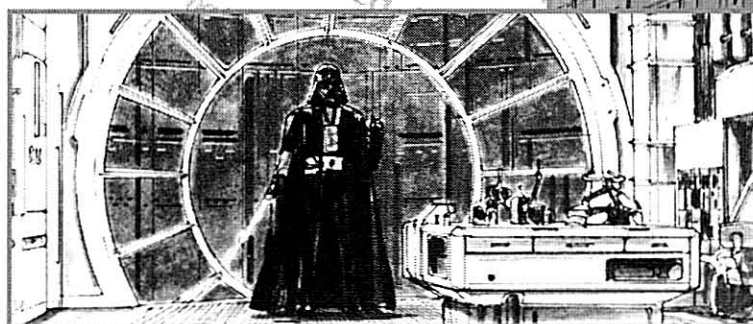
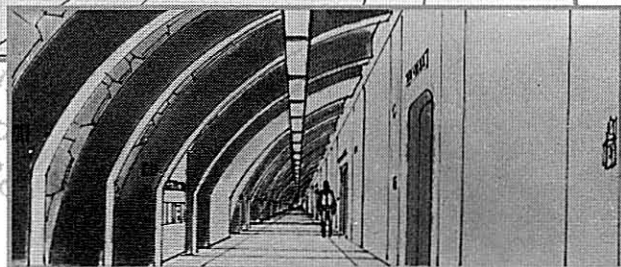
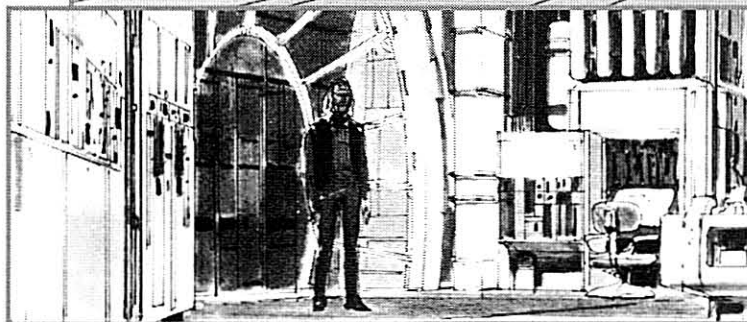
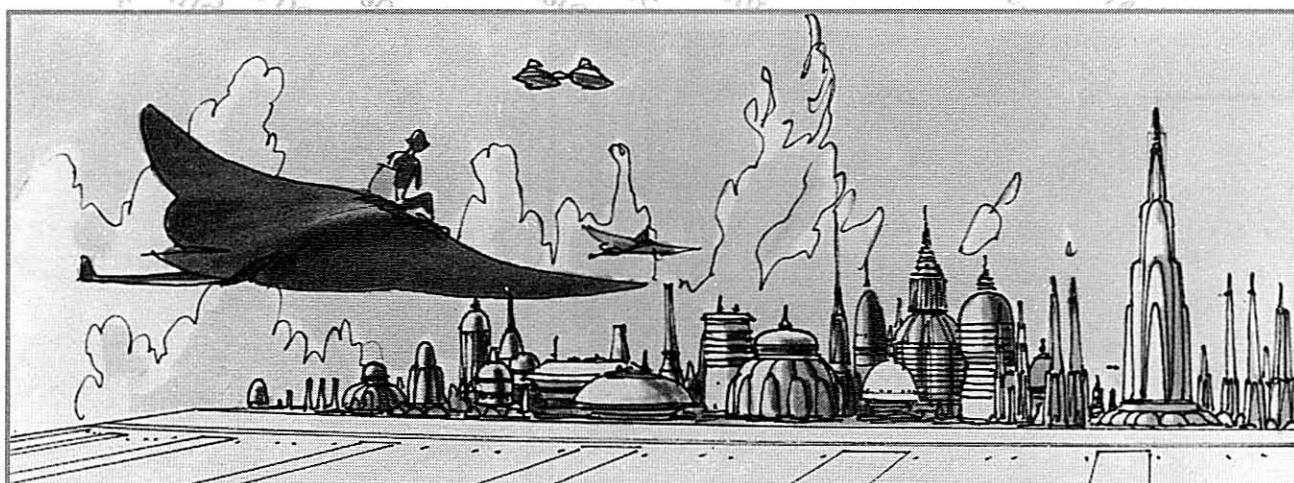
If Luke attempted any other action in that round, including firing another proton torpedo or blaster, or dodging enemy shots, he would receive no bonus!

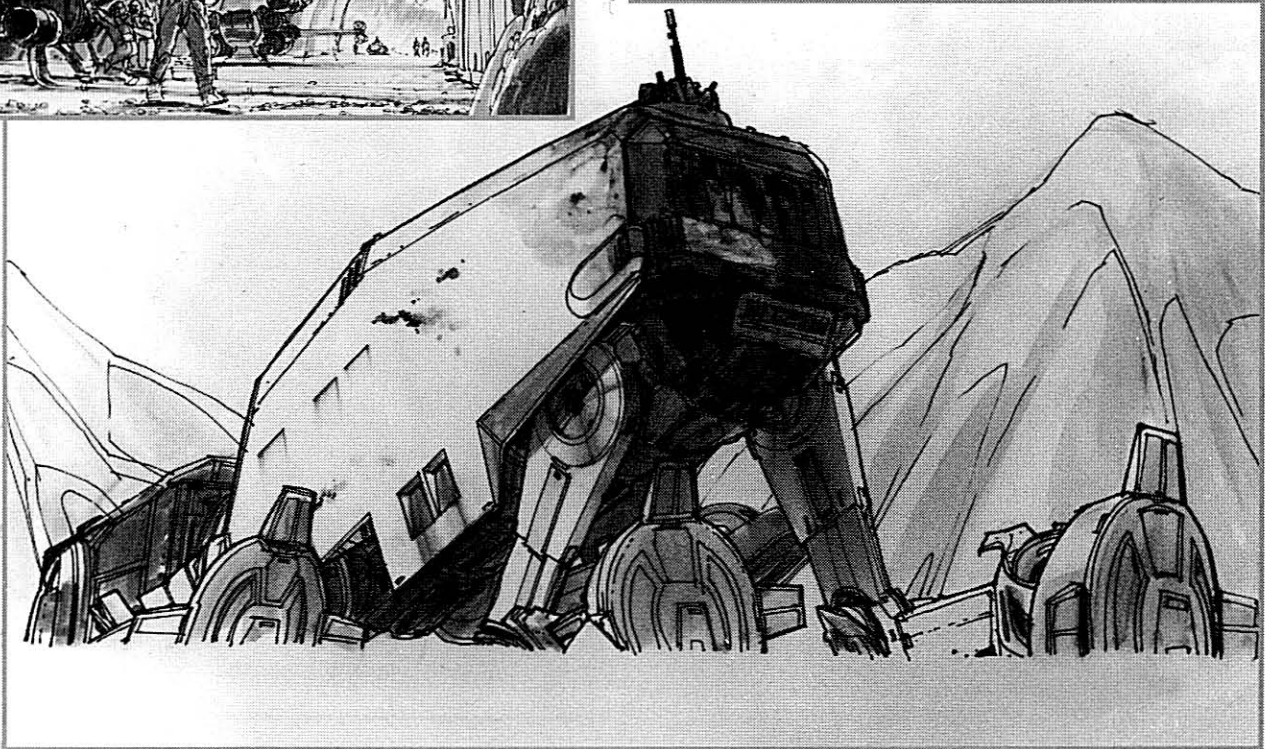
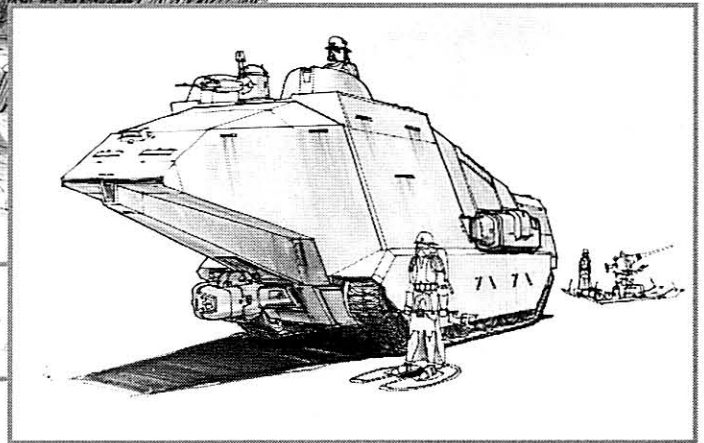
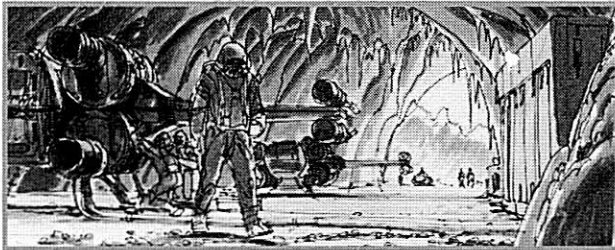
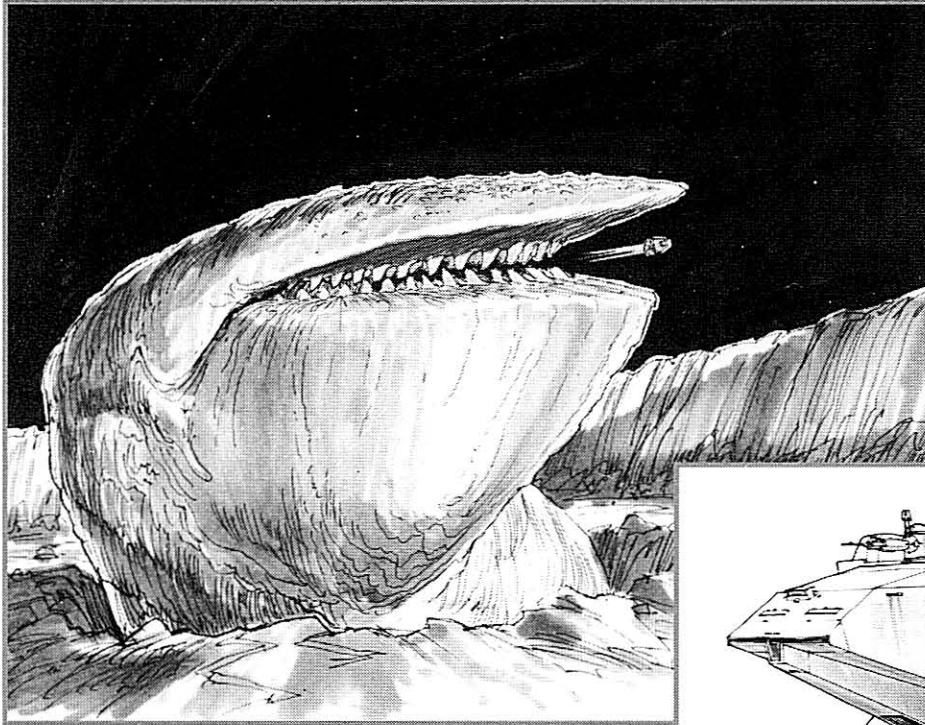
Concept Art A New Hope



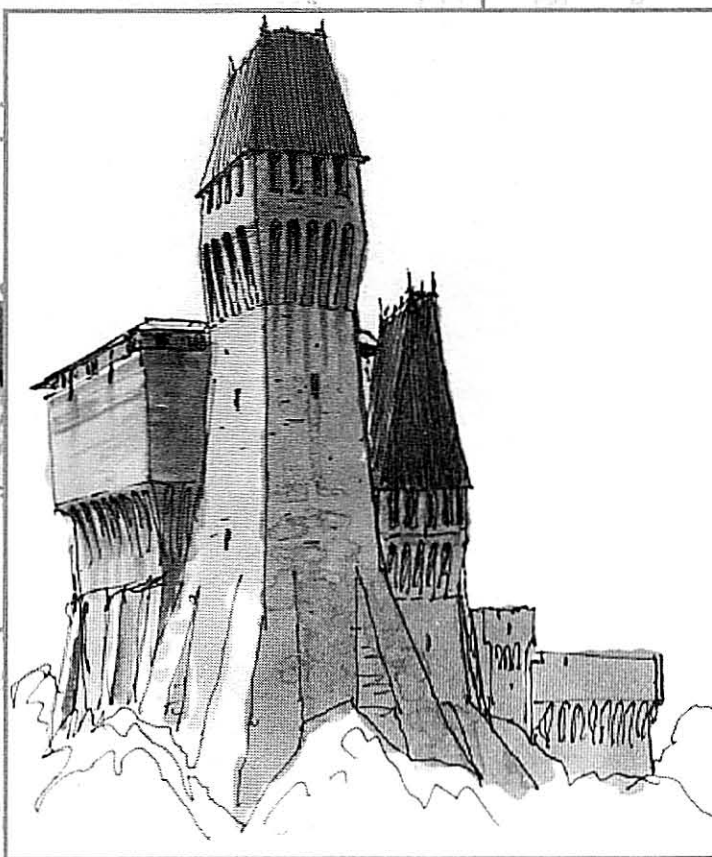
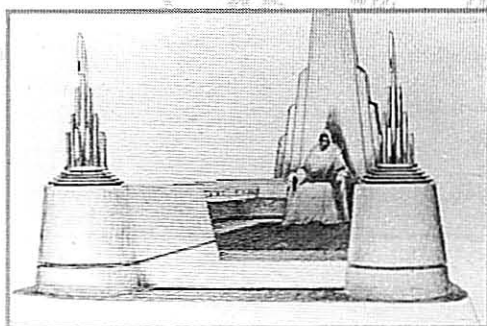
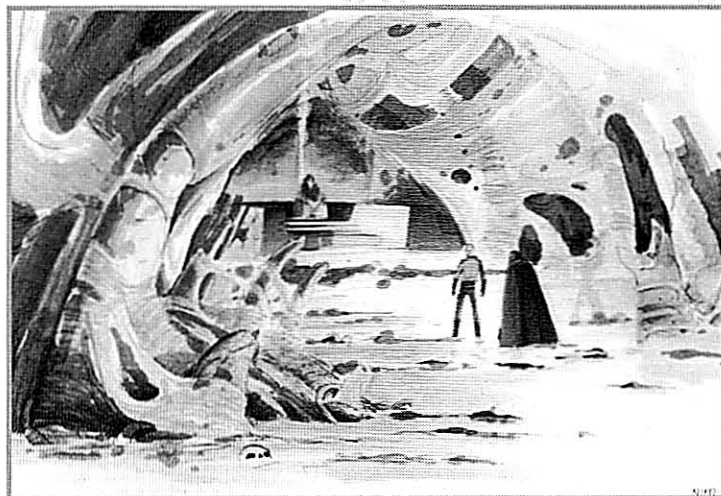
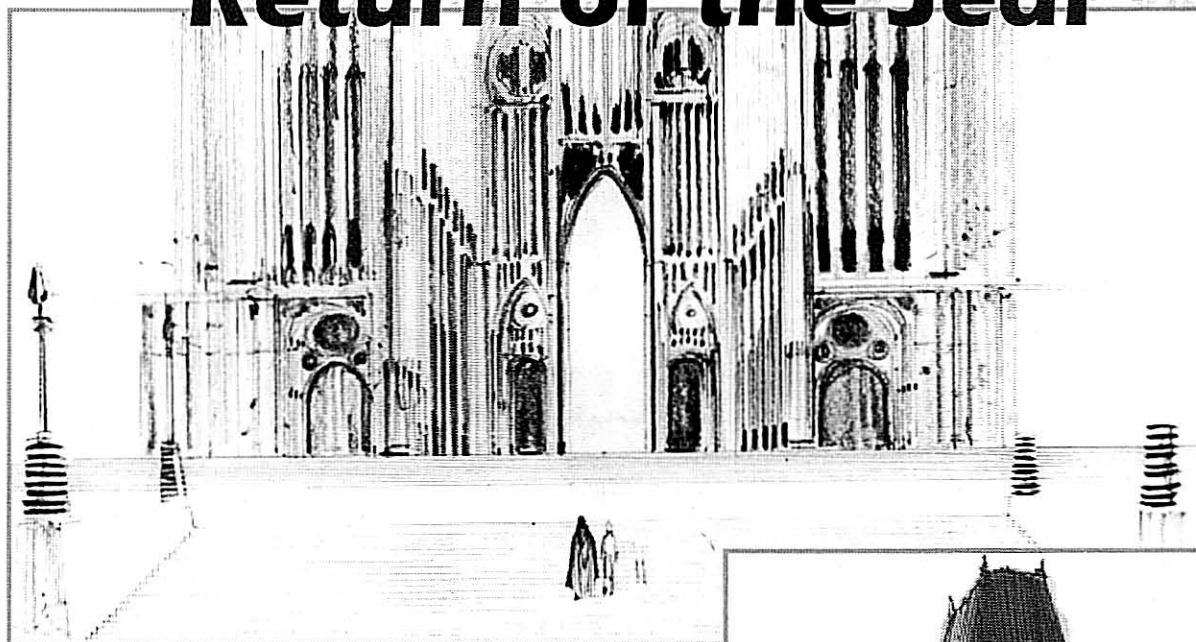


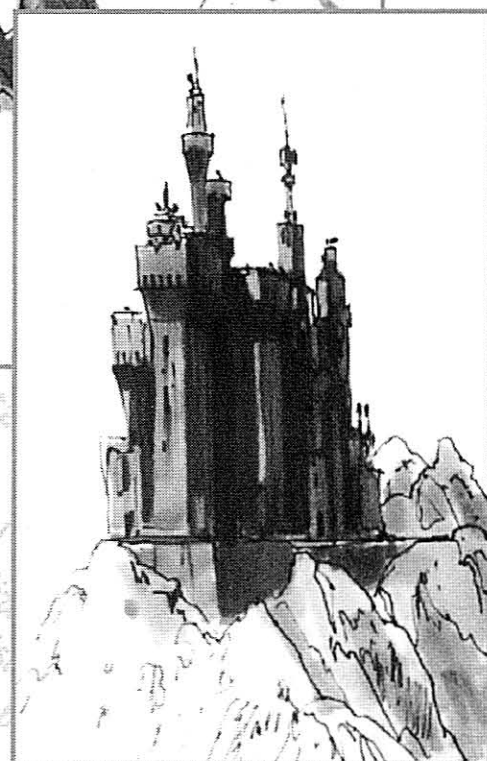
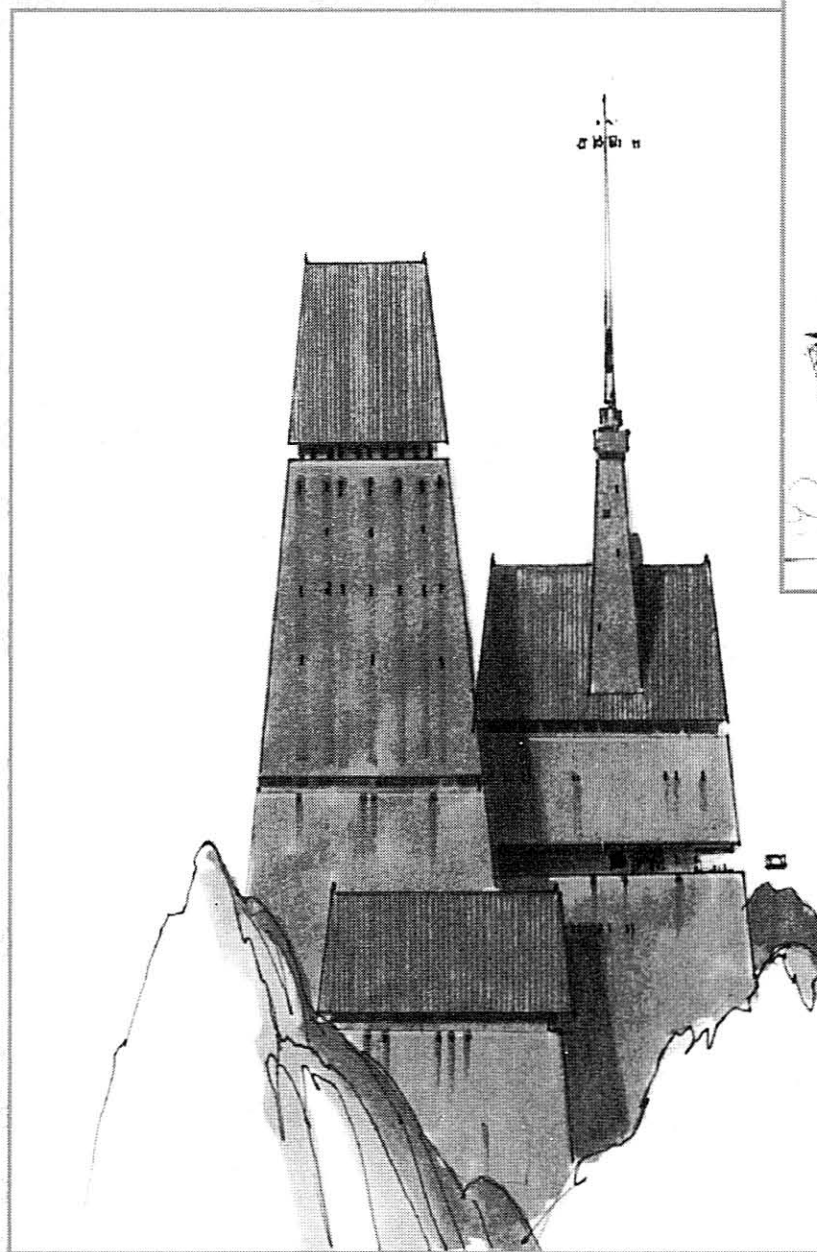
Concept Art The Empire Strikes Back

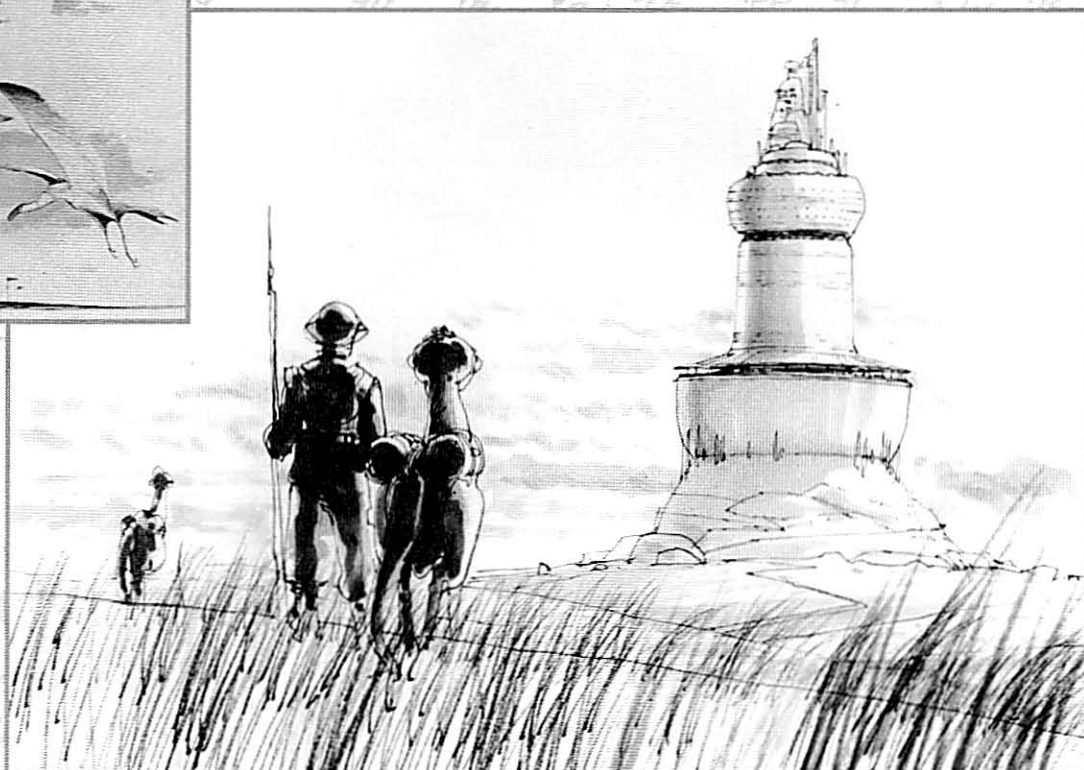
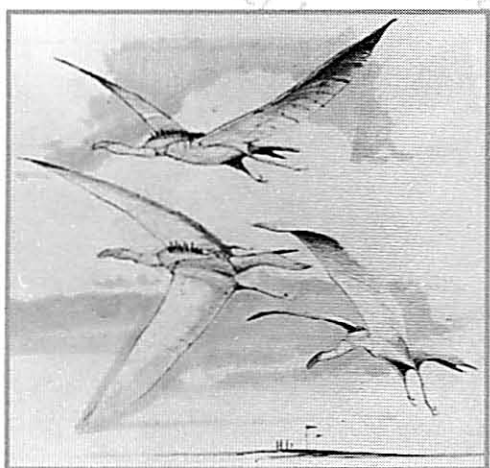
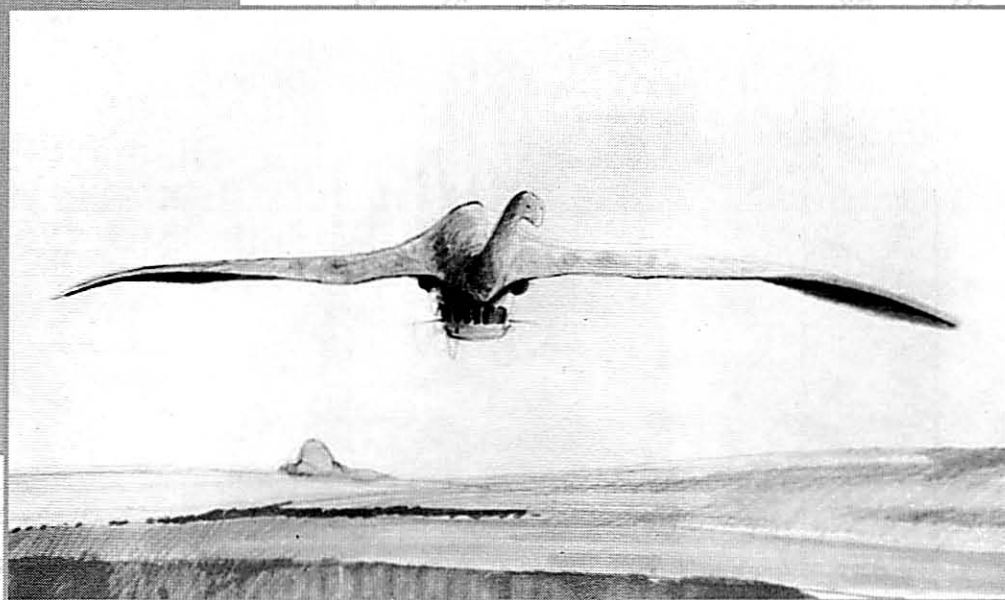
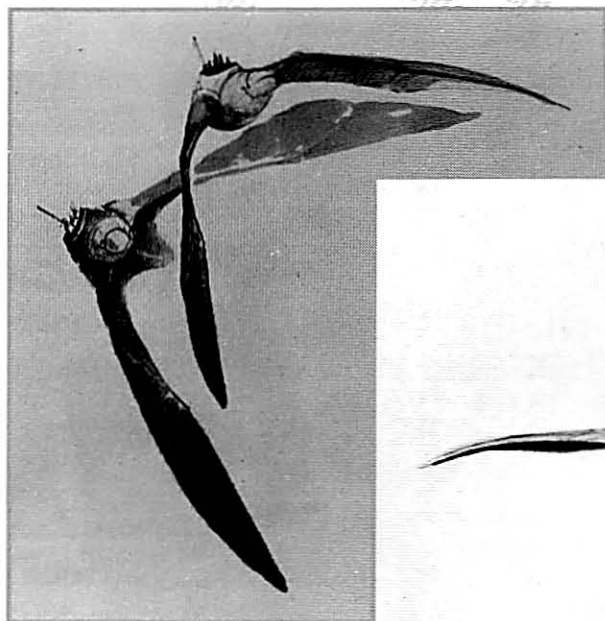


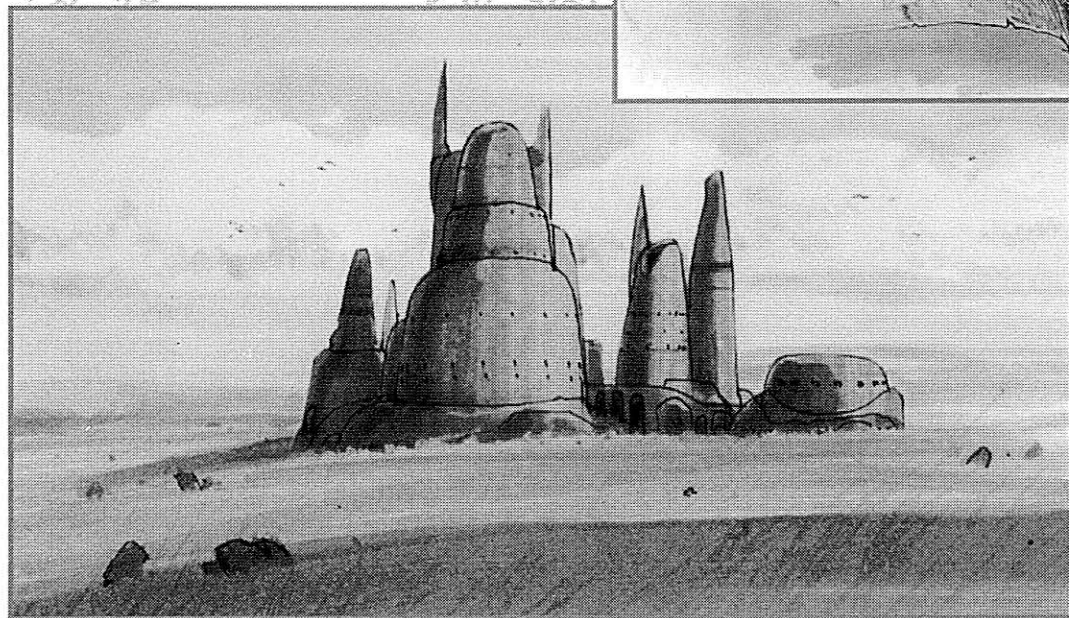
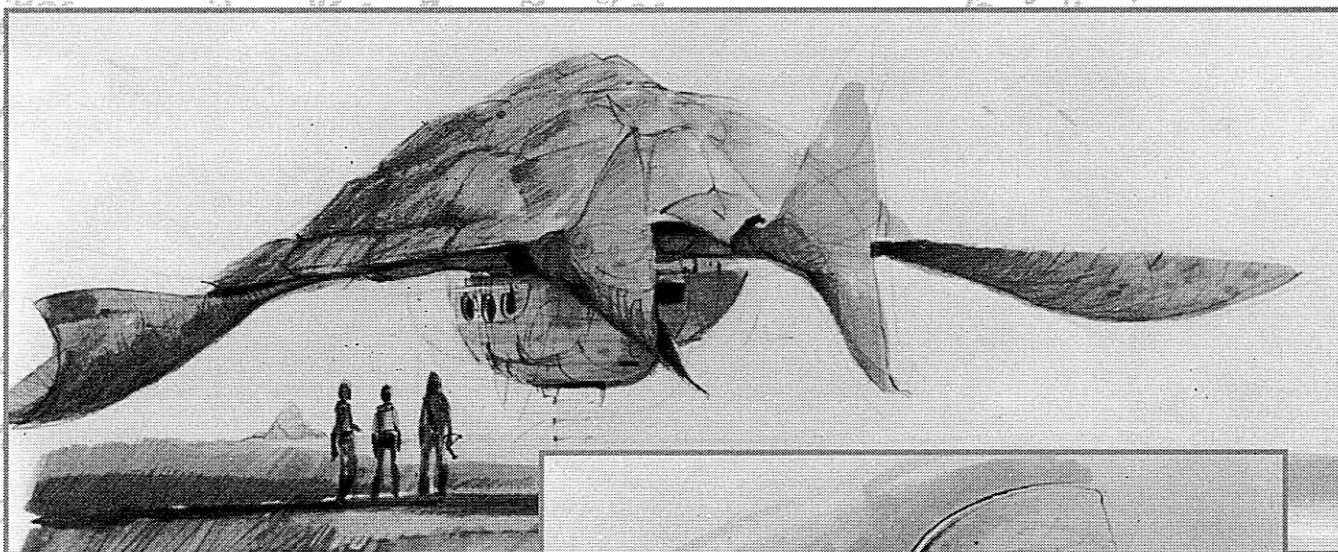


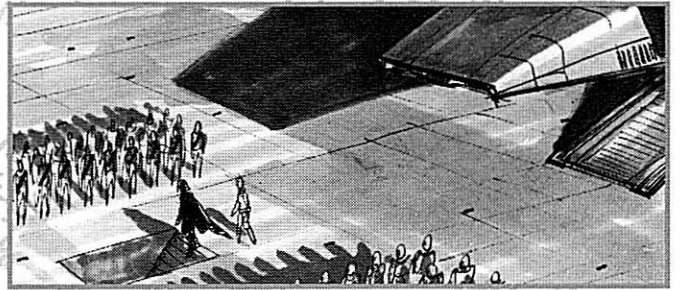
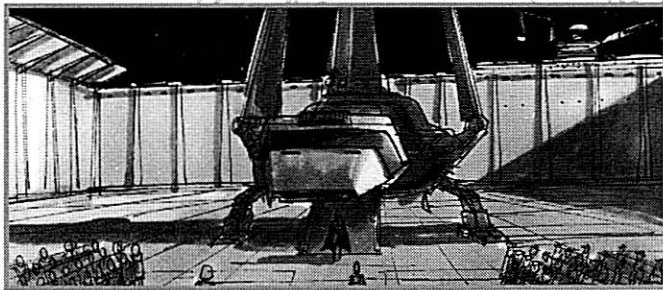
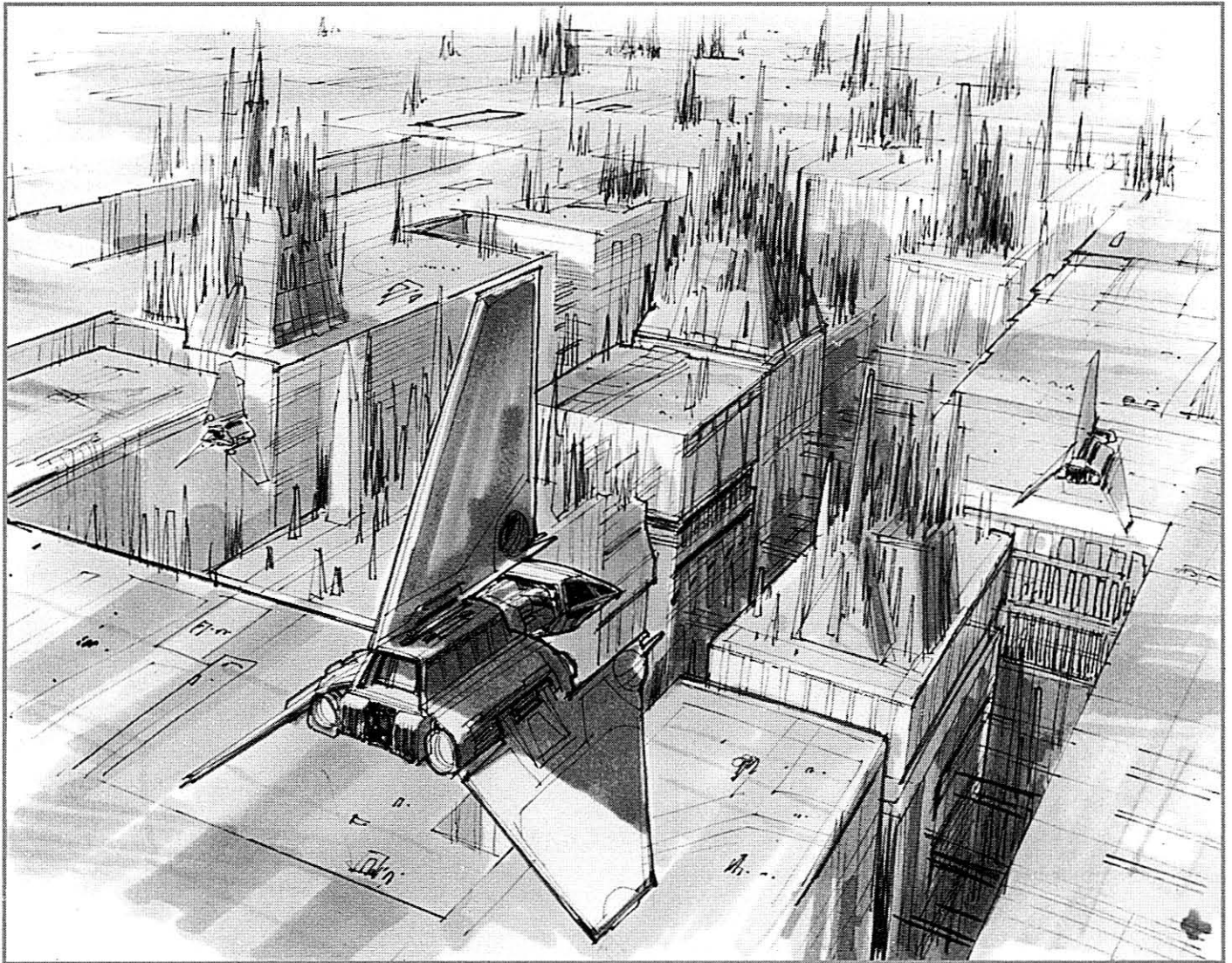
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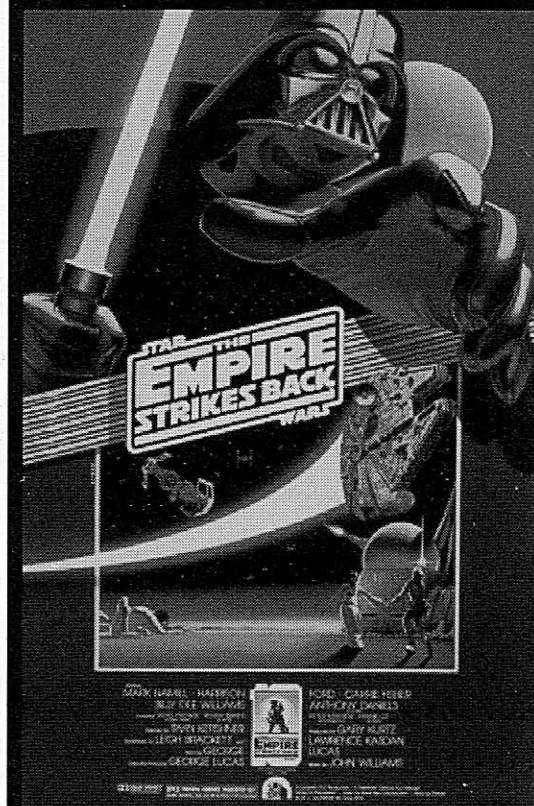
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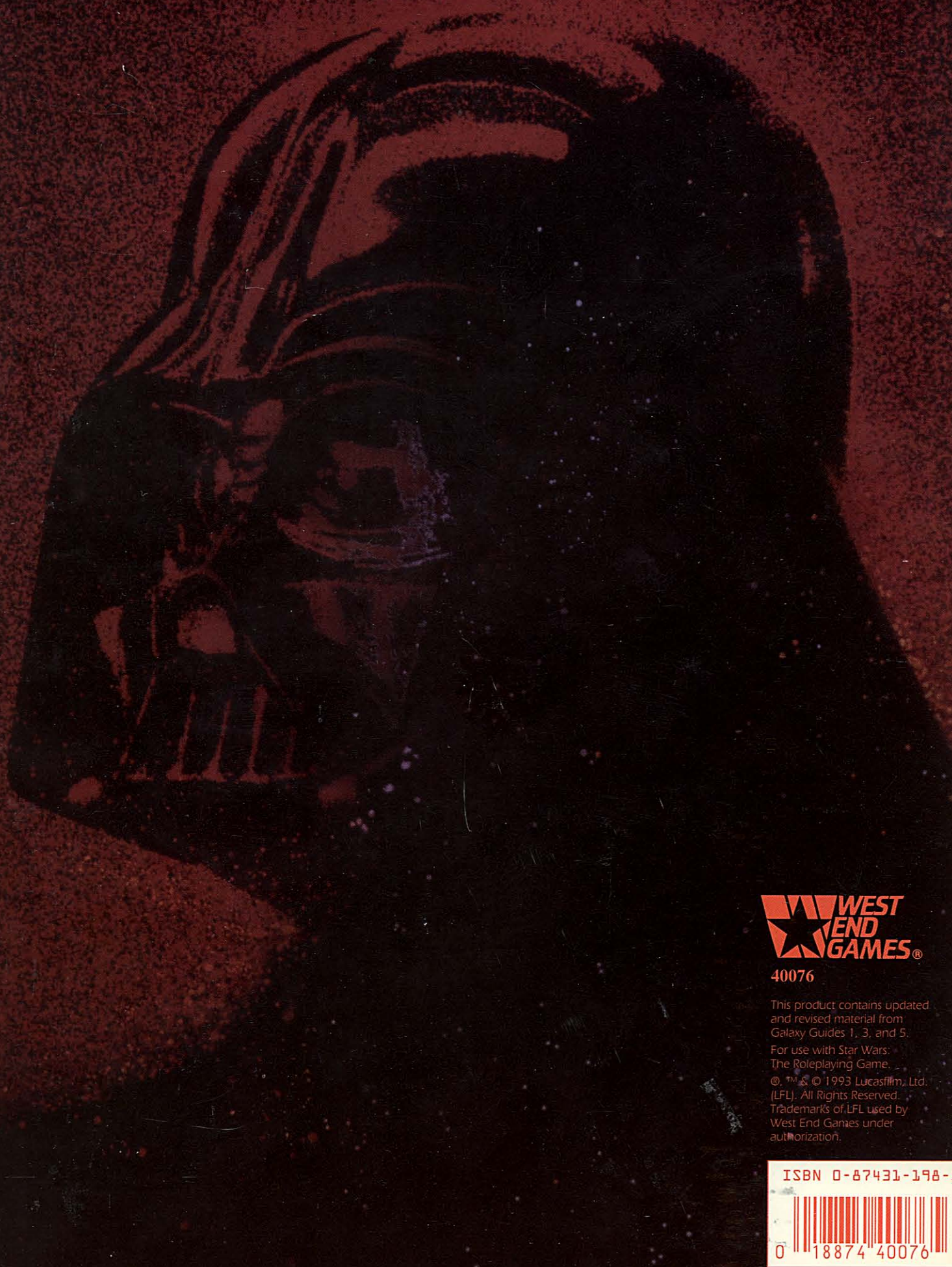
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